



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

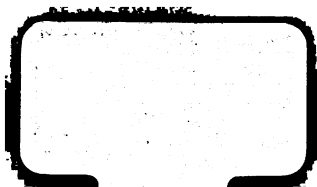
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 08167031 1



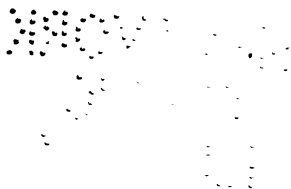
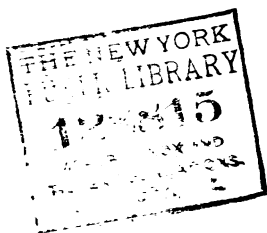
*DA
Christian

The
Christian Lady's
Magazine.

Edited by
Charlotte Elizabeth.

VOL. XII.
JULY TO DECEMBER,
MDCCCXXXIX

R. B. SEELEY AND W. B. JAMES, PRINTER,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXXXIX.



PREFACE.

AT the close of 1835, when our Magazine had been two years in existence, we were assailed on all sides with kindly-meant remonstrances on the course pursued. It was suggested both by avowed and anonymous correspondents that such a sustained outcry against Romanism would inevitably prove fatal to the existence of our periodical: that ladies required a more lady-like style—that is to say, something less calculated to agitate their minds upon topics so uncongenial as those of controverted creeds and political events; and that, above all, the Christian Ladies of England were wearied with the repetition of Ireland's woes and Ireland's claims. We gave all due and anxious consideration to these remonstrances; for we desired to keep our little bark afloat, and to shun all threatening rocks and quicksands. Still the conviction was forced upon our mind that a crisis had arrived when the very fact of our female

friends being so little concerned in or aware of its nature proved how necessary it was to rouse them ; to overcome their disinclination, and induce them to look approaching dangers in the face. Accordingly, we braved the peril: a wreck in the plain track of duty seemed preferable to smooth sailing where safety was purchased by a compromise of principle. We continued honest to our convictions; and now, at the termination of our sixth year of prosperous labour, we joyfully proclaim that ‘Honesty is the best policy.’ The circulation of the *Christian Lady’s Magazine* has never retrograded; it has gradually increased; and the numerous delightful assurances that have been received by the Editor, of a growing attachment to and solicitude for the Protestant institutions of the country, coupled with acknowledgments that such feelings have been greatly promoted by the perusal of these pages, give evidence that her humble labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

There is a time for all things: a time when the females of a country may repose within the bulwarks that God has built around it, quietly pursuing the most peaceful avocations; and a time when they must rise up to share the alarms and anxieties of a besieged population; when, as mothers in Israel, they must train up warriors for the stern battle of the faith; and, as daughters of the land, must cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of their brethren

who man the walls. Within the last few years we have passed from the former to the latter state ; and so long as the enemy makes hostile demonstration beneath the towers of our Zion, so long must we be permitted to watch beside the beacon, to feed its fires, and to invite our sisters to share the hallowed task.

Dec. 1839.

CONTENTS.

	Page
ASTRONOMER'S GARDEN	41
ASTRONOMY	171, 214
BIBLE, THE	175
BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE	17, 246, 340, 430, 539
BY-GONE DAYS.....	1, 97
CATHOLICITY	73
CHRISTMAS DAY.....	525
COCKATRICE'S EGG	70
CROSS OF CONSTANTINE	168
DEBORAH	512
EXTRAORDINARY DISPUTE	551
FAVOURED SHEPHERD.....	43, 129
FRENCH PROTESTANTS	504
FLOCK IN THE WILDERNESS	444
GENESIS, NOTES ON,	450
HASTINGS', LORD, TOMB	113
HASTINGS, LADY FLORA	152, 223
HELEN FLEETWOOD	193, 289, 385, 481
HOPE, THE SMILES OF	305
INVITATION TO UNITED PRAYER	519

	Page
INFALLIBLE GUIDE, AN	400
JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH	64
ISRAEL, NEGLECT OF	263
LETTER OF REV. RICHARD BAXTER	510
LETTER OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON	135
LETTER OF FREDERICK MYCONIUS	265
LETTERS TO A FRIEND	356
LETTER FROM A MISOKYNIST	424
LIFE OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN	497
LINES ON REV. XXII. 17.	112
NATIVITY, THE	549
NIGHT	532
PILGRIMAGE, THE	139, 325
PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD	32
PROFANITY OF WORKMEN	127
PROTESTANT, THE	89, 184, 279, 376, 472, 570
PUSEYISM	314
REDUCED POSTAGE	534
RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND	50, 115, 230, 411
QUEEN, THE PATRIOT	308
REVIEWS :	
A Tour in Connaught	80
Bickersteth's Guide	563
Benson on Tradition and Episcopacy	272
Brenton's Hope of the Navy	85
Buddicom's Abraham	277
Boyd on Episcopacy	563

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Church Catechism of Rome	470
Confession of the Name of Christ	86
Cogswell's Sermons	369
Caulfield's Fall of Babylon	82
Churchman's Family Prayer Book	560
Constance de Cezzelle	568
D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation	270
Delineations of Scripture Characters	372
Divine Mercy	469
East's Songs of my Pilgrimage	566
Extracts from Holy Writ	463
Great and Precious Promises	468
Griffith on the Lord's Prayer	274
Hall's Text of Faith	84
Heiress, The	181
Hill, Sir Richard's, Life	177
Hints on Female Education	373
Hough's History of Christianity in India	76
Jewell's Apology, by Ewbank	273
Jones' Fountain of Life	181
Ireland, New Map of	567
Malcom's Travels in Asia	179
Massacre of St. Bartholomew	567
Meditations on the Lord's Prayer	468
Montgomery on Death	561
Neat's Sermons	78
Pearson's Faith and Patience of the Saints	182

	Page
Poole's Dialogue	275
Polynesia	178
Prayers used by King William III.	466
Protestant's Armoury	469
Rambles in the South of Ireland	79
Sabbath Musings	374
School Room at Home.....	372
Thompson's Guide to the Pentateuch	371
Wilson's (Bishop of Calcutta) Charge	274
Winslow's Inquirer	183
Wolff's Journal	464
SCENES FROM HOME	25
SIGNS OF THE TIMES	268
SKETCH OF A SCIENCE.....	353
SO QUIETLY AT HOME	368
SUNDAY EVENING RECREATION	255
STRANGE OMISSION	494
STRICKEN ROCK	206
TARES AND THE WHEAT.....	438
TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM	107
THUNDER STORM, A	35
TO MY DOG	496
TRINITY SUNDAY	12

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

IN drawing to a close the reminiscences of Nova Scotia, a sort of bird's-eye view may be indulged in, embracing the whole of her interesting territory, with all its peculiarities, natural and moral. I see the long undulating line of hills, clad in their summer vesture—the dark fir, tapering upwards, and throwing out the tender shoots of a delicate emerald green, which supply the staple beverage of spruce-beer: the taller birch, with its stem of silver white and precious bark, available for so many uses; the red larch, gracefully studding the plantations with its deep rich tint, and all the delicate varieties of shading produced by an endless admixture. I trace the mountain torrent, as it thunders down these rocky steep; and the broad full river that majestically cleaves its way between their ranges. I look upon the small but beautiful lake, walled in with spark-

JULY, 1839.

B

ling granite, and fringed with the light foliage of graceful trees; and then turn to the wide morass, where a thousand flowers of most gorgeous appearance wave in the breeze, the more tempting because unapproachable; or to the less perilous outspread of firm ground, covered with the wild myrtle and cistus, the spicy fragrance of which is so predominant there, that I never pass it in a garden without recalling the fresh summer breeze of Nova Scotia. Beneath these shrubs I know that myriads of fire-flies are nestling, till the closing eve invites them abroad, and what a lighting up the scene will boast, when they sally forth! Earth does not possess a gem that may not find its counterpart in some individual of this brilliant family. I have traced the purple of the amethyst, the sunny yellow of the topaz, the ruby's red, and the emerald's soft green, with their innumerable gradations of tint, all upon the wing together, within the circuit of a single bush of wild myrtle. And I well remember one evening, when seated in the elegant cottage of a friend, in the midst of a wild heath not far from Halifax, one of the myriads of fire-flies that were illumining the scene as far as the eye could stretch, found its way through the open window, and alighted on the neck of our fair hostess. Candles were burning on the table before her, and it was a matter of surprise to all the party, that the large globular body of the insect, emitting through its semi-transparent surface a yellowish green lustre, actually outrivalled a precious stone worn by the lady, the fine water of which we had been admiring. Our pale English glow-worm cannot furnish an idea of these winged brilliants. Their size, immense numbers, and restless activity,

greatly increase the effect of their splendid beauty; and without the fire-fly or the humming-bird I could not realize a Nova Scotian landscape. The latter is comparatively rare in inhabited places, and so swift on the wing that it is difficult to catch a full view of them: but my little garden was frequented by a few individuals, sacred from the cruel pursuit that would sacrifice the living creature to a desire of possessing the stuffed specimen. My humming-birds came and went unmolested; and great was my delight when they ventured across my path.

All these, and many other features peculiar to the country, are spread before me now, as I linger over the retrospection: and in the midst of these I recal the houses of worship, few and far between, thinly scattered over the face of the land. The churches of the Establishment form but a small proportion of these: there are nearly, if not quite as many Popish chapels, and the different denominations of dissenters, together with the church of Scotland, have all their edifices. I remember being told that there were several Irish priests settled in various parts; and the frequent influx of emigrants from that country, chiefly Romanists, rendered it a good field for their labours. Besides, the Indians being of their communion, no doubt availed themselves of their services. At that period Popery had not become dominant in Ireland: Protestants were comparatively safe, and the drainage that persecution has since established, compelling the best and most industrious of the race to seek an asylum for their families on a distant shore, had not commenced. Neither had Popery, emboldened by the concessions of an ungodly legislature at home, presumed to lift her

head on high, as now she does, beyond the seas. I cannot estimate the magnitude of the change that twenty eventful years have wrought, since I sojourned in Nova Scotia ; but this I know, that superstition and disaffection had very unpromising materials to work upon in the mass of her well-principled population ; and if the men of God who have latterly been raised up to tend the Lord's vineyard in that interesting colony had their hands strengthened as they ought to be, by the sympathy of their brethren at home, a noble and effectual stand would be made against the foe, in whatever shape he might manifest himself.

Popery never forgets. She cherishes a vivid recollection of every spot where the pre-eminence that she loves has been conceded to her ; and she is now gone forth with a fixed resolve to regain her ancient supremacy wheresoever it once existed, and to establish it where it has not. It is probable that she will to a great extent succeed ; for scripture seems to indicate that it will be in the height of glory and prosperity that her plagues shall come. As with the type, so we may expect it will be with the antitype. In the literal Babylon all was peace and safety, yea, all was triumph and success. God's Zion had been sacked, his people slain or dispersed, and Belshazzar made himself and his concubines drunken out of the vessels of the temple, which he polluted at will : and when the praises of his idol gods resounded, there was no mortal voice to rebuke the blasphemer. They who smote him were not the people of God, but aliens and creature-worshippers—men who stooped not, indeed, like those of the literal and of the spiritual Babylon, to adore what their own hands had

fashioned; but who, seeing the sun shining in his strength, rendered homage to the mighty element, neglectful of its eternal cause. Even such a host is gathering now, philosophizing infidels who worship the intellectual fire and put dishonour upon Him whose breath alone has kindled it. I have pondered on the singular coincidence, and marked the gradual increase of our modern Persians, who are probably destined to strike the deadly blow, so far as man's instrumentality is used, against the modern Babylon, though as yet linked in a hollow alliance on the ground of expediency for combined operation against God's Israel.

But I have digressed from the subject in hand, if indeed it can be called a digression from any subject, to advert to that which has a growing concern with all, whether spiritual, ecclesiastical, political, historical, or geographical. The French priests who troubled Nova Scotia have long since mouldered into dust; but the spirit that animated them is alive, unchanged, stirring and encroaching. Ere long the struggle will re-commence in that quarter also, which has been so fatally successful in Newfoundland and in Lower Canada; and fain would I engage the sympathy, the prayers of English Christians on behalf of their compatriots in Acadia, and of the poor remnant of the scattered tribes who inhabit its woods. It is no small part of the evil that they upon whom it is coming see it not impending, neither believe the tale. It is not on the surface that these things yet appear manifestly: neither are the gigantic strides of Popery traced aright by such as have not studied her character as drawn in the holy scriptures and elucidated by the pen of history, both ecclesiastical and secular.

If the spirit of slumber, and consequently of error had not fallen upon the Protestant churches, their enemy could never have made such formidable advances as we live to witness: the same error that blinds them now will keep them wrapped in a false security, incensed against those who, seeing their Jerusalem encompassed with armies, premonish them of the coming evil, until this ~~Babylonian shall have~~ wrought his impious will, and finally sink beneath the Persian avenger.

Would it were mine to arouse the attention of God's people, few and scattered as I fear they are, throughout the province, to the workings of the combined foe among them; and to their long neglect of the injunction given by Paul to Timothy when, after describing by its alienable marks of forced celibacy and compulsory abstinence from flesh, the foul apostacy that was to come, he adds, "If thou put the brethren in remembrance of **THESE THINGS** thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ." Alas! few indeed are the pulpits from which we hear such exhortations now; and even the homilies, containing such invaluable testimony against the abominations of Popery, and which the clergy of our church are expressly enjoined to read to their flocks at stated times,—even these are laid aside. Our blessed reformers did all that in them lay to guard the fold against the return of these ravening wolves, whose attacks they plainly foresaw; but we cast far from us every weapon of defence, and invite the curse which they gave their lives to avert. What baffled Popery in the days of James II, but the use of those means which we have learned to despise? and to what can we so rationally look at once for a plan of the battle and for weapons to wield,

as to the magazine stored up for us by the matured wisdom of our forefathers ?

Nova Scotia has a powerful claim on us, both in reference to the past and the present. While other colonial legislatures have bestirred themselves in the work of insulting, thwarting and embarrassing the parent state, her loyal and right-principled council have never swerved from the honourable track of old-fashioned allegiance. Earnest in fulfilling the duties owing to their own country, they have taken no narrow view, as though their responsibilities ended there ; but have felt and acted as members of this vast empire, personally concerned in whatsoever affected its interests, bound to promote the general welfare, and banded to resist all that is inimical to England's prosperity. Surely they deserve at our hands the acknowledgment due to such fidelity, the respect and affection of every Christian patriot. And whenever the time arrives for bringing to a sterner test this loyalty and truth—whenever Nova Scotia shall be placed in the balances wherein so many have been weighed and found wanting, may the result be what it now promises, and the good word of our God be fulfilled upon a people who, as a community, have not ceased to “ fear the Lord and the king,” nor meddled with them that are given to change.

My departure from that interesting scene partook more of the perilous and strange than any of my adventures there had done, singular as some of them were. Many living witnesses can testify to the fact, or I should hesitate to record it. All was fixed for the departure of the old French troops, whose joyous march from Windsor I have already related, and who with above three hundred of their comrades

were embarked on board a very fine vessel, selected by the Earl of Dalhousie, whose paternal kindness of two years' incessant continuance terminated in providing for me every comfort that his thoughtful mind could devise. The time of sailing was fixed, but from some cause not necessary to investigate, I had been misled as to the precise hour; and having some message to deliver to the commanding officer, I was awaiting his reply, quietly seated with his lady in the drawing-room, when, thinking him a little dilatory, I requested a prompt answer, 'For the vessel is to sail in an hour,' I added; 'and it is time that I went on board.'

Never shall I forget the start of surprise with which he stopped short in the middle of the room; then, seizing me by the arm, he drew or rather dragged me into an adjoining apartment, and from the window shewed me a sight that petrified me—the ship, every sail set, and all filled with a favourable breeze, bearing on her rapid course towards the harbour's mouth. The first moment was one of stupifying astonishment and dismay; the next saw me descending the stairs; and in the street I found my two soldier servants, the groom and footman, in a paroxysm of agony. They had just ascertained the fact; and they alone of all the conscript corps were left, while their comrades sailed away for the pleasant land of France. I wonder they did not bayonet me; they tore their hair, stamped and exclaimed in all the bitterness of that trying moment. 'My poor fellows,' said I, 'we are all deserted; but lamentations will not help us now. Run for the little boxes that are left; call the dogs, and follow me. If there is a boat in Halifax we'll board that ship before she leaves the harbour.' Away

they ran for the light luggage, all the heavy articles being on board ; and off we set on the most Quixotic expedition imaginable.

A Nova Scotian gentleman meeting us, and understanding the predicament we were in, volunteered his services ; gave me his arm, and accompanied us to three wharfs, in the hope of finding a boat—there was not one to be seen. At the fourth wharf we found a little crazy shallop, into which we threw ourselves and pushed off.

I was young, and by no means deficient either in enterprize or romance. The situation was calculated to call up every faculty into vigorous exercise, and to colour with no ordinary tints the exciting scene. There we reclined in a slender, diminutive boat, rocking on the fine swell of that noble water, the wooded heights rising on either hand, and before us the ship, the precious ship, bound for our home, then two thousand miles away, and mocking, as it seemed, our puny efforts to gain upon her track. The poor soldiers were wearying themselves with shouting to the distant vessel, their features swollen, their eyes almost starting from the sockets, with the agonizing conflict of hope and fear ; and certainly for the former there was slender ground ; but the Lord, according to his wont, interposed : it was not his will that I should be left in a foreign land, to wring the heart of an expecting mother with anguish, or that those two poor war-broken soldiers should have their sad exile prolonged. On a sudden, the wind fell ; the stiff breeze sank to a dead calm ; every sail of the ship hung loosely flapping against the rigging, and heavily she tacked from shore to shore, scarcely making her own length at each turn.

We now neared her, and such a mass of anxious faces as thronged the side to which we approached I ~~never saw~~. My soldiers, apprehensive that by some means the vessel would yet escape, seized the oars, and rowed so desperately that we were in no small danger from the violent shock with which we were likely to strike her keel. However, we ran safely alongside, and a chair was about to be lowered for me, when, infected I suppose by the nervous impatience of the soldiers, I seized a rope that hung above my head, and by some means, I never could tell how, mounted the tall side of the vessel, to the extreme terror of all on deck, and my own subsequent astonishment. It was an old weather-beaten naval officer who seized my wrists, and lifted me with a spring upon the deck; and strange it was to see the deadly paleness of his cheek, the actual chatter of his teeth, and universal tremor of his frame, while he continued to grasp my arms, as though not yet satisfied of my safety. The men who had formed our Annapolis and Windsor detachments had been in a state of excitement nearly approaching to mutiny, when they found that 'Madame,' and Vanrohe, and Matthias were left ashore, and their delight was now turbulent. We needed not to have hazarded our lives in such a chace, for the lull of the wind was so complete that we lay becalmed within the harbour's mouth for more than twenty hours. How providential was that lull I have often since thought; for sure I am that nothing would have deterred the soldiers from urging our frail boat over the billows of the Atlantic, had the vessel held on her way, and preferring a briny grave to the agony of such a disappointment.

We were to call at St. John's, Newfoundland, to take in some military stores, previous to crossing the mighty ocean : and I think the incidents of that trip, with the picturesque scenery that now rises in review before me, may furnish matter for one more trans-atlantic reminiscence.

C. C.



THE very dress, or rather semi-dress of the country-people is picturesque ; the large blue cloak worn by the women is sure to be held round their well-made figures in folds so easy and so beautiful, as to furnish excellent models for the artist and sculptor. Their long beautiful hair is generally braided round their small heads with a taste and simplicity truly classic ; and there is an ease and grace in all their movements which seem, I think, to denote a feeling of good taste and refinement far above the common level of their class in other countries. In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass, without being struck with some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling.—*Rambles in the South of Ireland.*

TRINITY SUNDAY.

THE Trinity in Unity is a mystery quite beyond our finite comprehension. We can no more enter into that depth than we can unravel the mystery of our own mind, soul and spirit dwelling in the body. All which concerns ourselves is incomprehensible; and how much more incomprehensible the eternal Being by whom we are formed—the Three in One who works in joint agreement, our election, redemption, and sanctification!

“Elect, according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.” 1 Peter i. 2. In believing this, we have “all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.” Col. ii. 2, 9.

We are at no loss for passages in the scripture which plainly set forth that great leading doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. “Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.” Acts xx. 28.

Each person in the Trinity is engaged in the glorious work in and for man. The church elected by

God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, sanctified and superintended by God the Holy Ghost.

It is necessary to our salvation to have a lively faith in this undivided Trinity, and therefore of tremendous importance. Let us examine ourselves whether we be in this faith, and earnestly pray for this good and perfect gift.

“He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” Mark xvi. 16. “Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Matt. xxviii. 19.

In one great name, these three are comprehended. “There are Three that bear record in heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost ; and these Three are One.” 1 John v. 7. We may as well deny the being of a God as deny the reality of the Trinity ; and we know there are many who do. There are many such as are described in the 14th and 53rd Psalms—“The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.”

More stupid and devoid of understanding than the beast that perisheth must that man be, who could advance an absurdity so strangely preposterous, as that there was no Almighty Creator of the wonders by which we are surrounded. For this is to say that the fabric of the world, and all its myriads of peopled inhabitants—the glorious ruler of the day, the sun—the moon, which sheds her pale lustre by night, and all the orbs which stud the sky, started of themselves into being, arranged themselves in their spheres, and directed all their own movements ! It is to say, that sound, and light, and air, and all the phenomena of nature, were spontaneously produced, without any

great First Cause! It is to say that nature upholds herself, and rules and orders according to her own will and power. And these men are learned and wise in their own eyes! If you shew them a book of deep scientific research, and tell them it made itself, and wrote on its own pages all the sublime truths which are found therein, they would laugh at the ridiculous assertion; yet how much more ridiculous to assert that the human frame was put together, and endowed with intellect to make such discoveries, without a superior Being, from whence all that man is and possesses at first proceeded!

If you shew these people a table or a chair, they will tell you that they were made by a carpenter; yet they will deny the power by which the tree was formed and grew, and of which the furniture was made.

Every object around us, animate and inanimate, sensible and insensible, declare the being of a God. My fingers guiding my pen by their supple joints, and rapidly moving as my thoughts suggest, declare it; my thoughts themselves declare it; mind, soul, and body declare it. How wonderful the mechanism of the human frame! How much more admirable, beyond all comparison, to that of a watch or a clock! and yet how wonderful the ingenuity which contrived these! From whence comes this ingenuity? How ungrateful not to acknowledge that the hand which made us is divine! Oh, how ungrateful to deny to God the honour which is due to him alone!

God has limited the power of man, that he may acknowledge that there is a much higher power. Man, with his utmost ingenuity, could never form the minutest, the most insignificant object in crea-

tion. What human artist could form or fringe the wing of the butterfly, or give life to the busy, buzzing fly which flits through the air; or give scent and colour to the flowers, and cover them with such fine gossamer down? A single blade of grass, or one quivering leaf of the beautiful foliage which throws its soft shade on my window, would baffle all his skill.

My senses, my faculties, my health, my sickness, my pains, my ease, my joys, my sorrows—everything within me and without me declare the being of a God, and his watchful care over me, even over the minute concerns of my life.

Without the knowledge of God, man is a guilty, depraved, ungrateful being. He is surrounded by innumerable benefits, yet discerns not the hand which bestows them. He is protected by day and guarded by night, yet acknowledges not a superintending providence.

“Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity.”

Man has no natural desire to be roused from the stupor of sin; he prefers the ways of sin to the ways of God; he “loves darkness rather than light, because his deeds are evil.”

“Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge?”
Psalm xiv. 4.

No, *they have no knowledge*; their understanding is clouded, their senses are besotted, their hearts are hardened. Evil they know, but good they know not; and they would persuade themselves that there is no God, no retributive justice, no future day of vengeance. But there is a secret monitor within, which will not let the most obdurate sinner go calmly

on in the way of evil. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt : there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.

We may as well deny the whole of the divine revelation, as deny any part. And who are we to deny? From whence comes our understanding? In a moment may not that which we prize so highly become a blank?

Let us, then, earnestly pray for stedfast faith, and that we may be defended from those adversities of the soul which the delusions of Satan produce.

S. M.



IT has been well observed that if the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th chapters of the epistle to the Hebrews had been expressly written against the mass, supposing it to have been then invented and palmed upon the church, they could not possibly have been more explicit or emphatic in their language. In fact we cannot doubt that the divine author had a double object in view—the denouncing the false doctrine then maintained by the Jewish teachers in the church, and the equally false doctrine which he foreknew would be introduced by the Romish teachers some centuries afterwards.—*Essays on Romanism.*

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

ABIGAIL.

No. I.

How rich are the children of God in the possession of the Bible! It is provided by a Father, and contains all that is needful for their training to that larger growth which will fit them for the full enjoyment of his presence, when they shall see and know even as they are known. It contains all that is needful for their spiritual sustenance and nourishment. There is in it milk for the babes—strong meat for the men: there is medicine for the sickly among them, support for the weak, direction for the inquiring, knowledge for the soul that is athirst, riches for the poor, wisdom for the ignorant, and a soul-satisfying portion for all. As subjects of that spiritual kingdom which Christ has set up on earth, it is their statute-book, containing the regulations which ensue from the relationships of each to the other, and of all to their common Head. It is their encyclopedia, to which they may refer for explanation of all the wonderful and mysterious operations in providence and in grace, which excite or perplex them. It is their spiritual geology, laying bare the firm foundations of their primitive faith, and shewing that in them originate the order and harmony of that divine system, by which the inexhaustible riches of eternity, and

JULY, 1839.

C

the ever-freshening streams of grace, are all prepared for them. It is their book of Common Prayer, in which each, though he be not "eloquent," may find a mouth to make known his wants and his desires, and to which all can refer when question is asked of the reason of the hope that is in them. By means of this book they are thoroughly furnished unto all good works in this world, while, at the same time, they are fitted by the Divine Workman for a place in that temple now silently erecting in "Jerusalem which is above," but whose top-stone will be brought forth with the soundings of the silver trumpet of redemption, and the shoutings of everlasting joy. 2 Chron. xii. 6, 7.

Such are some of the purposes for which the bible was given; and woe unto them who, in the wiffulness of a perverted understanding, would choke up those fountains of life, which the servants of God, by his command and inspiration, have opened in the wilderness of this world for weary thirsting souls. Gen. xxvi. 15. Woe unto them, above all others, who attempt to shake the confidence of the weak and ignorant in the divine authority of God's word, by specious objections, which harass even when they do not overcome, and which too often (Balaam-like) cast a stumbling-block in the way of many whose feet were travelling Zion-ward. And woe unto them likewise who, while they profess to honour the bible, as the revelation of God's will to man, assert with manifest inconsistency, that the truths it teaches are too crude and obscure to be discovered by the great mass of mankind, unless they be accompanied by the leaven of human tradition. In these days of wild fanaticism on the one hand, and frigid formalism

on the other, when every one "hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation," whither shall the perplexed and anxious inquirer turn, if he cannot go, "with all the desire of his soul," before the living oracles, and receive that illumination he seeks, in answer to his supplicating cry; if he cannot leave the differing and erring teachers of theology, and enter into the solitude of his chamber, to hear, as from the lips of Deity, in the stillness of a calm and contrite heart all that he so pants to know? Oh, wondrous act of providential mercy, which has preserved these leaves of wisdom from the damp of mouldering ages, from the exterminating sword of conquest, from the fierce fire of persecution, and from the canker of human addition, to be at length syllabled by every nation under heaven, that all the children of Adam may drink of the unpolluted fountain of truth itself, and not of those troubled streams, which 'grievous wolves' have rendered turbid, that they may find a pretext for devouring the flock.

Hold fast, ye who desire to choose "that good part which shall not be taken away from you," the pure word of God. Bind it upon your hearts, tie it about your necks (Prov. vi. 21), turn aside from the noise and strife of the world to hold converse with it. Remember *who* has said, The holy scriptures are able to make you wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus: call no man master on earth, and be not driven about by every wind of doctrine. "For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light; when thou goest it shall lead thee, when thou sleepest it shall keep thee, and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

The human teacher of God's word may be himself illumined with the wisdom which is from above, and furnished with gifts from that inexhaustible treasury : he may shew himself approved unto God, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed:" but as the breadth, and depth, and length, and height of divine truth, like some colossal statue of antiquity ; is not to be apprehended at once in all the sublimity of its conception, and all the symmetry of its proportions, by the pilgrim of a day who pauses to contemplate the majestic whole ; so it is that while the expounders of the word for the most part agree in describing the grand outlines of truth with concurring accuracy, the mere difference of intellectual and moral stature, and the degree of nearness or distance at which it is viewed will cause some features to appear to the beholder more prominent, while others, equally distinct in reality, seem to recede from his view. How greatly then are they privileged who can examine, each for himself, the fair fabric of eternal truth ; who need not to say, ' who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it to us, or who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us : ' but unto whom the word is very nigh, and who, returning again and again to gaze intently on it, are not only enabled dimly to discern the harmony of its stupendous proportions, but are themselves also gradually assimilated to the measure of the fulness of that perfect stature.

In Christ Jesus there is "neither male nor female ; neither bond nor free:" but as members of the church of Christ there are "young men" and "fathers," and "little children," "wives and daughters," "servants and masters." And will not the child fix *his* most earnest gaze upon that niche of

the divine word which exhibits to his view the lineaments of a babe in Christ? And will not the mention of "a sister, a wife," excite a more eager glance of scrutiny in those who bear, themselves, the like appellatives, especially when an apostolic injunction is sounding in their ears a direct command to imitate the example of those holy women of old who trusted in God and were adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; who opened their mouth with wisdom, and in whose tongue was the law of kindness; who looked well to the ways of their household, and ate not the bread of idleness?

Such an one was Abigail, whose appearance in the checquered scenes of a record where cruelty and oppression, fraud and covetousness unfold their dark features by turns—is as a ray of sunlight upon the stormy sea, or as an odorous gale from shore refreshing the sense of the weary voyager.

Oh that it was ever thus that the daughter of the Christian church appeared on the troubled stage of life at the present hour! That amid the wide-spread deluge of iniquity which sin has entailed, they might ever be as the dove of old, messengers of heaven's mercy, bearing the olive-branch of peace and promise to the homes of the tried and troubled souls of men; emerging from the shade and quietude of domestic life only to be, as in the case of her whose character is about to pass in review before us, the generous asserters of the rights of the poor and needy; the liberal dispensers of providential bounty; the warm and steady supporters of God's cause and servants, encouraging the righteous man to hold fast his uprightness, and warning the evil to depart from his evil way, stilling the angry passions which griev-

ous words have stirred by the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and earning to themselves the glorious title of children of God, by enacting the blessed part of peacemakers !

It is a true saying, even with respect to this world's happiness, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The sad experience of many around us, could we penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, would shew that there is a canker eating out the heart of all their fair possessions, and bringing a blight on all their joys. How little enjoyment could the possession of "money, and garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants" have afforded Abigail while united to the churl Nabal ! What an iron yoke of bondage must she have borne who owed obedience to such a master ! A more complete contrast could not have been presented than in the characters of these two individuals. The whole current of their thoughts, feelings, principles, and habits, set in opposite directions, and we should be at a loss to reconcile the seeming incongruities of such a union, did we not frequently behold exemplifications of the same anomaly in every-day life. He was churlish and evil ; such a tyrant in his family that none dare speak to him : she was gentle, and easy to be entreated of all her household. He was rude in speech and manner : she, courteous and kind, and gracious. He was a niggard amidst all his wealth : she was bountiful, and ready to do good and to communicate. He was a fool, and as such rightly named Nabal : she was 'a woman of a good understanding,' as well as of 'a beautiful counte-

nance.' But a still greater disparity obtained between them in things pertaining to God. Nabal despised his word, and scoffed at his servants: Abigail laid hold by faith upon the former, and as a necessary consequence gave honour to the latter. To the gross earth-bound perceptions of Nabal, the son of Jesse was no better than a run-away slave of the tyrant Saul; and in his dull ears it was in vain to rehearse the glorious things which the Lord had said concerning David: (2 Sam. iii. 18.) but the enlightened vision of Abigail saw in the poor hunted out-cast, whose life was in jeopardy every hour, only the anointed of God—the future ruler over Israel. In short, it is in the earthly-mindedness of the one, and the spiritual-mindedness of the other, that we trace that diverse flow of action which led to such an opposite course of conduct; strikingly illustrative of the manner in which faith wrought with the good works of Abigail, and unbelief with the 'evil doings' of Nabal.

The same diversity of temper and conduct is frequently to be met with in those who, for some wise and gracious purpose, are joined together by him that appointeth the bounds of the habitation of men. In all that concerns the business, pursuits, or recreations of life, they have many things in common; but in the principles which regulate their actions, and in the influences which operate upon their minds, there is a great gulf of separation, so that the one who would go over to minister to the wishes of the other cannot, neither can the other pass from thence. The scripture direction, "bear ye one another's burdens," cannot in this case be equally fulfilled, for the burden will fall heaviest upon the one who has to meet

and satisfy the demands of two contending obligations; and the strife which must sometimes arise, where the inferior law of duty is sacrificed to preserve unbroken the higher, will pierce with many sorrows that heart which the Spirit of God has made tender, while the natural adamant remains untouched in its hardness. It is, however, often through such a painful process of trial that 'the fine gold' is purified from the earthliness which clings to it; and God has praise even out of the midst of the fire. Many and gracious are the results to his children, of that which at first sight appears a strange and startling phenomenon in human life—the lot so unequally cast—the yoke so disproportionately borne: but we may well be assured, that much good to the creature, much glory to the Creator, follows from this seeming neglect of rule: it is as when two strings of discordant vibrations are struck simultaneously, there resounds the cadence of a mournful but exquisite harmony.

How much of that wisdom and piety which marked the conduct of Abigail, may have had their source in the trying circumstances in which she was placed, disciplining by the grace of God the great natural endowments bestowed upon her: for of the most gifted among the children of men, as well as of the holiest, it may be asked, "Who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou, thou didst not receive? for the hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them."

LYDIA.

SCENES FROM HOME.

No. V.

THE CHAPEL OF GRACE.

HAVRE DE GRACE is a name probably well known to most of my readers ; but perhaps the *Côte de Grace*, with its little maritime chapel, is not so familiar to them, although it is one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in Normandy.

The scenery of that noble and ancient province is, indeed, well worthy the attention of the tourist in search of the picturesque. It is a varied, fertile, and finely wooded country, and though not so wildly romantic as some scenes nearer home, it has yet a breadth and grandeur which we do not see in island scenery.

The north-eastern corner of Brittany, where we entered France, is, on the contrary, one of the flattest and dullest portions of this earth's surface. The long, level, cream-coloured roads ; the dismal, swampy sands of the sea-shore, without a pebble to break their uniformity ; the bare, wide fields, displaying only the reddish stems of the newly-reaped black wheat ; the squalid, shattered cottages, encrusted with dirt, and hung with a dismal tapestry of withered tobacco-leaves, drying in the sun ; the ragged peasants, winnowing their corn-heaps by the

way-side, in broad wicker dishes, which served for sieves; all these doleful objects conspired to render my first impressions of French pastorals very unfavourable.

The dirty, queer little town of Dôl, which might well be translated Dull, stands in the midst of all this desolation; but on quitting it, the scene changed as by enchantment. Even before we reached the boundary of Normandy, woods and hills began to arise, and rocks skirted the winding road. The contrast was one not soon to be forgotten; the opposite side of the long sweeping valley, along which we passed, was now skirted by an enormous forest, which exhibited a broad boundary of unvaried, dark, massive foliage, reaching for miles, as far as the eye could see, before and behind us, following every curve of the wide vale, and frowning, in all the grandeur of huge and ancient dominion, from the tops of the high, but gradually sloping hills. The red setting sun gilded but could not penetrate it; it looked as if a tempest could not have shaken its undulating mass. I never saw any object but the ocean which gave me so complete an idea of boundless extent as this old Norman forest; it was a magnificent spectacle, and only the darkness of night prevented us at last from seeing it; it had not ceased to accompany us, but we could no longer discern its outlines.

The noble Seine, whose scenery is so celebrated as to give it rank with the Meuse and Rhine, as one of the three finest rivers in Europe, flows through vales, woods and hills of ample extent. Every natural object in Normandy is on a grand scale; and it seems as if the architects of olden times had there sought to rival nature by the splendid creations of

art ; the cathedrals, the forests, the vallies—are all in the same style of large beauty.

One peculiarity in the Seine scenery we could not but observe ; this was the frequent repetition of similar objects ; I counted no less than six dome-topped, down-looking hills in one range ; each so like the others as hardly to be identified from them ; the same thing is observable in the rocks ; range after range of grey limestone crags, like “ the apostles ” of the Wye, followed each other ; so did woody knolls, four or five of a sort, and white chalky caves in the same manner. It looked as though the same pattern had served for the formation of two or three miles of scenery at once.

But I must return from my white square caves, which are not far from Rouen, back to the estuary of the Seine, where, facing Havre, and backing the romantic old town of Honfleur, rises the stately, verdant *Côte de Grace*. The road leading to the top runs parallel with the water's edge ; and being a steep ascent, bordered with trees and brushwood, it affords beautiful dioramic peeps of the broad, noble river, with the full swelling hills opposite ; where, in their woody coves, lie Havre de Grace and Harfleur, whose noble church stands among the houses like a giant among pygmies. At the top of the *Côte de Grace* is an enormous crucifix, perhaps twenty feet or more in height, with a figure upon it, the full size of life. This is visible from the waters below, and no doubt forms a chief object of devotion to mariners.

Across the hill top are two or three houses, and among them a high, gable-ended building, with an arched window—this is the chapel of *Nôtre Dame de Grace*, from whom the hill takes its name. Close to

the door we saw a little shop, where fruit and cakes were sold. But these were not the only articles of trade: wax dolls, sprays and wreaths of artificial flowers, principally made of white or silvered paper, and quantities of candles, of all sizes, were exhibited at the door and window.

To inexperienced Protestant eyes like mine, it appeared to be a toy and chandlery warehouse; it required a little acquaintance with Popery to know that it was, in reality, a devotion-shop. The cakes and fruit were of course intended as bodily consolations to weary pilgrims; but the dolls were—*saints*,—the flowers were ornaments for their altars, and the candles were offerings for the same.

We had a good opportunity of seeing the use made of these latter; two women and a child had followed us up the hill, and after kneeling awhile on the steps of the huge crucifix at the top, and murmuring there, they entered the shop. One of them purchased a candle, and the dealer in pieties carried it into the chapel, where she lighted it, from a little dark lantern, and then placed it among some others which were burning before the image of the virgin.

The chapel is a small and ugly building, in the form of a capital T; the chancel is represented by the stem of the letter, and at the outer corner of it is perched, upon a bracket, the said virgin image. It is a dirty-faced, wax doll, about the size of a child of six years old; on its head is a tawdry silvered-paper crown, while sundry stars of the same material spangle a dirty white petticoat, partly shaded by a dirty white muslin robe. Such a compound of dust and rubbish I have never seen in any toy-shop in England. The candles were stuck upon pegs on a

tin ledge in front of the image; there were five, all burning at noon, and the women who had brought the last of these lights were kneeling before it, upon those high-backed wicker chairs, which abound in continental churches.

The chapel contained many altars, decked with paper flowers and other trumpery; but before each of them, and from the roof, and in every part of the building, hung little wooden ships, or pictures of ships in stormy seas. To every one of these was appended some such inscription as this—‘*Voué à N. D. de Grace, par Jean Lebeau, dans un ôrage, le 10 Janvier, 1828.*’ Many of them were worn out with age, but others were new and gaudily coloured; and in one corner of the tempestuous scene was usually painted a scarlet and yellow virgin, appearing in the sky.

As we were leaving the place, two comely, grey-haired, weather-beaten mariners came up the hill, and entered the chapel. We followed them; each took a chair, and knelt devoutly before the great tawdry doll, crossing himself with much earnestness; they had probably just returned from a voyage. The women were still praying where we had left them.

We much regretted that we had no tracts with us that day; it would have been a good opportunity of giving some to these simple and, no doubt, well meaning though deceived people. We always found the Normans willing to receive those little witnesses of truth; and we generally gave them without any remark on the difference of our religions. As soon as we said they were ‘*pétits livres religieux*, they thankfully accepted them.

In one case, this useful phrase softened a fit of asperity which was arising in the mind of a poor woman, and influenced her to receive a tract which she was on the point of rejecting.

I had taken the opportunity of my companions being engaged elsewhere, to visit a beautiful but modern church, when we were at Caen. There was some difficulty in finding the house of the sacristan ; a needful proceeding, for, unlike most Norman churches, this was a closed one. I knocked at the door of this good woman, in order to make the inquiry ; but she, guessing from sundry foreign symptoms, that his church and not himself was in request, pointed to some houses beyond, saying significantly, ' *Mais, vous désirez voir l'église, n'est-ce pas ?*'

On being answered in the affirmative, ' *Eh donc !*' said she, ' *moi, je vous la ferai ouvrir ;*' and we went through her house into the vestry and other clericalities, where I have never penetrated before nor since, and thence by the priests' door into the church.

' *Amusez-vous là,*' she said, ' *moi, je suis occupée, mais je revendrai toute-suite ;*' and there she left me, to ramble at pleasure among the gilded altars and flowered images, which my greatest delight would have been utterly to demolish.

In due time, she returned ; and as we left the church, she dipped her hand in the holy water, and sprinkled herself, then offered the same benefit to me. I received it, but shook my head and smiled, saying that it would not wash away my sins. She drew back, perhaps in horror at having brought in a heretic by so holy an entrance, and said, in her broad Norman dialect,—' *Ah ! vous n'êtes pas Catholique !*'

' *Mais oui,*' said I, ' *Catholique, mais pas Catho-*

lique *Romaine* ;' adding that there were many good Catholics who were not of Rome. She was pacified, and resumed her former civility ; and thinking this too good an opportunity to be lost, I offered her a tract with her fee. She declined taking the book ; I asked if she could read ; she said she could, but still refused the tract. No sooner, however, did she hear the magic sound of '*un petit livre religieux*,' then she very willingly received it, and promised to read it too. It was '*le bon chemin*,' and when I said that it would teach her the right way, she cordially acquiesced ; having apparently made up her mind that, although I had acted rather oddly about the holy water, I was a pretty good Christian after all.

Let no traveller, anxious to do good, visit France without a supply of tracts ; he will find the people very ready to receive them.

A. F.



LIGHT be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be,
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest ;
But not cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest.

the breakfast table, when suddenly the scene changed, and lamentation and woe succeeded the transient gaiety. The Lord was at hand—He did it—He struck the blow, which taught the bystanders that while we are in life we are in death. The impressive and useful lesson was doubtless necessary, to teach his people the instability of all human enjoyment. The bridesmaid, the sister of the bridegroom, received the solemn summons in that moment when none were aware, that she must lay her mortal covering down, and go forth to meet her Lord. She groaned, she fell, she died, without the power of uttering a single sentence. The bursting of a blood-vessel caused instant suffocation; and the contrast produced may be easily imagined. The countenance, but a few moments before flushed with expectation and pleasure, now pale and stiffened. The white dress all stained with blood. The gay ribbons, the plumed hat, and all the attire of bridal decoration, must now give place to the death-shroud and funeral trappings!

This young girl was thus suddenly called; yet the consolation was given to her surviving friends of knowing that she was not unprepared, and though her dying testimony was not permitted in words, yet that very morning, in a tablet which was found about her person, she had recorded her faith and full trust in the Saviour of sinners.

Her former life also had evidenced a work of grace in her. Seriousness, piety, and duteous attention to a widowed mother, marked her character, and there is a good hope that she passed by 'sudden death to sudden glory.'

M. S.

A CONVERSATION OCCASIONED BY A THUNDERSTORM.

LAURA. Oh, mamma, are you not afraid?

MOTHER. Why should I, my dear? Besides, the thunder-cloud is very distant.

LAURA. How can you know, mamma?

MOTHER. By observing the space of time between seeing the lightning and hearing the thunder. Light, you know, comes more quickly to the eye than sound to the ear. The difference is perhaps greater than you would think. Light travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, and sound but 13 miles in a minute, or 1142 feet in a second. If between the flash and the report I can count but three seconds, I know that the cloud is only two-thirds of a mile distant; if four seconds, rather more than five-sixths of a mile; if five, a mile and about one-twelfth; if six, a mile and one-third; or to be more accurate, you can multiply 1142 by the number of seconds.

LAURA. That is very nice to know. But what is lightning?

MOTHER. I will try to explain it to you. You remember seeing an electrical machine, and feeling the shock: lightning and thunder are effects of electricity in the clouds. Certain changes in the form of substances have been found to produce electricity. Thus, when watery vapour is condensed, the cloud formed is usually more or less electrical; and the

earth being in an opposite state, by having its electricity drawn from it, a discharge takes place, when the cloud comes within a certain distance of the earth, or when it meets with another cloud less electrical than itself. The discharge is lightning, and the undulation, or wavy motion in the air, produced by it is thunder. Do you understand this ?

LAURA. Oh, yes ; a flash of lightning is only some of the electric power passing from the clouds to the earth, or from one cloud to another, and thunder is the noise that the electric power makes in passing. But who discovered that lightning is electricity ?

MOTHER. From the first time the electric light was observed, many persons had remarked its similarity to lightning ; but Dr. Franklin is commonly said to have been the first who actually drew lightning from the clouds, and performed electrical experiments with it. This was in 1750, by means of an electrical kite.

LAURA. But was not this very dangerous ?

MOTHER. Extremely so. Mr. Richman, professor at Petersburg, about three years after Dr. Franklin, made a similar attempt, and lost his life. We are indebted to Dr. Franklin for the discovery that pointed bodies draw off the electric fluid more powerfully than any other.

LAURA. Then is that the reason we have conductors to our house ?

MOTHER. It is ; but there have been many disputes, first, as to whether conductors should be used at all ; and, secondly, as to whether they should be pointed or not. Dr. Franklin imagined that with a number of metallic rods, of sufficient height, the electric fluid might be silently drawn from the clouds to the earth

without damage ; but this appears fanciful. As to buildings, I believe it is now generally agreed, that they are best secured by metallic conductors from the roof to the ground, as leaden or copper gutters, with spouts into the ground. Pointed rods serve to discharge the cloud at the spot ; but this ought not to be invited.

LAURA. Which is the worst kind of lightning ?

MOTHER. The most formidable and destructive kind of lightning is when it appears like balls of fire. Wherever they fall, much mischief is the effect of their explosion. I recollect once seeing this appearance in a wild moor in the north-west of Cumberland. The effect was beautiful, but as I was in an open carriage the danger was great. The next to this in its destructive effects, is the zig-zag kind. The species unaccompanied by thunder, whose flashes are indistinct, and whose form cannot be easily observed, seldom does much mischief. The colour of lightning also shews its power to do hurt ; the palest and brightest flashes being the most destructive in their effects.

LAURA. And what is the safest place in a thunder-storm ?

MOTHER. The middle of the room, sitting on one chair, and placing the feet on the other. But you must not sit under a metallic lustre, suspended by a chain. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the room, and put the chairs on them ; for not being conductors, the lightning will not pass through them. A hammock, hung with silken cords, equally distant from all the sides of a room, is considered safe. Dr. Priestley says, the place of most absolute safety must be the cellar, particularly the

middle of it; for when a person is lower than the surface of the earth the lightning must strike it before it can reach him. In the fields, the best place is within a few yards of a tree, but not quite under it.

LAURA. Is that all, mamma?

MOTHER. I must not forget to tell you, that you should never, during a thunder-storm, have any thing made of metal on your person, or hold any knife, &c. in your hand. You should also avoid being near the bell-rope. Perhaps the expedient of the Emperor Augustus would amuse you : he always carried about with him, as a kind of talisman against lightning, a piece of the skin of a sea-calf, and at the least appearance of a tempest sheltered himself in the most retired and secret place.

LAURA. The Emperor Augustus? was he so timid?

MOTHER. I think Augustus was naturally very timid. He had, however, some reason to fear lightning, for he had once a very narrow escape. In an expedition against the Cantabri, who inhabited that part of Spain now called Biscay, the lightning struck his litter, and killed a slave carrying a light before him. In gratitude for his preservation, he dedicated a temple to Jupiter, the thunderer. I remember a still more narrow escape of another crowned head : Amurath the fourth emperor of Turkey, while asleep one afternoon, had his clothes burnt by lightning, while he himself was not in the least injured.

LAURA. How very curious !

MOTHER. It is indeed ; lightning has been known to melt a sword without injuring the scabbard, and I have heard even to break the bones, without injuring the flesh.

LAURA. When you know and hear so much of its danger, do you think it wrong to be frightened?

MOTHER. It would be very wrong to pass so sweeping a censure; I think in some cases fear of lightning is mere habit; in others it is constitutional weakness. The only true basis of real courage is trust in the protection of the Almighty—in that God by whom we know all things are ordered for our good. But having seen pious and excellent persons suffer much from apprehension during a thunder storm, I am most anxious to habituate you, my dear Laura, to view with tranquillity these great convulsions of nature.

LAURA. But why are there storms at all, mamma?

MOTHER. You may be sure that all things are ordered for the best by an all-ruling Providence; with *all* the uses of storms we are probably not acquainted, but I remember a passage in Archdeacon Paley, which may prove to you that they have their use. After naming the various causes which corrupt the air, as flame, respiration, animal putrefaction, &c. he speaks of the methods used to restore it: one of these is *agitation*. “The foulest air shaken in a bottle with water for a sufficient length of time, recovers a great degree of its purity. Here, then, allowing for the scale upon which nature works, we see the salutary effects of storms and tempests. The yesty waves which confound the heaven and sea are doing the very thing which is done in the bottle.” Nothing can be of greater importance to living creatures than the salubrity of their atmosphere. It ought to reconcile us therefore to those agitations of the elements, of which we sometimes deplore the consequences, to know that they tend powerfully to

restore to the air that purity which so many causes are constantly impairing. But we have talked long enough on this subject ; bring me Thomson's Seasons from the library. I wish you to read the beautiful description of a thunder-storm in 'Summer,' and, as it has ceased raining, we will then walk out.

M. A. S.

OH, when we read in scripture of what Jesus did while he sojourned upon earth ; when we follow him in all the steps of his most holy life ; when we mark his perfect conformity to the law in all things ; when we hear even his bitterest enemies acknowledging his spotless innocence ; let us, in the exercise of faith, take and appropriate to ourselves all this *rectitude*, all this *meritorious* obedience : let us say, ' *This*, this perfection is *mine* ; it is this alone in which God will accept me, and in which I *desire* to be accepted : I abandon and cast away all my own faulty and imperfect doings in the matter of justification, and I desire and pray to be found in CHRIST, whom I gratefully and gladly confess to glory in, as the Lord MY righteousness.'—Rev. C. Neat.

THE ASTRONOMER'S GARDEN.

———The lawn where many a cypress threw
Its length of shadow, whilst he watched the stars.

ROGERS.

THE twilight dews, the summer's cooling showers,
Such, as from England's mild and changing sky,
Fall lightly on the flowers and daisied grass,
Calling up fragrance from the garden ground,
Had given a freshness to the air : no sound
Broke the deep stillness of the summer night,
Save the low rustling of the distant leaves,
And the faint tick of the sidereal clock,
Soft falling on the ear : the brilliant stars,
A glorious host, shone forth in tranquil light,
Fair, clear, yet few, obscured by passing clouds :
Yet still the glass points up towards the heavens ;
And other eyes beside the learned there
Keep eager watch, that they perchance may see
For once the mysteries of the heavens unveiled.
For once ! oh, happy must they be, who midst
The secret things from common eyes concealed,
Behold the wisdom of their God ! whose thoughts
Walk daily midst the wonders of the world.

Far in the heavens appeared two distant stars ;
Faint was their light, and side by side they shone,

Or seemed to shine ; for in the azure blue,
Between them there, the telescope displayed
To wondering eyes a glorious crown of light,
Amidst whose lustre gleamed a thousand stars,
Radiant in loveliness.

That garden scene
May pass from memory, for the days of life
Are filled with keen regrets and anxious thoughts,
And busy duties, hourly thronging round :
But when the burden of life's heavy cares
Weighs down my heart, by many a grief opprest,
Then may I call to mind the lovely crown,
Which, still unseen, shines by those distant stars,
And think even thus, amidst the daily scenes,
The daily trials of our sorrowing years,
Some hidden purpose of thy pitying love,
Thy watchful care, my Saviour is displayed ;
Which, like the crown of stars, our mortal sight
Beholdeth not : until the eye hath learned
To look on all things through the glass of faith.

M. A. S. BARBER.



THE FAVOURED SHEPHERD.

No. IV.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

How fully did David—how fully must all the Lord's servants in their different stations fulfil that injunction of the apostle—"Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!" The servant of Abraham, to whose piety we have undoubted testimony, (Gen. xxiv.) would not eat after a long journey until he had told his errand; and having done this and accomplished all that his master had sent him to do, he resisted all invitation beyond the hospitality of one night's rest, and rising up early in the morning said, "Send me away that I may go unto my master; hinder me not, seeing that the Lord hath prospered my way." Joseph too, was wise and diligent in preserving his adopted country from the evils of famine, and promoting the interests of the king who had raised him to be next in station to himself; and thus David, the beloved of the Lord, "went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely, and he was accepted in the sight of Saul's servants and in the sight of all the people; he behaved himself more wisely than all the servants of Saul, so that his name was much set by."

Who will not be ready to join in the exclamation, whether said respecting those in public capacities, as

counsellors, ministers, nobles, or of those in the more private stations of stewards or menials of every degree in families, who will not be ready to join in the exclamation, "What a blessing is a faithful servant!" And who is, or can be, a faithful servant but the faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith? Who is the wise servant but the follower of Him who is the source of all wisdom? Who is the obedient servant but he who seeks to follow implicitly that Lord who hath said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments?" Such a servant is indeed, as has been abundantly proved, a blessing to a nation or a family, while we look in vain for faithful service where the ruling principle is self-interest instead of the constraining love of Christ. Taking a broader view of the matter, however, in one sense, we are all servants—servants of the Most High God; and well will it be for us if in his service, which is perfect freedom, we walk so guided by the wisdom which is from above as to be worthy of that sentence which He will hereafter pronounce on those who have found righteousness and strength in the Lord Jesus—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Happy Saul, to have such a servant as the son of Jesse! How his heart must have thrilled with thankfulness as he heard the rejoicings on the defeat of his enemies by the hand of the valiant David! How must his heart have responded to the sound of the tabret and the song of minstrels—"Saul has slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands?" But what! is it possible that the favoured master can be envious of the well-earned praises of his faithful David, the conqueror of his foe, the deliverer of his

kingdom? It was even so, for the scripture narrative goes on to inform us that "Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him, and he eyed David from that day forward." 1 Sam. xviii.

Now to what can we trace this evil conduct in the infatuated king of Israel? It was no new principle then for the first time reigning in the human heart, and adapted to Saul's peculiar circumstances. It was the same principle St. John speaks of (1 John iii. 12.) as actuating Cain when he slew his brother, "because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous;" it was that spoken of by the apostle Paul with reference to Ishmael: (Gal. iv. 29.) "As he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now:" it was that alluded to by our Saviour when he said, (John xv. 19.) "because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you:" and it was the same that now influences the hearts of men, when the consistent walk of the believer in Christ sheds such a bright light around him, (John iii. 20.) that the careless or hypocritical professor hates his Christian neighbour, while he envies the light he sheds, though he draws not nearer to the source whence it is derived, "lest his deeds should be reproved." It is an evil sign when we dare not bring ourselves to the light of God's truth, or when we cannot bear a near comparison with God's holiest and most eminent saints, without feeling envy and bitterness. Whenever such tempers are excited, we may well tremble lest it be with us as with Saul, for "the Spirit of the Lord had departed from him." And here let us distinguish between the *gifts* and *graces* alike distri-

buted by God the Holy Spirit, the third person in the ever-blessed Trinity. Saul, like Balaam, possessed the valuable gift of prophecy; but prophecies may fail, tongues may cease, and knowledge vanish away, while the Spirit of grace never finally leaves the heart in which he has once dwelt, but conducts it safely, through many trials frequently, to glory. O let us beware of grieving that Holy Spirit, lest by departing from us it is proved that we have hitherto had nought of his existence but the most ordinary gifts, which, like the strength of Sampson, may at any time be taken away.

Nor is it surprising that from envious thoughts, the enemy of God and his servant should proceed to deceitful and murderous action: the repeated endeavours to smite him to the wall with his javelin, while in the act of ministering to his comfort, not succeeding, he presses upon him the honour of marriage with one of his daughters, requiring that for a dowry the acquisition of which would expose him to almost certain death. In this too he was disappointed; the God who had given his servant strength to kill the lion and the bear, and who had given to the stone from his sling force sufficient to hurl Goliath to the earth, gave him success in this instance also; so that Saul was yet more afraid of David, and became his enemy continually, endeavouring to put him to death with his own hand, or watching his house to kill him, on which he was forced to fly from the court to which he had been invited, and to which he had rendered such faithful service.

In all these passages of David's life we cannot but see in him the type of the suffering, persecuted Saviour, and with him his militant church. Christ

wrestled with Satan in the wilderness, and came off conqueror in a battle much more important than that of David with Goliath of Gath. His gainsaying enemies would have hurled him from the precipice, had he not used his own omnipotence to pass through the midst of them and escape their malice. In his very infancy the enemy sought his life, and sent out a fierce edict that the sword should pass through a certain portion of the land he governed, that he might smite the Saviour and annihilate his kingdom. But both David and Christ were preserved; the one to sit upon the earthly throne to which God had appointed him, and to be a beacon to Christians of every age; the other to finish the work his co-equal Father gave him to do when he said, "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, against the MAN THAT IS MY FELLOW; smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." (Zech. xiii. 7.) And who (to follow out the type and antitype in this part of the history) was the faithful servant, the wise steward, the perfect man, of whom David in all these characters was but a mere shadow? Who but he of whom it was said, "Never man spake like this man;" and men "wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth;" who went about doing good, and who, when his time was come to be offered, could say in the perfection of his manhood, as well as the perfection of his Godhead, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do, and now, O Father, glorify me with thine own self, with the glory that I had with thee before the world was." (John xvii. 4, 5.) But here the type falls miserably short of the antitype, for David was but a sinful and imperfect man like

others, and whatever he had of perfection in his character and holiness in his conduct, were imputed and imparted to him by the Saviour of sinners.

Let us endeavour to learn one lesson at least from the contemplation of David in the character of a good, faithful, valiant servant. Are we not, too many of us, easily satisfied with low attainments in Christianity? It was said of David, that "he behaved himself more wisely than all the servants of Saul." And this was because he acted from filial love to God; the very same principle by which Christians in the present day profess to be actuated. And yet the world sneeringly taunts us, that they see no great difference after all between themselves and those who profess to be separate from the world; or that the only difference is, that the latter do not attend balls, plays, races, or play at cards, but are otherwise as frivolous, as worldly, and as thoughtless as themselves. Let the Christian ladies, the readers of this Magazine, should they glance over these humble pages, be led by them to be more and more careful, that these taunts shall not apply to them; let them seek to be the kindest mistresses, the most tender wives, the most self-denying mothers, the most affectionate sisters, the most dutiful daughters, and thus shew forth what Christianity really is. And although, on the one hand, after we have done all, we are unprofitable servants, on the other hand we are exhorted to "go on unto perfection," and is there not a promise that we *shall know*, if we follow on to know the Lord?" (Hosea vi. 3.) It is true,, that were we to live millions of ages in this world, we could never, with all our exertions, attain to sinlessness, and the moment our consciences acquitted

us of sin, that moment we should throw off that mantle of righteousness which the Mediator must cast over all who can be acceptable before God the Father. But Christ is our example as well as our atonement; and surely that professor who cares not to assimilate himself to the image of his Lord, will not be recognised by him at his coming.

“The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

M. W.

THE LAST ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

DR. TRENCH, the brother and the uncle of an earl, appeared at Achill without either shew or pretence. He came on a jaunting-car, he could not be distinguished from the two other clergymen who attended him, except by his age, and venerable but humble demeanour. The people seemed astonished at his not, as his rival, assuming the god, and shaking the spheres of Achill; therefore some, almost doubting the reality of the thing, asked, Can this gentle man be an *ARCHbishop*? But the doubt was soon removed—all saw, when they looked to the scriptural definition of a bishop, that his calling was to bless and curse not; and so that worthy man, after performing his episcopal functions with the simple dignity and decorum that belong to the Christian bishop, went away, pleasing and pleased; and it was hard to tell whether the people were more satisfied with him or he with the people.—*Tour in Connaught.*

JULY, 1839.

E

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

No. II.

A PARISH HISTORY.

THERE was something in the smile with which the rector heard his daughter's self-rebuked and acquiescent tone in saying the foregoing words, that convinced me his refusal had been by no means as decided as he certainly led us to imagine; however I knew nothing about this mighty matter, and the interest which either Miss Nanny or Kate Conolly might take in obtaining a holiday for John Tennisson was quite a mystery to me. Our rector probably conjectured this, and turning to me, still smiling, said

‘In our little world nothing is insignificant:’ and having laid down this established dogma, he forthwith proceeded to its illustration.

‘There is now going on here a little parish history, in which my daughter, at least, takes some interest.’

‘Now, papa,’ Nanny interrupted with a very reproachful glance, ‘I am sure you take as much yourself.’

Her father shook his head with a good-humoured smile.

‘Quite impossible, my love, as our friend will say when she hears what it is. You must know we are

in expectation of no less an event than a wedding ; the intended bride you saw this morning ; her future husband is John Tennisson, who, as I conclude you also know, is not only my head gardener, steward and manager, but general overseer of all the circumstances and affairs of the parish.'

I could not indeed have been long at the rectory without knowing this same, for seldom was a meal long ended without the servant having announced—'John Tennisson wants to speak to you, sir.' He was a very respectable looking young man, one whose countenance might have been a passport for him ; in England he would certainly have been Mr. Tenneson, but at the glebe he was plain John.

'Well,' I said, on hearing the rector's information, 'I could hardly have thought that Irish feeling under such circumstances could have refused poor Kate's boon.'

'Ah ! my dear lady,' said the rector, 'you are not aware of the circumstances under which those young people are placed. However I did not refuse.'

'Oh, papa, I am so glad.'

'Indeed, Nanny, you are very wrong.'

'But you have not told me, you know, what the holiday was wanted for.'

'To go to the fair of ——.'

'Oh ! then I see your reason ; but Tennisson is so steady, I am sure they will not mix in anything bad.'

'I hope not, but in my opinion Kate has acted most imprudently in forming this plan.'

'You do not, I suppose, approve of these things?' I remarked, chiefly because I had nothing more important to say.

'They are not only the source of much evil and

sin, but unhappily they are selected as the occasion of putting into execution every malicious, violent, revengeful or unlawful purpose. I much fear John Tennyson is placing himself in the way of much unpleasantness, if not danger, by going to this fair to-morrow; but to explain the ground of my fear, I must tell you how he is situated. He is valuable to me, not merely as a most steady, upright, intelligent young man, but as being, like his father who used to boast that none of his name had ever been a Roman Catholic, a staunch Protestant; indeed he was at an early age enrolled among the Orangemen. It is possible therefore that, under any circumstances, he would not be without some enemies in this place, where party spirit runs so high, but John's disposition is so good, his manner is so pleasing, and his character so excellent, that he was, until lately, universally respected, and, putting his religion aside, I should say generally a favourite.'

'And what has produced the change?' I asked.

'An act which I think is on his part both inconsistent and unwise; his intention of marrying a Roman Catholic: inconsistency in a religious profession makes the enemies of religion only more bitter against those whom they would rail at for being too strict or too uncompromising.'

'And is pretty Kate Conolly a Roman Catholic?'

'Yes, though she is Nanny Bawn's foster-sister: you would not take her to be as old as my better-grown girl, yet she is a few months older. Her history is rather singular; her father was a soldier, he was professedly a Romanist, but having really no religion at all, he was, like the great men he fought against, very liberal to all; he married a poor Scotch

girl, a Presbyterian, who either fancied they could get on very well together, or perhaps never thought about it, until, being discharged, he came home to his native place, and they took up their abode with his widowed mother, a bigotted and most disagreeably-tempered woman. She made poor Margaret's life wretched; I believe the only peaceful time she knew was when she was in this house, nursing Miss Nan: this period was also, I trust, made the means of teaching her to think of religion, not as a matter to be held in name only, but as a power to be experienced in deed and in truth; I believe she returned to her home a sincere Christian, but then, as the hope of turning her to the chapel became less, her situation was more painful: for more than ten years she led a life of conflict, and then died of decline. Nothing could make Conolly treat her unkindly, but he was so dependant on his mother, who is pretty well off, and so anxious that she should take charge of the child, as his own health was very bad, that he could not take a very decided part: he watched over his poor wife, and received from her dying lips an injunction not to prevent their child from coming to the glebe or 'reading the minister's books,' if she wished to do so. At the time of her mother's death a finer child than little Kate could not have been seen; she had been carefully instructed by her mother, who, like most Scotch people, was well educated, for her station. She was a most lively, intelligent little thing, and as you have some idea how close a connection fosterage forms among Irish families, you will not wonder that the foster-sisters were very great friends. Simply on account of the privileges annexed to this claim of fosterage, little Kate was allowed a greater inter-

course with us, and a more unrestricted access to our schools and meetings, than her grandmother, after her father's death, would probably have otherwise permitted. Kate was early instructed in the Bible, and the first religious sentiments implanted in her mind were Protestant, and her acute judgment and lively imagination always persuaded me she would not remain in the bondage of Popery. However, about two years ago this fair appearance began to change. I had heard, indeed, some slight accounts of her grandmother's becoming more unpleasant to her on this subject as she approached womanhood, than she had been before; but I am very sure that opposition would never make such a mind as her's to yield; and it is certainly singular, that both Nanny and myself remarked, that since she became so intimate with Tennisson she has withdrawn more and more from everything connected with Protestantism. They were always intimate as children, at least during their father's lives, for old Tennisson was serjeant in the regiment with Connolly, and came back here about the same time. Certainly Kate's complete dereliction has only taken place within the last year; but she undoubtedly became more reserved in the expression of her opinions—which she used to utter with a sort of careless frankness that spoke her no true disciple of the Papal church—at the very time we might suppose these opinions would be strengthened and encouraged. Latterly she has given up the Sunday school, the Bible class, and missionary meeting, at all of which she used to be a constant attendant; and indeed I should be grieved at her state, and at poor Tennison's prospects, if I did not find she still

kept her Bible, which when a resolution is made to abide entirely under priestly rule is almost always returned.

‘Believe me, papa,’ said Nanny, ‘Kate will never be brought under priestly rule. I do think she has reasons of her own for acting as she does; she appears more careless and giddy than I am sure she is; she has more sense than you would suppose, and I know in her heart she dislikes, and often cannot refrain from laughing at her grandmother’s bigotry and superstition. Do you know,’ she added, her own laughing eyes turning to me with an expression that shewed she rather enjoyed Kate’s idea, ‘Kate has got two cats, a mother and daughter—one she calls Papist, the other Protestant; she will not allow poor Papist to touch a bit of meat on a Friday, or a drop of milk on a great fast-day, but Protestant has full liberty all the days of the week; and it is really curious to hear the way in which, while seeming in childish play to address her two cats, she conveys to her grandmother’s cat truths which the poor old woman would be enraged at if addressed to herself. But Kate’s good humour is so great, her disposition so lively, and her contentment so perfect, that it is absolutely impossible to be angry, and even *hard* to be grave with her.’

‘Well, my love,’ said the rector, ‘perhaps you know her better than I do; she certainly was, as a child, a great favourite with me; but I should have preferred a wife for Tennison who had less levity, and more decided *Protestant* principles than your foster-sister manifests at present. I say nothing of *Christian* principle, for I fear he is not in this respect decided himself; but the intermarriages of Protes-

tants and Romanists form the abundant source of domestic misery and irreligion. However, as he has gone so far, it would be neither my duty, nor is it my desire, to interfere to prevent the step; I only wish that all were, at least, *as* acquiescent in it. They have been long and intimately acquainted, and so far as temporal unhappiness is concerned, I believe they would *both* suffer deeply were their prospects changed.'

'I suppose the grandmother is not well pleased?' I remarked.

'Why, John is such "a *good match*," said the rector, smiling, 'that mercenary considerations would probably overcome all others in the old woman's mind if she were left to herself; but she is instigated, I suspect, by two very bad characters in this place, to oppose and annoy him in every way, so that nothing but the most patient and determined conduct on his part could have carried on the affair so far. Old Widow Connolly has got a piece of land, a house, and a cow, to all of which Kate would be heiress if she retained her favour; and the prospect of this "fortune," together with the glory of saving the girl from an alliance with Protestantism and Orangeism, has been sufficient to procure Kate a most persevering suitor, a very dissimilar one to John Tennisson—a Roman Catholic, and generally believed to be a Ribbonman, who is moreover one of the most disagreeable people I ever met, and to whom I am certain the grandmother never would give her support if she did not act under other influence.'

'Oh! then the danger you apprehend proceeds from this man, I suppose?'

‘ Mr. Delany could hardly find his object furthered by any act of violence, and therefore from his attempts, personally, I think Tennysson would be probably safe; but another circumstance has just occurred, which I think may be made a cause of quarrel at least at this fair. Tennysson has just got a farm, with a very comfortable house upon it, which has not a little elated poor Kate in the prospect of being its mistress. Now this farm had long been sought after by one of Delany’s chief friends, a man of very similar character, whose name is O’Toole; Tennysson, either not knowing or not caring for his wishes respecting it, applied also for the farm, and, as is natural to suppose, got the preference. Every day’s report bears sad witness of the malignant spirit excited by such matters, even among those who are not still more exasperated by the workings of party feeling or previous animosity; and it was on account of the enmity and envy, both of which have recently been excited against this young man by this procedure of his, in addition to other offences, that I reprobated so strongly the project on which Kate’s mind was bent, that they should both go to the fair that is to be held to-morrow, nearly fifteen miles from this, to make purchases for their new abode. I represented to them both what might be the consequences; but Kate assures me, and indeed John joins himself in the assertion, that both Delany and O’Toole are become quite friendly, and intend joining the party. This seeming friendship I distrust, and their being in company only strengthens my fear that they will contrive to draw him into a quarrel, or perhaps a fight; you know what a party fight is. I fear it is only done through vanity and a desire of

pleasure, and that they may lament it. Were they more influenced by real religion, instead of being interested merely in its outward profession, I think they could find it possible to make their purchases elsewhere. As it is, as I never wish to stretch my prerogative, I have only given them my sentiments and advice, and if they still wished to persevere I left them to do so.'

'Oh, dear papa, you must not be so uneasy about John; I hope nothing will happen. And Kate did want so many things, she has begged me to go down to the house the day after to-morrow, to see all her preparations for housekeeping.' And saying this, Nanny rose and asked me to walk.

The next morning, seated on a low-back car—do my English readers know what that is? It is a vehicle which I cannot well describe, not being accustomed to such descriptions, except as a combination of planks forming almost a plane, with the exception of a slight ascent at the upper part between the shafts, and mounted on two low heavy wheels, and without sides or rests for the feet: on this, on state occasions, a bed of feathers, or of chaff, as the case may be, is placed, covered over with a fine patchwork quilt, and the women sit upon it in all directions, round the side, at the foot, and gathered up in the middle, which is the portion selected by the merriest of the party. The driver, usually a boy, either sits on the horse's back, with his feet on the shaft, or on the shaft itself. You do not often see men on these cars, they generally attend them on foot, with their long heavy frieze coats drawn under one arm. Such a party there set off from the neighbourhood of the glebe; except that it is necessary to

record that John Tennisson did not wear his long frieze coat; that would not be at all suited to his position in society and present circumstances: he wore a blue coat with bright yellow buttons, and a waistcoat almost as bright and as yellow; he walked behind the car with two of as ill-countenanced men as I ever saw. Nanny and I had had a very early walk, and at about six o'clock looked down from a high bank upon the party; Kate Connolly, who was seated on the car very gaily dressed, looked up and smiled, and the men touched their hats.

The rector was so engaged that day, in consequence of the absence of his right hand man, that we never saw him after an earlier breakfast than usual. Nanny took me out on a long visit to a clerical family at a distance; and on our return in the evening, we found the rector had brought home a young gentleman whom he had met, a student from Oxford, for whom he claimed his daughter's hospitality for some days.

The next morning Nanny was called from the breakfast-room as soon as she made her appearance; and on returning she held her hands between her face and her father, saying in a most rueful tone, 'Oh, poor papa, what will become of you!'

'What is the matter child?'

'Why, as John did not come this morning, George very considerably sent down to widow Connolly's, to ask if they had come back, and Kate sent word, that before she left the fair he had heard that his new landlord was staying at a place about six miles from it, and so he sent her home, and went on there to see him, and desired her to say, that if he was too late he would sleep at the place he was going to, and

be here as early as he could this morning; but he told her, if he was not here early, to send to beg you to excuse him, as in that case he could not see his landlord until this morning, and therefore could not be here until twelve o'clock.'

This account appeared satisfactory; and I believe the good rector was really glad to hear that this very useful John Tennisson, for whom he certainly felt much interest, was quite out of '*harm's way*.'

Our breakfast party was more animated than ever; but though in accordance with my very faulty practice, I kept it together as long as I could, it was finally broken up, as Nanny had some household affairs to attend to, and, I suspected, also to inspect her foster-sister's purchases, and advise her thereupon. I was consigned to the library for the chief part of the morning.

When we met at dinner, I could not possibly imagine what had occurred to make our good rector so unlike what he had been a few hours before. His usual ruddy complexion was quite gone, he eat as if unconsciously, then pushed away the plate, and seemed ready to groan aloud. I was very uneasy, and I fancied the servant looked as if he was possessed of some painful intelligence; but before the meal was quite ended, Nanny, whom Mr. Hastings had engrossed in a dissertation on spinning, a subject which interested her at least as much as the young Oxonian, discovered the cause of my inquietude, and though she made no inquiries at the moment, appeared fully to share it. As soon as the servant had withdrawn, she rose, and approaching her father, leaned over his chair with her hand in his, and a face as pale—'What is the matter, papa?'

He did not reply.

‘Has not something distressed you?’

‘Yes, my child, I intended to tell you after dinner.’

‘What is it?’ said Nanny—‘Mamma!’—and she sank down on the chair from which Mr. Hastings rose.

‘Oh, no, my love. I have here alarmed you too much; but to me this is a *most* distressing affair: a murder was committed last night.’

‘Who, papa?’

‘A man I fear ill prepared for his end—Pat Delany.’

‘Unfortunate man! but I was *so* alarmed—I expected worse, though I could not think what. Is it known who caused his death?’

‘Ah, my poor girl, that will be the worst part of the story for you to hear. John Tennyson is charged with the crime, and lodged in gaol.’

[*We have been assured by the author of this tale, that the leading events did actually occur within her own knowledge, not many years since, in Ireland.*—ED.]



SUGGESTED BY PSALM XLII. 5.

"Almighty God—cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit."—*Prayer before the Communion Service.*

As thoughts of sore unmingled pain
Come crowding o'er the wildered brain,
And throbs the palpitating heart,
While to the eye the tear will start;
And for a time the heavy weight
Of care and sorrow seems so great,
The weary spirit scarce can bear
The load that lies a burden there:
O then the heart is desolate,
And all things outward seem to borrow
The sombre hue of inward sorrow!

For wayward fancy loves to brood
In silence oft and solitude,
Perhaps on some imagined wrong,
Some cherished passion hidden long
Within the secret of the heart;
Or some dear idol seeks a part
Of that which *all* has long been given
A living sacrifice to Heaven.
Ah! then we feel a fiery dart,
Which adds its poison to our sorrow,
And would forbid a brighter morrow!

Yet, Christian, rid thee of thy chain,
Collect thy scattered thoughts again;
Into one central focus bring
Each fearful and each guilty thing,
That would withhold thy trembling soul
From his, thy Saviour God's, controul.
Yes, take it all to his dear cross,
And for his love count all things loss;
Ask him in faith to make thee whole:
For he to joy can turn thy sorrow,
And bid thee hail a brighter morrow!

M. W.



WE want something upon which to rest our anxious spirits, in the prospect of death and eternity. CHRIST is the resting-place of the soul, and there can be no solid peace, no lasting satisfaction, until the dependence of the heart be placed upon what he has done and suffered for us. Oh, then, come to Him; and, leaving every refuge of his, and turning away from all the sandy foundations of your own doings and deservings, look to, and lean upon that "Rock of Ages," and trust alone in the Lord Jesus Christ; for in Him alone is righteousness; in Him alone is everlasting salvation.—Rev. C. Neat.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

(FROM HALDANE'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.)

THE following instance of the conversion of an opposer of the gospel is so remarkable, that for the glory of Divine grace it ought to be recorded. I know nothing in church history, since the days of the apostles, more illustrative of the power of that grace, and of its visibly instantaneous operations, while its reality has been proved by its effects to the present time :—

‘ A pastor of a French Protestant church, near Marseilles, visited Montauban, in the south of France, in the year 1818, when I resided there. On his arrival I was introduced to him, and we immediately entered on the subject of the gospel. I found him strongly fortified in his opposition to the grace of God, and learned that on his journey to Montauban, having heard of the discussions that were agitated there respecting justification, and the way of acceptance with God, he had in various meetings entered keenly and even violently into the subject, thinking it his duty to oppose, with all the energy he possessed, such a doctrine as that of justification by faith without works. This question among many we fully discussed at our first and subsequent interviews. I had not encountered one who appeared more decidedly hostile to the truth as it is in Jesus,

although he was not an Arian or Socinian, but professed to believe in the divinity of Christ. Having met him one evening, I proposed that we should take a walk in the country. We immediately, as usual, commenced a discussion respecting the gospel, each of us maintaining his own views on the subject. At length I began to speak on the all-important declaration of the Lord on the cross—"It is finished," and endeavoured to shew, from that expression, that everything necessary for a sinner's acceptance with God was already accomplished, and that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. I had only spoken a few minutes when it pleased God to shine on his heart, giving him the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. He suddenly stopped, and with extended arms vehemently exclaimed, "*C'est trop grand pour être vrai :*" "It is too great to be true." From that moment there was no more difference of opinion—no farther opposition on his part—no more objections. In Christ he was a new creature ; old things had passed away ; behold all thing had become new. It was now all his desire to hear more of the great salvation. Our conversation, in returning to town, was most interesting and edifying : he remarked, with earnestness, how differently he would preach when he should go back to his flock ; he confessed at the same time that he had often preached on texts in which there was something that he had not fathomed, '*approfondi*,' and that now he knew what it was. This is worthy of notice, as it discovers the unsatisfactory state of mind of many who, professing to preach the gospel, understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm. He said he

JULY, 1839.

F

wondered that his people should have had patience to listen to such a system as he had been endeavouring for seven years to inculcate, so totally different from what he now saw was the doctrine of the grace of God. When we parted, he who an hour before hated and opposed the doctrine of salvation, was filled with peace and joy in believing.

This happened on a Friday. Next morning he called on me in the same state of mind in which I had left him the evening before, rejoicing in the grace of God; but he said, that being engaged to preach on the Lord's day, he read, after we parted, the sermon he had prepared, and found that not one sentence of it could he make use of, for it was altogether opposed to what he was now convinced was the truth of the gospel. He added that he was utterly at a loss what to do, for he was not accustomed to speak extempore; and that the sermon he had with him, and which he had greatly admired, as so well composed, he would not on any account make use of. I replied that I never knew a case so similar to his but that of the jailor at Philippi; and therefore advised him to preach on his question to the apostle, and the answer he received, "What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

After pausing for a few moments he said he would do so. The place where he preached was at some distance in the country; I therefore was not present, but was informed that his hearers, who had known him before, listened with astonishment, wondering that he now preached the faith which so lately he destroyed. He spoke with great feeling and power, and what he said made a deep impression on those

who were present. During the short time he remained at Montauban I had several most agreeable conversations with him, and shall never forget his prayer when we parted ; I never heard one more affecting ; it was evidently the warm effusion of his heart, entirely different from those studied and written prayers used by many of the French pastors. He referred in a very striking manner to his conversion, and to his former and present state ; confessing the great sinfulness of his past ministry, and prayed earnestly for himself and his flock.

On his way home he passed through Montpellier, where he preached the same sermon as in the neighbourhood of Montauban. It produced an impression on those who heard him, very different from what they had ever received from the discourses to which they had been accustomed to listen. A flame was instantly kindled. The elders of the consistory remonstrated with their own pastor in the strongest terms, demanding of him how he could employ one to preach who brought forward such doctrines. He affirmed that these doctrines were the same which he himself taught. They denied this most peremptorily, and threatened to denounce him to the government. During more than three months, the greatest agitation prevailed in his church. I saw several letters which, in the course of that time, he wrote to his friends at Montauban, declaring his apprehension that in the issue he would be dismissed from his charge. At last however the storm subsided, and the preaching of the pastor from the neighbourhood of Marseilles appeared to have been useful.

A very different feeling was excited when the

account of the conversion of this pastor was carried to his father, a man above eighty years of age. I afterwards saw another pastor, who happened at the time to be at his house on a visit. It was truly affecting, he said, to see the old man quite absorbed in the subject, and for several days going about his house, clasping his hands, and joyfully exclaiming, "Tout est accompli!" "It is finished!"

It is now fifteen years since the event above narrated took place, and the pastor in question has never wavered in his views of divine truth. I have heard of him at different periods since that time, and learned, with much joy and satisfaction, that he has continued a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

The sequel of this history is also very interesting. I received the following letter, dated September 21, 1825, from one of the most zealous and successful pastors in France, of whom I had never before heard. After a general introduction, he says, I address myself to you, to communicate the favourable circumstance in which the Lord has placed me in respect to the ministry of the gospel, which by his grace I exercise. I begin by telling you who I am, and the favours which the Lord has vouchsafed to me. I pursued my first theological studies at Lausanne, in Switzerland: I continued them at the faculty at Montauban, where I was ordained in 1812. The year after, I was appointed pastor at ———, and about the end of 1817, I became pastor at this place. Till the month of August, 1822, I was only a blind man leading those who were blind—much external zeal without knowledge—a vain noise of life (*un vain bruit de vivre*), and a profound wretchedness (*misère profonde*), which I did not feel! Such is what I

possessed (*Voilà ce que je possédais*). At the above period, I went to visit my former flock at —, where I saw, after nine years' separation, one of your spiritual children, my old fellow-student (the pastor above referred to). He became, in the hand of God, the instrument of my deliverance. I then learned the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh: and transported out of myself by the joy of my salvation, I returned to my church, where, since then, the Lord has given me grace to render testimony to him, and to advance a little, but very little, in the knowledge of him. In spite of the opposition which the preaching of the gospel and my imprudent zeal excited in the bosom of my flock; and in spite of my own unfaithfulness and coldness (*mes infidélités et mes glaces*), with which I am often affected, the word has nevertheless produced, and does produce every day its effects. A goodly number of parishioners confess the Saviour, whose infinite compassion they have experienced; and, in general, all are more seriously attending to the gospel. I can give you but a faint idea of the field which the Lord has opened before me: and of the progress which the gospel might make if that field were better cultivated. But I am alone with the Lord. All my colleagues of the department are indifferent (*froids*) about the one thing needful.'

THE COCKATRICE'S EGG.

(*From 'Puseyism,' No. 4.*)

THESE were all consequences not very difficult to be foreseen by the deep and practised schemers by whom Bishop Cheney's movements were directed ; and they were not mistaken in these their calculations. The egg, that the Pope by his agent had thus deposited in the church, underwent a careful incubation through this and the following reigns, by a school of divines holding the same opinions, either in delusion or duplicity, of which Buckridge and Bancroft were probably the founders. There were promising symptoms of success in King James' time ; but when his son and successor showered upon the reverend bevy of incubators the dazzling splendours of the sun of court patronage, full orb'd and cloudless, their process was hastened by the genial warmth. The cockatrice burst forth, attained as in a moment to giant dimensions, and erecting herself high above the sacred edifice where she had first seen the light, hissed to the four corners of the land. The effect of this full developement of the principles of the Oxford Tracts is too well known already. Men rushed at once to the settlement of these questions, not in the strife of words, but of swords. Our country was once more bathed in the blood of her children ; nor did the civil discord cease until the

Church of England lay prostrate in the dust, and the King of England on the scaffold.

The weapons of that warfare were but carnal; with such, these momentous questions can never be settled. The sword that had cropped the flower of our nobility, and spared neither the priest at the altar nor the crowned king, shivered like glass against the 'scaly rind' of this accursed creature. She wound her dragon form into the crypt of some cathedral, or lay lurking on the dusty and neglected shelves of a college library, until the storm that herself raised was overpast. Twice since that period has the foul thing crept from her retreat, and diffused over our island the pestilential and maddening vapour of her breath; and on both occasions with the same effect. The Church has instantly been torn with fierce contentions, and the throne has tottered amid the shouts of civil discord and the clash of arms. Foiled in both attempts, through the great mercy of God, she retreated unhurt from the assault of the same weapons, and found refuge in the same hiding-places.

And now, after long repose, when men had well-nigh forgotten her existence, she has glided forth once more, stealthily, and, while the watchman slept, into the sanctuary; there undisturbed, and until lately almost unnoticed, she lies coiled around the very altar, defiling the sacred elements with her forked tongue. Calm and unexcited as yet, she basks in the sunshine, displaying the grace and beauty of her mazy folds, and the refulgent glories of her speckled skin. But mark her well! Already her living colours flash and quiver, baleful fires are kindling in her eye, the black venom drops from her

jaws, and a noisome and deadly blight exhales with her breath. She is already irritated, and, unless the special providence of God interpose, she will assuredly rouse herself, as in the days of old ; and then—In good sooth, he has need of a steady eye, a firm heart, and a clean conscience, who at the présent moment would calmly calculate and gaze unmoved upon the future.

Such was the rise of Puseyism. It did not originate with the representatives of an ancient Christian community at Rome, retaining still some vestiges of the truth, however imperfect ; but with Rome, deep in the devices of one of those detestably wicked machinations whereby she has always endeavoured to propagate her false doctrines, and which brand her true title upon her forehead in characters so plain that he who runs may read it. It is the offspring, not of Rome as a Christian Church, but of Rome as very Antichrist.

So on the other side. If you bring me books of external evidence, moral or philosophical, to prove God's account of creation to be true, from the appearances of things to the senses, or from certain deductions of periods and events, I hold them to be as light as the others. My evidence of the truth of God's book is internal, in the book itself—my spirit has received it, and I believe God *himself*. All other evidence is trifling impertinence, from which my soul turns away.—*Sabin*.

CATHOLICITY.

(From the Preface to the Rev. J. Hough's History of Christianity in India.)

IN a letter of a Romish bishop alluded to above, one principal cause of the writer's displeasure was, my use of the term *Papist*, instead of *Catholic*, in the reply to the Abbé Dubois. Nothing was more foreign from my intention than to give offence by using an obnoxious term, and therefore in the present history I have adopted the word Romanist. The term papist occurs indeed, but it will be found generally, if not exclusively, in quotations from other authors. If asked why I have not called them *Catholics*, since it is the name which they prefer, I answer—because of the advantage that they disingenuously take of our use of the term. The church of England retains the word *Catholic* in her Liturgy, and the Romanists know that we do not use it in their exclusive sense, but apply it universally to all that have been baptized in the name of the Trinity, hold the true faith in Jesus Christ, have “the pure word of God preached” to them, and the sacraments “duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite and necessary to the same.” (Article xix.) The church of England regards all other churches who answer to this character as united with her to Jesus, their common head, by

communion of the same spirit. Though varying in outward circumstances, and in matters not essential to salvation, they form various branches of the Catholic or universal church, yet Romanists well know that many members of both our church and theirs do not make this distinction, but apply the term exclusively to that of Rome: and taking advantage of this ignorance in some, and negligence in others, they charge us with inconsistency in using the term, while we protest against their church, whereas they know that Protestants use it in its legitimate sense; and the inconsistency is theirs, in applying it only to their own communion. Are we then to be charged with illiberality for refusing to concede to them this name, while they persist in making so unfair a use of the concession? This is not a mere logomachy. Truly has it been said 'names are things!' For Protestants to call Romanists *Catholics*, is to put a weapon in their hands which they neglect no opportunity to wield against us. While in courtesy yielding the name, they pretend that we concede the principle it implies; and hereby we expose our brethren, who do not take trouble, or have not ability to discriminate, to the designs of these enemies to the truth and freedom of the gospel. The single point they keep in view is, that theirs is the only Catholic church; that all Christians out of her pale, by whomsoever baptized, owe allegiance to the pope; and that every term is to be repudiated that implies the existence of any church independent of Rome. *Catholic* is the name that best accords with these arrogant pretensions; no wonder therefore that they so strenuously contend for it: but for the same reason should Protestants resist their exclusive appropria-

tion of it to their own communion. *Papist* is, undoubtedly, their most appropriate designation, for it implies an acknowledgment of the Papal supremacy and infallibility, which they alone believe; and the learned Bossuet, and others of their best writers, were not ashamed to use it. In the days of those authors, indeed, it was not in such bad odour as it is at present, and this is the real cause of the modern Romanists' anxiety to get rid of it: but unless their character is altered, they will gain nothing by changing their name. There are countries where even the word *Catholic* is as odious¹ as ever the term *Papist* was in Europe; and wherever the light and liberty of the gospel shall predominate, no mere appellation will shield the darkness and tyranny of Rome from general abhorrence.

¹ See Smith and Dwight's *Missionary Researches in Armenia*, page 392, &c.

WE know not what those heaven-illuming orbs
May be; to us—but mysteries that roll
And shine. Yet none upon them ever gazed
Whose eye could gather beauty for the soul
To feed on, nor within him felt a flush
Of admiration spreading o'er the mind
Till it became a mirror of delight,
Reflecting back the glory that it hail'd.

Montgomery

Review of Books.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA,
From the Commencement of the Christian Era. By
the Rev. James Hough, M. A., F. C. P. S. Perpetual
Curate of Ham, late Chaplain to the Hon. East India
Company at Madras. Seeley and Burnside.

WE should agree with the Author that the title of his book was a misnomer, had we not the promise of two additional volumes, to treat of the progress of Christianity in India, as the two before us do of Anti-Christianity. The history, so far, is nearly confined to the doings of Popery in the east: and we rejoice that so able a narrator as Mr. Hough, possessed of such invaluable and incontrovertible materials for the work, has undertaken this task. His object, as appears by an important Preface, is to vindicate Protestantism from the libellous aspersions of the crafty men who have come forward as the historians or the eulogists of their Romish brethren in the Indian Mission. The extreme mildness of Mr. Hough's language, and the moderation of temper and

feeling that characterizes his work, even where relating the most nefarious transactions of the apostacy, will commend the book to those whose tenderness shrinks from using the homely language, and repeating the plain assertions of scripture concerning Babylon the great. Mr. Hough has ably apologized, in the Preface, for not using the term 'Catholic,' in reference to the members of the Romish church. This our readers will find at page 73 of the present number. Altogether, these volumes are amongst the most important we have seen for a long time past.

THE POETICAL WORKS of the *Rev. R. Montgomery, A.M. Oxon.* *New Edition, carefully revised by the Author.* Glasgow: Symington and Co.

THREE beautiful little volumes have successively appeared, comprising each one of the larger and several of the smaller of the Rev. Robert Montgomery's poems. It seems that another, under the title of 'Immanuel, or Sacred Contemplations,' is to follow. Of an author so well known, and so justly appreciated, we need say no more than that we are among the warm admirers of his truly poetical genius, and have watched with gladness of heart the progressive conformity of his thoughts and expressions to the mind that was in Christ Jesus. We look for greater things yet at the hand of Mr. Montgomery; one of that name ranks high as a Christian lyricist; but the junior poet takes a higher and more lengthened flight in the wide space of poesy. Thanks be to God that

he is receding more and more from the volcanic fires that once attracted him, and now in every circle that he takes approximates nearer to the Sun of righteousness. We wish him God speed.

SERMONS *by the late Rev. Charles Neat, Curate of Hatfield, Herts, and formerly British Chaplain at Leghorn. Seeleys.*

IN publicly noticing a book we are aware it must be viewed on the ground of its intrinsic merits *as a book*: yet it is impossible to separate these pages from the personal character, the very aspect of their beloved, lamented author. If ever there was a man in whose heart glowed love to Christ, love to the brethren, love to his country, zeal for God's glory, and an unbounded desire that all should come to the knowledge of the truth, such a man was Charles Neat: and if ever these precious characters were so vividly impressed on the countenance and outward bearing of an individual as to be known and read of all men, they were thus legible on him. Such as he was are also the discourses now published: earnest, affectionate, impressive, animated, and touched with the unction from above, without which their value would have been as nothing, yea less than nothing and vanity, in the estimation of their devoted preacher. They inculcate throughout the spirit of devotion, of humility, and of sure confidence in the love of God through his dear Son, that prompted the last words of this beloved brother—the only words he uttered after receiving the sudden summons by

being violently dashed from his gig when on the way to plead his Master's cause at a missionary meeting, "O Heavenly Father, forgive my sins for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord!"

We earnestly hope that the circulation of this precious book will be such as at once to gratify and to benefit the bereaved survivor of one whose claims as a man, a minister, a missionary, and an English Protestant, in the highest and holiest sense of all those words, are imperative on every one who has grace to appreciate them.

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND
during the Year 1838. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols.
 Saunders and Otley.

WONDERS will never cease: here is a lady, a titled English lady, a lady moreover rendered doubly delicate, and by courtesy allowed to be fastidious, through indisposition, actually entrusting herself among the *barbarous* Irish of the south and southwest, without any misgivings as to her personal safety! 'Under a competent escort of resolute male friends and trusty servants, well armed for her defence, and guarding her close carriage, her ladyship *might*, in order to enhance the subsequent delight of conscious security, venture to post along the most public roads in the middle of the day'— Alas, no. Such was her unheard-of temerity, that we find Lady Chatterton jaunting it over the wildest mountain tracks on a veritable Irish car; or, more appalling still, separating from the gentlemen of her party,

and attended by a single servant, exploring grey ruins in a spot most desolately secluded: nay, even dispatching her sole attendant thence in quest of needful information, and remaining alone, defenceless, undismayed on such a spot as English prejudice, grounded no doubt on the fictions of cowardly or selfish Irish absentees, has invested with horrors sufficient to daunt the stoutest bosom. And Lady Chatterton, instead of leaving her mutilated remains to moulder in that fearful country, has returned home to record in two most lively volumes her glowing admiration of the green isle, with her well-merited contempt of those who allow themselves to be frightened from the assigned sphere of their duties. This fair rambler carried to Ireland the grand desideratum of tourists—an unprejudiced mind, a lightness of feeling, and a disposition to be pleased. Spiritual subjects she does not touch upon: controversy in any form is absolutely excluded: but so far as a right appreciation of Irish scenery and Irish character go, Lady Chatterton has, in our estimation, done justice to Ireland. Some beautiful views are given, including ‘Darrynane.’

A TOUR IN CONNAUGHT: *comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill. By the Author of ‘Sketches in Ireland.’ With Illustrations engraved on Wood.* Curry and Co.

THAT which we have just noticed as not having been touched on by Lady Chatterton, we hoped to have found abundantly supplied in the pages now before

us : and we must be permitted to regret the extreme paucity of such information. The fairy tales, and trashy legends wherewith Popery contrives to occupy the minds of her poor deluded votaries, may serve to awaken compassionate sympathy in the Christian's bosom, and so assist to stir him up to the work of enlightening these interesting people : but we long for something on which to lay hold in the way of encouragement—some example of successful pleading from the lips of a pious and talented minister of the gospel with his poor countrymen, when exploring the natural beauties and striking antiquities of their own native land. We want to catch the bright beam of Christian patriotism shedding its holy lustre on these exquisite scenes. Perhaps we are guilty of loving Ireland too much : perhaps we venerate too highly her former character as a Christian land, and loathe too deeply the infernal LIE that is sinking her native race by myriads into perdition, to have a smile ready for the jocose remark that would impart a tinge of the ludicrous to scenes and conversations inseparably connected with that lie. Be it as it may, let the blame rest where it will, we are not satisfied with the use that the truly excellent and highly gifted author of this entertaining volume has made of his opportunities for appealing to the better feelings of his readers. We go on the principle that unto whom much is given of them will much be required ; and of course we do not try all books, or their authors, by one standard. There is a good deal of what we crave in this tour ; but not by any means so much as there might be, or ought to be. After this protest, which conscience compels us to make, we hasten to give our Tourist credit for much valuable antiquarian research, a vast deal of

JULY, 1839.

G

most interesting local and historical information, and graphic description of a vivid character. Happily, too, he provides us with means to refute his occasional expressions of contempt for the people, and incredulity as to the ancient history of Ireland. For instance, though at page 351 he avers his belief that 'let hards, senachies, and poetical historians say what they will,' the state of Ireland 1000 years ago, and before the English conquest (?) was 'barbarous indeed'—no better than that of the neglected peasants of Achill at the time of Mr. Nangle's first missionary attempt—still at pages 21, 74, and in a multitude of other instances, we have the very reverse of this position conceded, yea established. We like the book so well, that we only wish to see it more like its author: that is to say more Irish, more spiritual, and more useful in its generation. For all these he is.

THE FALL OF BABYLON, *as exhibited in Prophecy.* By the Rev. Charles Caulfeild, A. B., Vicar of Kilcock, Rector of Downings, &c. Robertson, Dublin.

THIS is not the first shot that Mr. Caulfeild has fired at the apostacy: it is, however, by far the most effective. We read the book without pausing, so deeply interesting is the ground over which it carries us. The author has avowedly availed himself of the researches of others, both literary and local; but he has condensed and brought into a consecutive view a great deal of widely diffused observation. He commences by exhibiting in parallel columns the pro-

phetic denunciations of Isaiah and Jeremiah respecting literal Babylon with those of St. John as regards the mystical city ; thence proceeding with a train of inferences in which we cordially concur. We wish we could place many of our truly pious English clerical friends for a short time in the land where Mr. Caulfeild is privileged to minister among his own countrymen. It would marvellously clear their vision and quicken their zeal preparatory to the fearful struggle in which we must shortly engage—such, at least, of us as are not given over to the enchantments of the golden cup of papal abominations.

MONTHLY SERMONS, *by the Rev. Francis Trench, Perpetual Curate of St. John's Church, Reading.*
Seeleys ; Hamilton and Co.

A SMALL, pleasing and profitable volume of short sermons ; such as we can with pleasure recommend for family reading or for private edification. They are concise and comprehensive.

GOD'S HISTORY OF MAN. *Sermons preached in Eaton Chapel, by the Rev. John Edward Sabin, B.A. Minister of the Chapel, and Rector of Preston Bissett, Bucks.* Hatchards.

THESE discourses, published at the request of the congregation, are consecutive, and their object is one—to inculcate belief in God's word on God's sole

authority. Mr. Sabin thus comes into direct collision with philosophy, falsely so called: he does not spare those modern geologists who fancy the excavations they have made in the earth's crust entitle them to correct certain presumed errors in the Mosaic history: he rejects the subtle reasonings, however well grounded, of men who would establish the divine authority of the Bible by a process of logical deductions: he throws himself on the "Thus saith the Lord," by which holy men of old enforced their inspired declarations; and he has with great boldness and fidelity carried out the principle to the end of his volume.

THE TEST OF FAITH; *Israel a warning to Britain; and other Poems.* By S. B. Hall. Hamilton and Co; Crofts.

THE author modestly disclaims any pretension to the peculiar characteristics of a regular poet: he has thrown his opinions and meditations into verse, during the intervals of a busy professional life: and desires to be judged by them rather than by his versification. Of the latter we cannot complain: it is often very pleasing; and as to his views they are eminently Christian and Protestant. We love to meet with men of this stamp, who are not afraid to acknowledge the God of their lives and the God of their families as the God of their country also. The poem entitled 'Israel a warning to Britain' pleases us much: as do some very sweet versions of select Psalms.

A TOUR TO KILLARNEY. *A Narrative of Facts.*
Robertson, Dublin.

A FAMILY party, a journey, some pleasing description, and much pious conversation, form this small book; to which is prefixed a very pretty engraving of the far-famed lake, with its magnificent mountain scenery. We perceive one great object of the writer has been to encourage the spread of the gospel among her countrymen by means of their own native tongue. This, with the circumstance of the profits being devoted to charitable purposes, furnish a strong recommendation.

THE HOPE OF THE NAVY : *or the true source of discipline and efficiency, as set forth in the articles of war, provided for the government of the fleet of Great Britain. An address to the youth now rising in the naval profession. By Rear-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Bart., K. C. B. Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital.* Nisbet and Co.

THE veteran and Christian officer who thus labours to advance the spiritual good of the service to which he has long been devoted, has happily seized on that clause in the articles of war which provides for the due performance of divine worship on board H. M.'s ships, to make a very powerful appeal alike to the judgment, the feelings and the consciences of his countrymen. Sir Jahleel has produced a volume which we trust will be richly blessed, not to the navy

alone, but to many other classes of society. The manly tone, Christian spirit, and patriotic object of the work will commend it to the attention of all who can appreciate them.

CONFESSION OF THE NAME OF CHRIST, in the sixteenth century and in the nineteenth century. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, President of the Theological school, Geneva, and author of 'the History of the Great Reformation in Germany,' and 'A Voice from the Alps,' &c. Lord.

THIS is a discourse, delivered at the centenary commemoration of that glorious event, the plain protestation of the German princes, who, assembled at the Diet of Augsburg, openly and solemnly made confession of the principles which had brought them out from the communion of Rome. The scene is beautifully described by M. d'Aubigné, and with a feeling well worthy the great champion of orthodoxy in Geneva. The subject is well handled, and closely applied, in a very solemn spiritual way. It would be well for Protestants to acquaint themselves a little better than they usually do with the events of the sixteenth century. It might be the means of imbuing them with a greater portion of the spirit that moved and spoke, acted and suffered, in the Reformers whom they profess to follow.

THE WAY OF SALVATION. *By Henry Forster
Burder, D.D. Third Edition.* Religious Tract
Society.

WE are happy to announce a new edition of this work, in a small pocket volume. Its merits are well known.

WE have seen four numbers of a series of tracts, entitled 'Puseyism; or the New Apostolicals. By a Layman of the Church of England,' more remarkable certainly for the caustic severity than the spirituality of their general style: but truth, unwelcome yet irresistible truth, streams from their pages with a startling light. We have given, at page 70, the conclusion of No. 4, entitled 'The Jesuits,' and our readers may decide whether we are wrong in characterizing it as most powerful writing.

WE have been much gratified by a little sixpenny work of the Rev. Daniel Bagot's of Edinburgh, called 'A Protestant Catechism.' A more conclusive overthrow to the dogmas of Popery could not be desired; and the constant appeal to scripture renders it doubly valuable. The Appendix gives much information as to the nature and working of the system. The whole is adapted to the simplest capacity, and is moreover written in a truly Christian spirit. The same excellent minister has finished a 'Catechism explanatory of the leading truths of the gospel,' smaller than the foregoing, which we cordially recommend to all families and schools.

Hatchards have just published a very important and well-written pamphlet, by the author of 'A letter to Every body,' &c. entitled 'Abbott *versus* the Bible.' In a quiet, dispassionate manner, the Corner-Stone and the Young Christian are tested by the word of God; and how awfully opposed to that word they are, let those judge who have made the trial; those who have not may avail themselves of this help.

Although not exactly within the usual scope of our notices, we cannot refrain from announcing the exceedingly beautiful engraving just published by Lupton, from the fine portrait by Saye of the Earl of Roden. The likeness is very striking: the act in which that truly Christian patriot is represented is that of directing the attention of the legislature to 'The humble petition of the Protestants of Ireland,' which lies before him on the table of the House of Lords. That single figure—a three-quarters length of Lord Roden—with the document thus presented, tells a tale that entitles it to rank no less as a historical picture than a portrait. It is a tale on which those now in their infancy will one day dwell, either with glowing thankfulness for a rescue achieved through the efforts of a small band, of whom this nobleman may truly be called the leader; or with bitter grief that his generous efforts, and their zealous co-operation, were frustrated by evil men.

THE PROTESTANT.

‘As for a torn ruffle,’ said my uncle, in reply to my indignant remarks on the outrage to which Lord Winchilsea had been subjected at Exeter Hall, ‘As for a torn ruffle, or a much greater matter, he regards it no otherwise than we must all do; that is, as the indication of a coming reign of terror, when it will be an affair of personal hazard to open one’s mouth in the cause of national religion, or in defence of the gospel, any way. Well; our friends exhibited a noble instance of Christian forbearance, not only after, but in the heat of the scuffle. God be praised that we were not permitted to disgrace His holy name and cause, by following the dictates of insulted feeling and irritated human nature!’

I could not but see before me a vivid representation of the struggle: for the flash of my veteran uncle’s eye, and the quiver of his lip bespoke a highly excited spirit, brought into subjection by a power mightier than that of man. I remarked, ‘It must have been harder to some natures to endure the insults and outrages that preceded martyrdom than the fiery trial itself.’

‘Ay, my dear, there are few things more difficult than for men to realize, under such circumstances, that the weapons of *our* warfare are not carnal but spiritual, and to act upon the admonition when the arm of a fellow-creature is raised to smite, and his

lips unclosed to taunt and to menace. The recent affair was but a shadow of what we must expect: and it strikes me as an especial mercy that we are put, as it were, into a preparatory school, and forewarned of the difficulty, that we may be forearmed.'

'But do you think such outrages will be repeated on future occasions?'

'I think the precautions that will now be taken must, humanly speaking, be effectual in preventing their recurrence for some time to come; but my convictions are deep that whosoever may be put forward as the perpetrators of these violent acts, the originators have a far higher stake in the matter. We are great troublers of some people—great marplots of their darling schemes. They cannot put us down either by scripture or reason; they cannot influence us by bribe or by intimidation: brute force is all that remains, and by that they hope, at least to thin our assemblies, and to hold up as an object of terror the meetings which they may not again be able to transform into a bear-garden.'

'But what excited this particular outburst of ruffianism, uncle?'

'The most ominous event that has yet crossed their path, niece: the junction of a very large and most influential body of our dissenting brethren on this momentous occasion, with the established church, in a matter so deeply affecting PROTESTANTISM, that all who deserve to share its blessings will and must put out of sight the peculiarities of varying creeds and forms, to rally round that citidel of our faith. It was much regretted that the organ of those our true brethren was withheld to so late an hour from addressing the meeting: but curtailed as he was by a

needless prolixity in other quarters, he said enough to justify the worst fears of our enemies, and to infuse new energy into the hearts of his hearers, who hailed with rapturous cheers the accession of such a host of allies.'

'What a violent prejudice some good people entertain against the Wesleyan body!'

'Yes, I have heard them denounced as worse than Papists by very devout Christians, who, if they would take a leaf out of dear old Gideon Ouseley's book, and go work in the Lord's vineyard, as he for half a century did, in the face of all that man and Satan could do to daunt and deter him, would find little leisure for the splitting of straws on points not essential to salvation. But it matters little now: the hour is at hand when the summons shall go forth, not who is a Calvinist, who an Arminian—who is an Episcopalian, who a Presbyterian, who a congregationist?—but simply and largely, Who is on the LORD's side, who? These restless spirits, who in the violence of their mischievous zeal for innovation are agitating the whole body, ecclesiastical, politic and moral, are but as a fan in the hand of the great Husbandman wherewith he is even now purging his floor, causing the chaff to separate from the wheat, and to fly away in all directions, while the latter approximates, forming a heap which he will safely house for himself.'

'What a strengthening thought is that, dear uncle, when heart and flesh begin to fail under the severity of the blast! But have you a good hope for the country?'

'Don't ask me: I would fain encourage myself and you, but at present it cannot be. Our ship is

tossed between two seas, with the wind contrary, the pilot incompetent, the crew incapable. A leak is gaining fast, which must ultimately sink us, unless effectually checked; and our case is that of passengers who are thrown on their own labours and prayers. We must work the pumps while ability is given us of God, and permission conceded by man. Less than this we ought not to attempt: more we cannot achieve.'

'This education plan, uncle, will, if ever it be carried into effect, seal the vessel's doom.'

'I doubt it not: did you mark the insolent brag and defiance of O'Connell addressed to the opposers of the measure? "He was there," he said, "in the British parliament, in spite of them, and let them turn him out if they could." How striking was the link thus vauntingly pointed out between the great national sin of 1829, and this frightful project of unchristianizing the whole mass of our youthful population started, and likely to be carried out, within ten years afterwards! We had an overpowering majority of English votes against this atrocious scheme—it is forced on us by the refuse of Irish Popery and treason.'

'Five years and a half ago, when we commenced our conversations, uncle, what an assault the editor had to encounter from various quarters, on the score of our being alarmists, illiberals, and anxious to bring before Christian ladies the importance of subjects which our reprovers deemed unsuited to them. Yet to this day we have, alas! proved but too correct in our prognostications; and events have forced even the most retired females to watch with anxiety the daily intelligence of a legislature that is now bent

on counteracting every effort of theirs for the promotion of God's cause, at home or abroad.'

'Yes,' replied my uncle, 'and when on the recent occasion in Exeter Hall I looked from the platform to the spaces filled by delicate females, whose dearest connections were exposed to the hostile aim of those infatuated Chartists, I cannot say that I at all repented my own little share in rousing those ladies to a sense of the awful importance of that sacred cause in which their fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, were at the moment placed in peril before their eyes. I wished you had been there.'

'Nothing kept me away, sir, but a mistake as to the day of meeting.'

'Protestant feeling is not half roused yet,' observed my uncle. 'McGhee's last masterly exposure of the system by which Popery is gliding on her rapid path to domination in these lands, ought to be circulated in every village—read in every house. Yet when a publisher¹, zealous for this good end, ventures on printing a large edition of the corrected report, and offers it at as low a price as could be desired, he is unable to get the impression off his hands. This does not shew well for the cause.'

'It is difficult, perhaps, for those who were not present to estimate the importance of that day's disclosures. To me they were startling, and I knew something of the enemy's devices too.'

'Well, the time is at hand when we must needs submit to have our eyes opened. Meanwhile a solemn duty devolves on you, Christian ladies, for the performance of which you are accountable before

¹ Baisler, of Oxford-street, has published a full and correct report of all the speeches, at 16s. a hundred.

God. You are aware that the grand object in view, in this insidious scheme of national education, is to leave the people as much neglected as possible with regard to religious instruction, and to provide that where it is required it should be so given as to nourish up every child in the peculiar errors of his parents or guardians. Thus the youthful member of a Romanist family is to have a Douay Bible, full of the fulminations of Popery against what she deems heretics, and of exhortations to idolatry. The offspring of a Socinian is to be accommodated with a mutilated version, where the Lord Jesus Christ is undeified, and the sole hope of a sinner taken away. The child whose parent unhappily belongs to the increasing thousands who have imbibed the deadly poison of the socialists, is not to be insulted by having any Bible at all placed before him, seeing that the sect disclaim all belief in a divine revelation. In like manner the unhappy little one whose father knows not, or confesses not, the being of God, will be allowed to continue in the gross darkness of Atheism; for such must be the actual working of this atrocious device !

‘ And another class, uncle, you have not named, concerning whom the Lord will, as he ever has done, shew himself jealous. Oh, what must that plan be which would spurn at the blessed opportunity of setting before the Hebrew child his own Messiah already manifest in the flesh, and gathering the tender lambs of outcast Israel into the fold !’

‘ I should not have omitted them, my dear, had you not interrupted me : for the crowning sin would surely be to rend asunder the inspired volume, and give the infant Jew the shadow, while the substance was with-

held in submission to the blindness of his fathers. This is a brief, a very brief and imperfect outline of what will be thrust upon the country, unless the Lord interpose to avert the ruinous calamity ; and your duty clearly is to be instant in season, out of season, in pressing both upon parents and children—all within your reach—the preciousness of God's word, as we, by his mercy, still have it in a full, faithful version, unaccompanied by note or comment. You must urge on them the necessity of a close acquaintance with what will prove the only secure defence against the wiles to which they must often be exposed : for always remember, the TEACHERS are to be taught according to the peculiar errors and heresies that may prevail ; and wherever the teacher is a conscientious believer in what he professes, he will pursue a proselyting plan in the school. I would not lead them too abruptly upon controverted ground ; for that might engender a curiosity to hear what opposers have to say ; but I would specially seek to strengthen them against Popery, by pointing out the grand doctrine of justification by faith alone ; the all-sufficiency of the Lord's atonement and mediatorship, and the fulness of peace which they, and they alone, enjoy, who are simply trusting in him. Not but that I would direct attention to whatever is most broadly opposed to Popery in detail. Again, as a safeguard against Socinianism, dwell on the innumerable proofs of our Lord's divinity, and the personality of the Holy Spirit : shew the necessity of the Godhead subsisting in One whose mortal life was an efficient ransom for the whole human race. As for the wretched crew who follow in the Socinian track, striking out here and there diversified paths, the excellency of the

scripture will bear its own testimony; and the more deeply you lead the endangered individuals to imbibe their precious truths the stronger will be their security. The bible is the real object of attack: it stands between our allied foes, Popery and Infidelity, and the souls which they seek to devour. Be it then your care to magnify the word of God; and let no day pass unmarked by some effort to plant that standard of the Lord in the tents of our national Israel.'

'And to stir up our friends to the same work.'

'Yes: and also to impress on them the necessity of becoming acquainted with some of the usual devices of Satan, in the way of false doctrine, in order to be supplied with weapons for the occasional aid of our less educated neighbours. The unclean spirit is traversing our land, and not a cottage will escape his searching eye, if peradventure he may there find some soul to delude, preparatory to enlisting the individual as a helper in the evil work of anarchy. It is no time to sit still and embroider canvass, when your Bibles are likely to be wrested away or contaminated by error surreptitiously introduced. The refusal to renew the patent of the Queen's printer lays us open to a fearful danger. Every copy of our authorized version will soon become doubly precious, when wicked or ignorant hands have defiled the pure stream of a faithful translation. On every side darkness gathers, and tempests seem to lour; but the Lord is King, be the people as unquiet as they may; and those who trust in him shall never be desolate. Only let us be found engaged in his work, and he will provide for us in the day of trouble. In Him we shall find "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."'

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1839.

BYGONE DAYS.

WHEN the shadows of evening fell upon our prospect, as we lay quietly at anchor over against a fine fort in Halifax harbour, a scene of awful grandeur burst upon us. It was not new to me, for I had looked on it during a whole day's inland journey; but its effect was incalculably heightened by the darkness of night, and the position which we now occupied. The woods were burning, to what extent I know not; but the track that sent up that continuous sheet of flame could not have comprised less than fifty miles. It had burnt for more than a week, and was blazing still, presenting a ridge of blazing forest-ground along the hill-side, as far as the eye could reach. These fires generally take their rise from some spark unintentionally allowed to fall among dry brushwood, which rapidly communicates the fearful element to all within its reach, and thus

AUGUST, 1839.

H

the conflagration acquires a power that sets the efforts of man at defiance, proceeding along the country until an open space of land, a wide river, or a heavy fall of rain, stays its progress. The effect is magnificent, but the contemplation very painful, when the extent of animal suffering and individual loss is considered. The Indian's wigwam, the negro's log-hut, and the little patches of cultivation that industry has succeeded in rearing amid the wilds, all are consumed, together with the fox's covert, the elk's retreat, and the fragile nest of the affrighted bird. Alas, that the only certainty we can predicate of any earthly thing should be that it will perish !

On the following morning we bade a last adieu to the beautiful harbour, and pursued our course northward. A dark canopy of smoke, reddened towards its base by the still raging fire, overhung the line of coast ; and I watched with wonder its seemingly interminable stretch, so long as we continued within ken. Two days' pleasant sail brought us within a distant view of the majestic cliffs of Newfoundland ; but here a dead calm fell upon us, and for twenty-four hours we endured that most annoying visitation, consisting in one incessant lazy roll, or rather rocking, of the vessel, which remains perfectly stationary, only swinging round with each turn of the tide. The weather was sultry, the sky, unrelieved by a single cloud, seemed to hang just above the mast-head, divested of its cool blue, and tinged with a copper hue, as disagreeable to the eye as the atmosphere was oppressive to the head, and the situation to the spirits. The sea, unenlivened by a ripple, lay in a monotonous level around, reflecting the unpleasant glare from above, and painfully dazzling the

sight that sought a rest upon its altered surface. Those who had been sea-sick, revived sufficiently to creep forth and contribute their several complainings to the general stock of *ennui*, under an awning that had been spread over the quarter-deck ; while such as had enjoyed the fine free roll of the vessels when borne on the billows' swell, found the uneasy rocking produce on them in turn a degree of sickness. Altogether it was a severe trial of patience ; and I felt myself much indebted to two sprightly young whales, who, within no great distance, held their leisurely way for an hour or two, producing a most refreshing effect, at least on my imagination, by the beautiful jet d'eau that each, by his blowing, occasionally produced, and the long track of foam that his progress left on the otherwise unbroken surface of the sea.

It was then that I remarked to a passenger whom we were bringing home after the wreck of his own vessel, ' I wish we were relieved from our present state : I would gladly compound for a severe storm, in place of this tedious calm.' ' You had better,' he replied, ' be careful what wishes you frame : if a storm sprang up, and you knew the dangers of this coast, you would welcome a month's calm to be delivered from its power : it is better to take what God sends, and be thankful for his mercies.' This was language dissimilar from what prevailed among us : and the individual who used it was indeed of a different order of men. He had, as he told me, often been employed to convey missionaries to their destinations, and had reaped a rich blessing in the work. I understood not his meaning, nor could I appreciate the principle that wrought in him. The fruit was apparent ; but of the root I knew nothing. Captain

C—— was by far the most obliging person on board, and the most self-denying in a situation which generally tends to exhibit the selfish character conspicuously. Comforts are so scarce, and discomforts so very annoying on a long voyage, that ordinary benevolence can ill abide such a test: but I often remarked that Captain C—— appeared to consider himself as only the temporary holder of any accommodation, by resigning which he might promote the advantage or lessen the inconveniences of another passenger. To me he was peculiarly kind: he had witnessed the desperate exploit of mounting the ship's side; and the interest naturally excited in that moment of peril found expression, I doubt not, in prayer on my behalf, to be answered in due time. Should this paper ever meet the eye of the individual in question, let him accept the tardy acknowledgment of kindness better appreciated now than at the time it was conferred.

The calm endured but for a few hours after the remark just recorded. A breeze sprung up which strongly ruffled the ocean, and bore us rapidly towards the mighty rampart of rock, which seemed to rise a perpendicular wall from the surface of the sea. It was unbroken, far as the eye could reach, and at the summit jagged and indented into a strange variety of fantastic outlines. Attached to its base I discerned several large bodies of pure white, around which the breakers were dashing, and these I was told were icebergs. One had already broken from its station, and came drifting towards us in all the lustre of its frozen magnificence. It was then nearly evening; dark clouds had overspread the western horizon, and the sun was about to sink behind the

blackening mass. The orb had assumed that sanguine hue which often results from the intervention of a storm-fraught atmosphere, and the rays that streamed upon the iceberg invested it with a beauty wholly inconceivable by those who have never beheld one of these majestic objects. That before us was considered very small: it resembled a rock, with fantastic peaks surmounting its bold cliff; and two buildings, which no one could hesitate to call a castle and a church, corresponding as they did in size and outline with those edifices, placed, the one on the summit of the rock, the other sheltered at its base. Semi-transparent in most parts, in some clear as crystal, and in others hung with wreaths of snow, some idea may be formed of the aspect of this frozen mass, as it was borne majestically past us on a swelling sea, with its thousand prisms turned to the deep red light that streamed across its course. Bending over the vessel's side, I gave utterance to expressions of the most passionate admiration and delight, adding a fervent wish that it would closely approach our ship for my greater gratification. Captain C—, who was pacing the deck with more than his usual thoughtfulness of look, heard me; and once more cautioned me as to the wishes I was so ready to frame. He told me that the sternest of the rocks before us was not so dangerous as the unseen base of that fragile iceberg, one touch from which would send us instantly to the bottom: adding that he had himself been most wonderfully preserved with his little crew, by promptly stepping into their boat on the instant his ship struck, from which they saw her go down in less than two minutes from the moment of the collision. He concluded by observing that my

morning wish was about to be fulfilled ; a tempest was rising, and ere midnight we should regretfully recal our dissatisfaction at the innocent calm which preceded it.

The storm was indeed even then commencing, and as night prematurely closed around, the last gleams exhibited those frowning rocks in fearful proximity, while the breakers flung their foam upon the troubled blast, assisting to mark more distinctly the dark rampart against which it was hurled. The swell of the waves became terrible ; all save the seamen were ordered to quit the deck : the dead-lights were fixed, and overcome by sickness or by panic, the passengers lay down on their berths : all, I believe but one—and that was the rebel who shrank not from the blasting of the breath of the Lord's displeasure, because she was under the power of an illusion, too common, alas ! with such as have been brought up in an external regard to the forms of religion, without partaking in any spiritual influence, or even comprehending that such influence was required. Truly can I say, that " I lived a Pharisee," and verily did I believe in myself that I was righteous, and despised others. Like them, I expected death ; but probably there was not one among them so perfectly indifferent as to whether it came or no. I went to my little cabin, and finding it impossible to preserve any other seat, I chose the floor for mine, lashed a lantern to one of the posts that supported my berth, firmly twisted my left arm round another, and placing a large Bible on my lap, selected some portions that seemed most appropriate—not to our own awful situation, on the very verge of eternity, but to the grandeur of the scenery that I had enjoyed during

the last few hours, and the sublimity inseparable, in the minds of those who are neither sick nor fearful, from the deep roll of the stormy waves, the measured reel of the vessel as they bore her aloft, and then slid from beneath her to overhang her masts, the straining of every timber, and the thundering effect of the roaring blast among her shattered sails. The Bible had never been made a task-book to me: if those who reared me could not teach me to understand it, they yet taught me to love it as the most interesting of historical, the most sublime of poetical volumes. I chose it then for my companion, partly no doubt from ostentation, but chiefly because everything else fell so lamentably short of the conceptions of my mind, ever alive to impressions of magnificence. The forty-sixth Psalm I read again and again, for the sake of its stormy imagery—that precious Psalm, so dear to Martin Luther, and likely to become equally so to those who hold Luther’s faith, when the tempest of persecution now gathering in our atmosphere shall break. Next I took the fourteenth of Isaiah, and the sixty-third, as surpassing in grandeur of imagery and diction all that man could invent. While thus employed, I saw Captain C—— come to the door, look at me, and retire. I felt pleased that a man so evidently religious should have discovered me thus employed. No doubt his thought framed the query of Philip: “Understandest thou what thou readest?”

That night was one of extreme peril, and of most wonderful deliverance. The vessel was driving, helpless as a cork on the waters, directly towards the rocks: and when all human effort became totally unavailing to arrest or to vary her course, a sudden

change in the wind drove her out to sea so rapidly, that when morning came nothing was visible of the threatening coast but a long dark line in the distant horizon, towards which we gradually re-approached, beneath a cloudless sky, with a propitious breeze, that imparted to the ocean what I consider its most beautiful aspect; for, lovely as at all times the great world of waters appeared, it never charmed me so much as when the exquisite depth of blue prevailing in the Atlantic was dappled with the silver foam that crests the myriads of little billows into which the surface is gathered on a breezy, sunshiny day. I felt delight, and a measure of thankfulness too; but the warm expressions of the latter with which Captain C—— pointed out to me at once the dangers we had escaped, and the favourable prospect before us, fell comparatively cold upon my mind, and awoke but a faint response. So true it is that the Lord must open our lips before our mouth can shew forth his praise.

Much more strongly did I feel the deliverance vouchsafed to others in the course of that day. We had nearly made the exquisitely picturesque mouth of St. John's harbour, and were steering through the multitude of little fishing-boats that people those seas, when one of them came bounding so completely across our track, that no skill either on the part of our steersman or of the two poor fishermen could avert a collision. It was a moment of agony never to be forgotten—literally a moment, for I did not perceive the boat until she was so directly beneath our prow, that the next movement of the rolling ship must decide her fate. Every one who has observed the course of a large sailing-vessel on a rough sea

must know that she plunges forward with a mighty sweep, clearing a considerable space with every bound. She was rising for one of these plunges when my eye caught the terrified looks of the poor fishermen, turned upwards to the comparatively gigantic object overhanging their frail bark. I could not avert my gaze—it was fixed in breathless horror on the victims over whom we were about to dash. The next instant saw their little cross-tree and brown sail hanging on the side of our keel, while the boat and its still petrified owners remained, far behind, with a bare mast standing. So close under us had the little bark glided, or rather grated—so wonderfully had the preserving hand of the Lord been outstretched on their behalf. A general cry had arisen from our people; and not a countenance on deck was there unmarked by strong emotion, as all eyes pursued the receding boat, half incredulous of its actual escape. I saw Captain C——, and in his pale cheek, compressed lip, and settled gaze, I read what constrained me also to lift up a grateful heart to the Most High, with an acknowledgment of his work, and his wonders in the great deep.

Poor Newfoundland! At that time it was a loyal, peaceable colony, carrying on most diligently its profitable fisheries, drawing from the fertile island of Prince Edward those supplies in fresh meat and vegetables that the barrenness of its own rocks refused to yield, and little, if at all, troubled by political excitement. There was, however, a melancholy lack of spiritual instruction: the gospel of Christ was not proclaimed by all who undertook the sacred office of preachers; and the ground lay fallow which ought to have been occupied with good seed. Ac-

ordingly, when England forsook her own mercies, by admitting the Papal foe once more to share her counsels and to influence her government, the ever active emissaries of that Antichrist found an abundant field prepared for their labours in our rock-bound colony; and fearful is the extent to which they have carried their outrageous practices. Popery is now, in fact, the dominant power in Newfoundland; and a cry goes up from the persecuted class who dare to be true to their God and to their sovereign, which we do not hear, but of which we shall soon be made to feel the effects. Meanwhile, the chief care of our rulers seems to be the strengthening, in every possible way, of the enemy's hands, by granting pecuniary supplies, by sending out authorized teachers of idolatry and sedition to hasten the evil work; and by discouraging on all sides the faithful adherents of the crown and the constitution. Often, as I read of these things, does the distant isle rise before my mental sight, in all the stern and striking features of its singular conformation—I regard it as the first offering laid by guilty England on the shrine of Popish usurpation—an earnest of the mighty holocaust that she is preparing, and in which she will herself prove the crowning victim, if the Lord restrain not the madness of her folly, by binding her suicidal hand. They are gems indeed, those transatlantic possessions, that she is wantonly plucking from her crown, and hurling away: but the act assumes a deeper dye of impious criminality when it is considered that the crown is the LORD'S—she holds it but in trust, and tremendous will be the reckoning with her who dares in sacrilegious insolence thus to rob the Most High.

C. C.

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

No. VI.

THE DELUGE.

IF the last subject we examined, the Divine Hero, or slain God, afforded us a wide field of research and observation, what shall we say of the present? It is indeed almost overwhelming, for there is scarcely any nation without a deluge, either historic or mythological; and, if we are to receive all their traditions exactly in the letter of them, we shall find ourselves called upon to believe in as many different deluges as there are countries to be inundated, and as many Noahs as there are nations on the earth; for every people has appropriated to itself the great flood, or at any rate, its commencement and its hero.

From the ancient Egyptian down to the modern Chippewa Indian, and from China all round the world to the South Sea Islands, we find, among all nations, clear and striking narratives of a great deluge; with various differing details, as to its circumstances, according to the situations, pursuits, and customs of each country.

Among the old Egyptians we find a deluge commonly believed; and disputes arising as to whether

some persons had escaped from the waters, or whether all had been created anew.

But we have a much clearer and very circumstantial account of a flood, in the Chaldean Annals of Berosus, which profess to be more ancient than any other book extant, save the Pentateuch. We have here the history of Noah, under the name of Xisuthrus; his warning from God of the coming judgment,—the command to build an ark, with its execution,—the preservation of himself, his family, and various animals,—the sending out of birds, which returned twice with mud on their feet, but the third time did not return at all,—the resting of the ark on a mountain,—and the final egress of those preserved within it. The only differences are that Berosus saves his hero's friends, as well as his family, and that he sends out several birds together, instead of a dove, which return with muddy feet, instead of an olive leaf. This, as it is the oldest, is also the purest and least embarrassed account of any that we can find. The Hindoo tradition which we may suppose to be of equal antiquity, is encumbered with a good deal of extraneous matter. The warning of Vishnou to Menn or Satyaorata, is given in the form of a fish; and although the warning itself, the building of a large vessel, and the sheltering of Menn in it, with *seven* saints, who subsequently landed on a mountain, are very accurately recorded, yet the ark is made fast by a cable to the peak of Nau Bandha, and according to the Buddhists, it floats many years on the water, the seven saints are all men, and the time for preparation is only seven days.

The ancient Persians, with the Syrians, had also preserved traditions of this event in their mythology;

and the Phœnician Dragon had some reference to it, being made in the form of a fish with human hands and heads. The Assyrian Venus was of the same figure, at least she was half human and half fish-shaped.

Neither were the Scandinavians without their deluge. This savagely wild form of tradition represents it as a deluge of blood, flowing from the wounds of the giant Hymer, when slain by the gods; in this all the other giants perished, save one, who escaped, with his family, in a boat. They also speak of the wise Bergelmer, or "the old man of the mountain;" who was embarked by the gods in a ship, and safely preserved. This strangely agrees with a story of the Jewish writers, that Noah and his family lived a holy and separate life, on a mountain, before the flood.

The earliest Greek tradition of the flood is the deluge of Agyges, the most ancient of all the kings who governed Greece. Some writers consider this to have been a partial inundation, from a river of Attica; but Varro expressly says that it was from the sea, and Mr. Faber seems to prove, from various authorities, (*Dissert. I. p. 180.*) that this is no other than the great deluge.

The flood of Deucalion has also been considered partial by some authors; but we find Lucian expressly stating that it extended over the whole earth. It is singular that, in the Hindoo records, the Greeks (or Ionians,) are called the subjects of Deo-Cal-Yun, which is evidently Deucalion spelled in the Eastern fashion. This flood is represented by the Greeks, as sent from heaven to punish the sins of mankind, and Deucalion and Pyrrha only are saved, in an ark, with several animals; though some writers say that a few persons escaped on the tops of mountains. Pindar

and Ovid assert that Deucalion was thus preserved, and omit the *larnaka* or ark entirely. A dove here figures prominently, being sent out as a spy, and returning to the ark again. Deucalion also lands upon a mountain, but that mountain is Parnassus.

Xenophon enumerates five deluges in all ; but Plato evidently believed only one, and that one universal. Pliny also records a general deluge, and he is not the only Latin writer who so mentions it ; Mela and others describe it as an " inundation of the world." The Koran is so much like a parody on the Old Testament, than we need not be surprised to find in it many details of Noah's history ; but a great deal of absurd matter is, as usual, added to the truth, such as the wickedness of his son and of his infidel wife. I know not whether the old Popish Christmas plays were hence derived, which represented Noah's wife as " drinking with her gossips," and jesting upon her husband's call to enter the ark.

Among modern Pagans, we find varied legends of the same stupendous destruction, but we can always trace the national peculiarities interfering to alter the circumstances. Thus in Mexico, the preserved pair are painted as floating in the hallowed trunk of an *Alahuete* tree ; in Cuba and other places, they escape in a canoe ; in Japan, a large island sinks to the bottom of the sea, with all the infidel inhabitants, and " a large quantity of *porcelane ware* : " the king and his family only escaping, divinely warned, in a boat.

The North American Indians have many traditions of the flood, but have diversified the legend with beavers, musk-rats, Indian corn, rafts, and others ; while the South Sea Islanders have used dogs, canoes, pigs and fowls for the same purpose. In Mr. Sharon

Turner's valuable Sacred History, (vol. ii. let. 15 to 18.) whence I have abridged some of the foregoing notices, my readers will find detailed and highly curious accounts of the Diluvian traditions preserved by the various classical writers; of those prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Medes, Syrians, Armenians, Persians and Indians; and of those still current with the Chinese, Parsees, Turks, Darfurians, Araucanians, Cholulans, Chiampanese, the various tribes of Mexico and Brazil, other South American nations, the Chilians, Peruvians, Guaneas, the Iroquois, Arrawak, Cree, Red River, and other Indians, the Koliouges, Californians, New Caledonians, Kamschatkans, Otaheitans, and the people of Hawaii, Eimeo, and Raiatea.

All these legends, however differing, (and they do differ widely,) as to the place, time and circumstances of the great flood, yet all concur in representing it as universal, and as a penal infliction of the Deity for the sins of mankind. They all save two or more persons from destruction, and most of them have a boat, or ark, a messenger dove, or other animal, and a mountain where the preserved beings land or remain.

This is indeed an invaluable and over-powering mass of evidence, which the modern sceptic—(although he has declared, in the *Mémoires Géologiques* of Paris, that the idea of an universal deluge is not sustainable, but is totally absurd, and as such is and must be abandoned, even by the clergy,)—will labour in vain to remove or annihilate; and must for ever stand as an unconscious and involuntary, but irrefragable testimony, borne by many-tongued Paganism, to the truth of the inspired word.

X. Q.

LINES ON REV. XXII. 17.

*Copied verbatim from the M.S. production of an Irish
day-labourer ; a recent Convert from Popery.*

A STRAYING sinner, Lord, behold,
That in error's maze did roam
From thy chosen happy fold,
Though thy Spirit bid me "Come."

Long thy chaste and lovely bride,
Clad in robes of purest snow,
Gently beckoned me aside,
This saving grace and love to know.

Long have I despised thy word,
Vainly placed my hope on Man,
Till thy Holy Spirit stirred
To point where Life's free waters ran.

Did I then feel that holy thirst,
Which a true Christian doth require?
No, God's free mercy won me first,
"A burning brand plucked from the fire."

Good Lord, renew my sliding heart,
Confirm this hope in me begun,
Against the priest's delusive art;
Teach me salvation through thy Son.

Though friends forsake me and despise,
Though persecutions round me roar,
Yet, Lord, on thee my soul relies,
My Shepherd and my Friend in store.

But when life's tempest is gone by,
O, may we find a peaceful home,
O, may we hear that Spirit cry,
Welcome weary wanderers ! Come !



LORD HASTINGS' TOMB.

IN the bastion under the lofty cavalier of St. John, in a narrow vault, within that little circular railing, lie the mortal remains of a much loftier cavalier, the companion of his sovereign, the supporter of kings and princes :—who ruled the destinies of millions, and was buried embalmed in the tears of thousands, —the great, the noble Francis Rawdon, Marquis of Hastings. For six months after the funeral of Lord Hastings, his tomb was bestrewed with choice flowers and garlands by unseen hands ; a grateful country people, bringing the produce of their farms to market before the dawn of the morning. The Governor-General of India died in command of the little island of Malta.—*Guide to Malta.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

No. III.

A PARISH HISTORY.

EVERY trace of blood forsook Nanny's face ; mine I felt to rush to the very top of my head.

'The unfortunate Kate,' we simultaneously exclaimed, as if her sufferings must be greater than those of the poor prisoner.

'She cannot long have heard the tidings, if she has heard them yet,' said the rector. 'I would have gone to her, but felt unequal to the task : I never met an occurrence in the parish that distressed me so much.'

'I dare say she has already got her house filled with such comforters as only aggravate grief,' Mr. Hastings observed ; and I was in the act of saying I would go to her, when a bustle in the hall drew our attention. Some one was evidently contending with the servant, who wished to obtain the precedence.

'Let me go, let me go in,' cried a voice whose loud and vehement tones were very different from the timid ones I had before heard. 'I wo'nt be hindered, no, I wo'nt,' and the door flew open, and Kate Conolly, with an appearance as changed as her voice, rushed into the room ; her cloak flung loose on her shoulders, her hair hanging about, and her face pale as death.

'Sir!—your Reverence!—Sir!—they have taken

him up!—they have him in gaol—they'll take his life!' and down she fell on the floor.

Mr. Hastings raised her on a chair; the rector stood beside her rubbing one of her hands in his; his daughter knelt beside her chair holding her other, one arm was round her waist, and she looked up to her wretched and almost paralyzed countenance with streaming eyes. Where hearts are mutually affected, "the high and the low meet together;" deep sorrow, like the grave, annihilates distinctions.

Kate had sat tearless and pale; apparently in that state of despairing agony which can neither find tears nor words to relief its iron grasp of the heart. Among the lower Irish, however, grief is generally passionate in its expression, and in this case it soon assumed its natural character.

Bending suddenly forward on her seat, Kate clapped her hands several times together, the tears streamed plentifully down her cheeks, and she accompanied each action with the exclamations—'Oh wurra! wurra! wurra! Oh! but I'm the miserable creature! Oh! what will become of me at all! Oh wurra! wurra!'

This transition was a relief to us; boisterous grief is so much more easily witnessed and combatted than that unbreathing, tearless, wordless sorrow, which silently prohibits all attempts at consolation.

'This is wrong, Kate,' said the rector, who could speak now, 'you could hardly be worse if Tennyson were to be executed.'

'Executed!' Kate repeated, catching at the word which checked instantly the flow of her tears. 'Executed!' she repeated, again wiping hastily her cheeks with her apron, and staring almost wildly

in our faces. 'Who dare to execute him? Executed! is it John? and what for would they go to execute him?'

I dare say the rector had often heard people using the same language, when all the time they were quite sensible of the guilt of the person whose probable punishment appeared to be to them so incomprehensible; for, turning aside, he said to me in a low voice, that he was afraid of putting any questions to the poor girl, which might be the means of leading her, involuntarily, to be an evidence against Tennison, and place himself in an unpleasant situation, if he discovered she was aware of his guilt. Kate caught the last word, for she had been anxiously regarding us; and she maintained the same earnest, but something more sorrowful, as well as an indignant gaze, while she repeated, 'Guilt! Ah then, sure it's not your reverence would be after speaking that word of John?'

'You do not think him guilty then?' I said, for as there was no chance of my being called forward, I wished to know her real sentiments, and was almost prepared for her answer.

'Is it I?' springing from her chair, on which her cloak fell. 'I? oh! that would be the mournful day, John astore, when I would go to think *you* guilty, or to think you would hurt a hair of the head of one that was a drop's blood to me.'¹

'An unanswerable argument that,' I heard Mr. Hastings whisper. 'It is a pity it would not succeed with a jury of the King's Bench.'

The rector sighed, and said, 'Well, Kate, I can

¹ We forgot to state that Delany, who is here alluded to, was related to old Widow Conolly.

say little now, but to direct you to Him "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." May your sorrow, my poor girl, lead you to seek your God, and to find comfort in His love. I hope to see Tennyson to-morrow, and to hear what account he can give of this dreadful business.'

'But your reverence will get him off? your reverence will do that *at the least*?' Kate cried, imploringly clasping her hands. 'Oh, Miss Nanny, wo'nt you speak for me, and for John, Miss?'

'I tell you, Kate, if I thought he was innocent, I should not require to be urged to any exertion on his behalf.'

'And do you think *he is not, sir*?' she inquired, in a very altered manner; a firm and almost dignified expression taking place of that of weakness and fear.

'I cannot yet say what I think.'

'Will your reverence go to the town to-morrow, and see him, sir?'

'I intend to do so.'

'Can any one see him, sir?'

'I believe not.'

'What time will you be there, sir?'

'About twelve.'

'Good evening, your reverence, good evening, Miss Nanny,' and with a hasty curtsey Kate left the room, with a composure that surprised us.

'What is the cause of this change?' Mr. Hastings demanded. The rector replied that he did not quite understand it.

'Kate was offended by your seeming to doubt Tennyson's innocence,' said Nanny; for women generally understand each other better.

‘It is an effect sometimes produced on a sensitive mind,’ I more definitively asserted. ‘She is convinced of the man’s innocence; and finding it doubted by those she thought would be as slow as herself to suppose even a suspicion of it possible, had the effect of arousing an energy, of which her mind did not seem to be possessed when it was not called for, and of restoring her to a degree of composure—at least of apparent composure, though her suffering on that account will not be less. An outward composure is often enforced by circumstances which renders anguish more intolerable, when those circumstances allow of its being laid aside.’

‘You do not think, papa, that Tennyson is really guilty?’

‘Not that he is guilty of deliberate murder; I never would think *that*. All I feared was, that Delany might have provoked him to a quarrel, which ended in a way poor Tennyson—who I believed was, in the common meaning of the term, as good-hearted a youth as ever lived,—very little expected. But I trust a conversation with himself will enlighten me more on the subject.’

The good rector went to his study to compose his mind, and we sat still, talking over the same event, and arriving at sundry conclusions, which being all unsatisfactory, shall not be here set down, and therefore we pass on to the evening of the next day, when the rector having returned from his visit to the county jail, we gathered round him, to hear if he had adopted one that was less so.

‘I found no difficulty in obtaining admission to poor Tennyson,’ he said; ‘but as I was entering the prison-gate my arm was grasped by Kate Conolly,

who was only just able to say, 'For the love of heaven, take me with you!' So changed a creature, Nanny, you would scarcely know her.'

'I expected to hear you had seen her; for when I called at the house this morning, I could get nothing more from her old mother, than an assertion that she was not within; and she walked all that long way, I suppose.'

'I told her,' the rector continued, 'that I could not bring her in then; but if she waited until I had seen Tenneson, I would apply to the authorities for leave for her to see him in the presence of witnesses. She then handed me a slip of paper, saying, that whether she ever saw him again or not, she would be for ever obliged to me, if I asked him that question. There is the paper, Nanny.'

There was written on it, in a very good but agitated hand, 'John Tenneson, does the blood of one of my father's people lie at your door?'

'Poor Tenneson,' the rector continued, 'was looking very pale, but did not seem much agitated at seeing me. The colour rushed over his face for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears, as he said he knew I would come to him. I felt he was a guiltless man.'

'Oh, delightful!' broke from Nanny.

'I told him I had come to hear his own statement of this dreadful affair, and warmly charged him to relate to me every particular of that deplorable evening. He said, that he and Kate, being occupied in the business that brought them to the fair, did not meet much with Delany and O'Toole until it was nearly over, when, being much tired, they went to get some refreshment: these two men then joined

them ; and the conversation naturally turning on the subject of the ' new take,' O'Toole mentioned that the landlord whom Tannisson had wanted to see was staying at a place about six miles off. He directly thought he would go there, and see him, if he could get Kate to go home without him. He said this, however, privately to her, as he did not wish to dwell on the matter before O'Toole, and therefore did not tell him of his intention. Kate objected to his plan, on the ground that the day's enjoyment would be spoiled by a solitary return ; he urged her to yield, and Delany saying that he seemed very anxious to have her out of the way, offered to see her home. Kate was very averse to his offer, and hurt at his allusions to John, and made some smart speeches, which, together with other provocations, appeared to excite a very unpleasant temper in the two men, who soon became so rude and quarrelsome, they were anxious to get out of their company. He therefore told Kate, as it was getting late, they must go and see their purchases put up, and prepare to go home. To this O'Toole was especially opposed ; they were both inclined to drink, and when he endeavoured to get away, this man put his back to the door ; and Delany, chiefly urged on by him, tried to hold him in the room. Kate was alarmed, and the noise became so great, that the people of the house came up, and said they did not want to have the police come in. Tannisson then got out with Kate, using, he admitted, some very angry and even threatening words. He says he was very angry, and would probably have struck them both, if it had not been on Kate's account. When he had got away, he felt very sorry that he had let his temper rise so high, for he knew

it would come to the grandmother's ear, and cause more unpleasantness ; and Kate blamed herself for opposing his wish that she should go home without him ; because she thought this, in a degree, contributed to the quarrel. When he had spoken quietly to her on the subject, she saw the reasonableness of his request ; and he put her on the car with her parcels, and saw her out of the town. He might have accompanied her a small part of the way, but he wished to buy her a present after she had left him ; and while tying up this new purchase in a handkerchief, his two adversaries again came up, and he could not help thinking they had been watching him. He was therefore surprised and pleased to find that they seemed disposed to make up the quarrel, and be on friendly terms again ; and as he wished this to be the case, and also did not desire that they should overtake the car on which Kate Conolly was, he was inclined to yield to their invitation to go to the common resort both for *making up* and *commencing* a quarrel—the public house. One erroneous step of these unhappy young people has led to another—they should never have gone to the fair ;—they should have avoided the company they went in ;—Kate should never have left him ;—and he should never have suffered himself to be entangled with these men, and that alone.

‘ As they were both disposed to drink much more than he wished, he thought he could get away and leave them there ; but though Delany appeared stupid, and inclined to linger, the other would not suffer him to do so, but drew him away at the same time. Tennisson was very much annoyed at finding they were bent on keeping his company ; but as he

was to turn off by a cross road to get to the place where his landlord was, he thought he could contrive to get so far with them peaceably. He soon began to find his situation, when he came to part at this place, would be unpleasant, if not dangerous, and therefore he was very glad, when they had come about half a mile of the road, to hear O'Toole exclaim that he had forgotten a bundle at the public-house. He wanted them to turn back with him to get it, but Tenneson resolved to be firm in not doing so, and pleaded fatigue and haste. Delany was going back with him, but he called him aside and whispered something, and then desiring they would walk very slowly on, he said, as he was a good runner he would overtake them shortly. Tenneson cordially hoped this might not be the case before he had parted with Delany, for he says my warnings had often come to mind, and though he did not fear the assault of men in such a state as one of them at least was, he was anxious that no collision should take place between them. Instead, therefore, of walking slow, he hastened on as fast as he could, until he came to a road which would lead him by a much longer way to the place he wanted to go to, and he resolved to go by this instead of taking that which would keep him for about three miles further in Delany's company, although it was the direct one to the village where he was going.

‘On reaching this turn he bid his companion a hasty good night. Delany was scarcely able to notice his departure; and as it was becoming very late, John walked on as fast as he could, till he reached his journey's end, where with some difficulty he got admitted into a house, and threw himself into bed, say-

ing he must be off at break of day. Before he rose, however, the policemen came in and seized him. He asked what he had done, and they laughed, and said he was very simple about it.

‘ This is poor John’s statement,’ the rector concluded with a sigh ; ‘ and certainly it seems straightforward enough.’

‘ Oh ! he will soon be released,’ we cried.

He shook his head.

‘ You would be astonished,’ he said, ‘ at the different impression made by the examinations taken at the inquest. The first is that of O’Toole, who says in the usual way, that he knew the deceased, and had been for years on most intimate and friendly terms with him ; that on Tuesday last he accompanied him and John Tennisson to the fair ; that knowing an ill-will subsisted between them, he wished to keep them apart, but that he and the young woman who was with him joined them to take some refreshment in the evening ; that a violent quarrel then took place, and that fearing the prisoner would fasten the door and keep them within, he got his back to it until the people of the house came in, when the young woman being very much frightened, Tennisson took her away directly, saying that Delany, being her relative, might thank her for getting off so well that time ; but that he might meet him again, when escape would not be so easy.

‘ The people of the house being called, corroborated this testimony, and deposed to these words having been used ; adding, that the girl put her hand on the prisoner’s arm, and said, “ Hush, John dear ; don’t get yourself and me into more trouble : ” to which he answered, that if she was not with him

the case would be different; and that he was in a violent passion going out, but had nothing in his hand.

‘ The examination of O’Toole was then resumed, who said that the prisoner was very anxious to get the girl to go back without him, which he at last succeeded in, and then he joined them again. They walked together about half a mile, when the witness found he had left a bundle, containing some things he got at the fair, at a public-house in the town; he wanted the prisoner to go back with him, but he said he was too much tired, but that he would walk slowly on with the deceased, or sit down to rest until he overtook them. Delany would have gone with him, but after what the prisoner said he refused. O’Toole went back alone, and was detained longer than he expected in seeking for his parcel; he then hurried after the two men, but they must have walked exceedingly fast; he is considered a very fast runner, and ran most of the way, but saw no traces of them until he found the deceased lying on the road side. He was dreadfully alarmed, and ran back to the town: he does not know what he said at first about it; Tennisson did not tell him he had to go another way, and he does not know how the police found he had gone in that direction instead of going to his home.

‘ The people of the public-house were called, who deposed to the truth of this part of the statement, and said O’Toole shewed great anxiety to get back, saying he wished to overtake the two men who had gone before him.

‘ Not one witness appeared in poor John’s favour, and the only favourable circumstances *I know*, is,

that Kate was aware of his intention of going to — to see his landlord, and let me know of it. Her testimony, however, will not be of much avail. It is indeed a singular affair, and it is still more so that the unfortunate man's body should be found not more than fifty yards from the turn which Tennisson should have taken as his direct road, but which he asserts he did not go on to, but turned off by one nearer to the town, but which it seems improbable that any one should take at that hour of the night, being fully double the distance. If it could be proved he went that road it would be clear that he must have parted with Delany before his death took place; but it is a mysterious business. May He with whom is no darkness at all make it clear, nor suffer the guiltless to perish, if indeed he is guiltless.'

'I trust there is no danger,' I observed.

The rector looked very grave. 'If abundant evidence can condemn,' he said, 'Tennisson will be condemned; there is a cloud of witnesses against him; in fact, by the coroner's inquest he is condemned already.'

Nanny turned to the window and shed tears; and as Mr. Hastings, and I believe myself too, were regarding her with concern at her emotion, she said—

'Papa, what did Kate do?'

'Poor girl! she was unable to see Tennisson, so she wandered about in the town, making inquiries, and listening to reports, which aggravated her sufferings a thousand-fold: but when I was coming away I found her waiting at the gate; she drew close to me, and said, in her simple yet somehow impressive manner, "Is he innocent, sir?" I replied, I could not tell. She looked disappointed, and said, "Did

you ask him my question, sir?" "Yes, and he was affected by it. He told me to tell you he hoped *you* did not suspect him, whoever else did; that if he thought you had any doubts of his guilt, he would not say a word; but he did not mistrust *you*; he knew you suffered more than himself, and therefore he told you he had sins enough, he felt, to answer for; but he was clear of this, and he entreated you, if you believed him, not to give way to grief, but to put your trust in God, and to pray for yourself and him.'

'Then he is innocent!' cried Kate. 'God be praised, that is all I want!' and in full and beautiful reliance in his truth, the poor thing went away from the prison without another word.'

(To be continued.)



A MORE dangerous opinion cannot be well entertained (and mortal foes to religion and their country are those who propagate it) than the opinion, that intolerance is a mere accident of Popery, and not its very essence. Repeatedly has it been shewn, from the authentic articles of the Romish church, from its legal constitutions, and out of writers of the highest authority within its pale, as well as by an over-balancing induction of historical facts, that the spirit of the popedom never relents towards those who refuse it implicit obedience.—*Rev. J. N. Pearson.*

PROFANITY OF WORKMEN.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE lately received a letter from a much-valued friend, who is also one of your subscribers, and as it relates to a very important subject, in which some of your readers may feel interested, I transmit it to you, hoping that you may find it worthy of insertion.

‘ Can you, my dear friend, contrive to insert a few words in our favourite little Magazine, upon a subject in which I have felt a deep interest? Lately, when the front of the house where I lodge was in course of repair and painting, I was greatly annoyed by the swearing and bad language of the work-people. They looked very decent men, and were steady at their work ; but in their talk with each other, they frequently used very profane expressions, and you will imagine how much I was pained and shocked by it. Now, if every Christian family, when engaging work-people from a builder, painter, or other master tradesman, would stipulate that the men sent should be such as *do not swear*, (both for the sake of their servants and themselves,) I cannot but think it would have a good effect in repressing profanity among the lower orders. The master would be interested in the suppression of swearing among his men, because he would know it to be a check to his custom ; and the men, in their turn, would feel it to be a check to their employment,

while, knowing the importance of the thing themselves, they would restrain the younger branches of their families, when guilty of this great sin. Perhaps a few hints to the "Christian Ladies" might be useful in promoting this object.'

Now, this is surely a very good suggestion for heads of families to act upon; not only those 'Christian ladies' on whom my friend seems to rely, but all who are friendly to common decency and morality of conduct. Any scheme which may tend to diminish the contagious vice of profaneness among our lower orders is worthy of attention, even though it proceed upon motives of self-interest.

That such a stipulation as to the character of work-people is very practicable, is evident from the request so often made when an inhabited house is about to be repaired or painted: 'Pray send me men whom you can trust; such as I need not be afraid of, with regard to their honesty.'

If householders can thus stipulate for one quality in the character of workmen, they can do the same for another; and surely if we take such care of our property, we may be at some pains to preserve the ears of our servants from 'evil communications,' which 'corrupt good manners,' as well as to check open profanity among working-men themselves.

Hoping that some of your readers may act upon this hint,

I remain, &c. &c.

A. F.



THE FAVOURED SHEPHERD.

No. V.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

THE scripture account of the intercourse that existed between David and the son of his persecutor, Saul, is not only one of much interest as exciting our sympathy, but is also one of much usefulness, regarded as a model for Christian friendship. Constancy, simplicity, sincerity, and piety, distinguished it throughout, and to those who have at times been tempted hastily to say, "All men are liars," and to conclude that nought of friendship is now left but the name, it is pleasing to look back upon its reality as here recorded; and at least to make the example a model for themselves, if they cannot discern its likeness in others; always remembering that friendship, like every other fair fruit of the tree of righteousness, must have its basis fixed on the love of Christ, and its exercise guided by His example.

"The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." (1 Sam. xviii. 1, 3.) What can be more simple, and yet more expressive than scripture language, and in the present instance how appropriate and beautiful! It expresses a closeness of union, a oneness of interest, a reciprocity of spirit, which must be felt to be

August, 1839.

K

understood, and which differs as widely from that which passes for friendship in the world, as shadow differs from substance, or cold from heat.

It was not long before the fidelity of Jonathan to the covenant made with David was put to the test. (1 Sam. xix.) Once he pleaded successfully with his father for his friend, and he was re-admitted into the royal presence as in times past, till his prowess again stirred up the rage of Saul, and he fled for his life to Ramah, the residence of the prophet Samuel. But the second time the faithful Jonathan pleaded in behalf of David, the infatuated monarch burst forth upon his son, and threatened his life in the same manner as he had before done that of his unoffending servant. Their interviews in the field, before and after this event, and the account of their mutual sorrow at parting, are passages full of touching interest. They meet once more,—David in the fainting of his heart, after having practised deceit with Abimelech the priest, and Achish king of Gath, (about which time were written Psalms lvi. xxxiv.) and unwittingly caused the death of eighty-five of the priests of the Lord, (Psa. lii. cix. xvii. cxl. xxxv. lxiv.) escaped from the treacherous men of Keilah (Psa. xxxi.) into a wood in the wilderness of Ziph. (Psa. liv.) There his faithful Jonathan sought him out, and strengthened his hand in God; what a meeting must this have been, (1 Sam. xxiii. 16—18.) and how refreshing to the weary, hunted, persecuted David was that last interview, when in the silence of the wood they mutually cheered their hopes, and encouraged their confidence in God! They met not again. The next mention made of Jonathan (1 Sam. xxxi.) is the simple statement of his being slain in

battle with the Philistines, and the poetical and touching lament of David over him closes the account of this amiable character: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

The visit of Jonathan to David in the wilderness of Ziph forcibly reminds us of the angels ministering to Christ after his temptation and in the garden of Gethsemane. He who commanded the hosts of heaven, condescended to receive comfort and strength during his humiliation, from the servants that stand around the throne of his co-equal Father; thus, I think, leaving us an example that we should, as a privilege and duty, seek and offer that from each other which in Him it was a condescension to accept. Have we not, many of us, felt the comfort of opening our hearts and confiding all our joys and sorrows to some beloved, sympathizing friend who, Jonathan-like, could rejoice or weep with us? and is it not often the case that when the mind has been stupified by sudden grief, the sympathizing voice or even aspect of a friend has been the first call to awake the heart from stupor, and to bring the long-retained flood of tears from their hiding-place, till nature was relieved by their flowing? Let us thank God, then, that he has formed our minds so as to be capable of sympathy, whilst we remember that *sanctified* friendship only is that on which we can expect a blessing, or which can be of any real benefit. I shall not attempt to state here what are the qualifications necessary to form a friend: the humble, consistent Christian, who performs *all* his duties as to the Lord, needs not to be told what is requisite, in order to fulfil one branch of

those duties. He has learnt that a faithful friend knows how to admonish and how to receive rebuke ; as the Psalmist prays, " Let the righteous smite me friendly and reprove me ; " while he will be as careful of his reputation before others, as he is faithful in his reproof to himself. And perhaps there is no rule of friendship so universally violated as this. My object is rather to lead to another consideration growing out of the subject, namely, the importance of seeking an interest in Him who once graciously said, " Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." What a privilege, for mortal, sinful man, to be esteemed the friend of Jehovah himself ! and yet the redeemed have this inestimable privilege, unmerited and wonderful as it is. The disciple of Christ may be banished, persecuted, and out of the reach of human sympathy, as were David, Elijah, and others ; yet he can never be beyond the ken of that Omniscient Friend, who saith by his prophet, " Am I a God at hand, and not a God afar off ! " (Jer. xxiii. 23) Yes, *there* indeed every member of Christ hath a friend that sticketh closer than a brother ; and each may say to Him, as David pathetically declares of Jonathan, " Thy love to me is wonderful,"

We do not, perhaps we cannot, sufficiently appreciate the privilege of this endearing relation, in which Christ has pledged himself to stand to us, or we should not think so lightly of it, or take so little pains to improve our acquaintance with him. And while he is graciously pleased to use this term towards us, we cannot but reflect how little there is analogous to it, in our idea of a human friend. We love our friends mostly because we see in them a similarity of taste, and purpose, and interest with our own ;

and they love us again for the same reason : whereas, “ when we were yet *enemies* Christ died for the ungodly,” and shewed himself the Friend of sinners. When there was nothing congenial with the divine nature, but when every heart was full of rebellion, and every faculty was rising up in blind hatred against its Maker. And now that the love of God in Christ to man has appeared, the multitude are still found to rise up, and say practically or literally, “ We will not have this man to reign over us.” Yet he who while on earth was (not falsely) accused of receiving sinners, continues his work of mercy at the right hand of the throne of God the Father, and pleads there with all-prevailing importunity for those whom he died to redeem, and who are one by one, or thousands by thousands, just as he willeth, brought out of the world which he purchased for their sakes.

O let us beware that no exercise of our affection usurp that place in the heart which such a Friend demands for himself. Human friendship, after all, is to the Christian but a refreshment by the way, and to him it will only be refreshing when drawn from the right source. The danger to our naturally idolatrous hearts is, mistaking the stream for the fountain, the very evil complained of by the mouth of Jeremiah (ch. xi. 13), “ They have forsaken me, the fountain of living water ; and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.” “ Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.” Jer. xvii. 5.

O that young Christians would maintain their friendships in the spirit of David and Jonathan ; that

they would use their influence mutually for each other's benefit, strengthening their hands in God, and provoking one another to the love of God and to good works, the fruit of their love to him. It is to be hoped that many do this, and these may expect the blessing mentioned in Mal. iii. 16, and that enjoyed by the disciples on their way to Emmaus; the enjoyment of the presence of Christ, though only now in spirit, yet as an earnest of the blessedness of His actual presence hereafter; when every faculty will be drawn out in adoration of the Saviour who washed them with his blood; and, lost in amazement at the dear comprehension of infinite mercy, then for the first time fully appreciated; and when the eternal burden of the soul's meditations will be

THY LOVE TO ME WAS WONDERFUL!

M. W.



IN reading God's word, he not always most profiteth that is most ready in turning of the book, or in saying of it without the book; but he that is most turned into it, that is, most inspired with the Holy Ghost, most in his heart and life altered and changed into that thing that he readeth: he that is daily less and less proud, less wrathful, less covetous, and less desirous of worldly and vain pleasures.—*Homily on reading Scripture.*

**ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THE
REV. JOHN NEWTON.**

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF inclination alone had dictated to my pen, I should have written sooner; but inclination must often give way to duty and circumstances. If *you* had most needed a letter from me, you should have had the first.

As much of my external comfort depends upon the state of Mrs. Newton's health, when I tell you that time passes very pleasantly, you will infer that she is pretty well. I want a more thankful frame of heart for temporal mercies, and yet I am more affected by these, than by those of the greatest importance. If I duly prized the blessings and wonders of the gospel with respect to smaller concerns, I should in every thing give thanks, and rejoice, yea, glory in tribulations also.

I have little new to mention from hence. My turn for woods, and walks, and prospects you know: here I am gratified. London is filled with the littlenesses of man—here I am surrounded with the works of God. O, for spiritual senses in more lively exercise, that I might see him in the light, hear him in the winds, contemplate his wisdom, power, and goodness in the trees and the flowers, and feel his presence everywhere! Frequent experience has taught me, though I am a dull scholar, that the frame of my

spirit has no necessary dependence upon local circumstances. I can sometimes be alone in Cheapside; and at other times, when by myself, on the top of a hill, or under a tree, I can be as much crowded and embarrassed as if in the midst of Bartholomew fair.

Some people know but little what it is to be subject to the power of a wild imagination. However, I would not complain, though mine often exposes me to inconveniences, and sometimes makes me cry loud for mercy. I am sensible there are seasons and occasions when it is serviceable to me. It is what I cannot do well with, and what perhaps I should not do so well without; but I am grieved to think I am not more ashamed and humbled under the sense I have of its irregularity and defilement. It would be a noble faculty, if duly regulated by grace, and always exercised upon proper objects: to me it is like a horse which I have not skill to manage. Sometimes I travel pleasantly, but by and by I am run away with or dismounted, and dragged as with my foot in the stirrup. If I had a more sober nag, I should avoid many a fright and many a fall.

This has been a memorable year for public occurrences, and memorable in my private history. Seldom have the strings of my heart been more sensibly wounded, and never surely have I been favoured with more singular and unexpected relief. Thus it is these things are set one against the other, and the one are preparatory to the other. If I had not been so sharply tried, I should not have had much to say of the Lord's goodness. If Pharaoh had complied with the first message—if there had been no distress or danger at the Red Sea, the deliverance of

Israel would not have been so strongly marked by the strong hand and outstretched arm of the Lord in their favour. All might have seemed a matter of course. We are prone to lose sight of him, and to settle upon the lees, if our attention was not now and then roused by dispensations which make us feel our dependance, quicken us to prayer, and thereby make a way for his interposition, when the help of man is found to be utterly in vain. And thus we must expect to go on to the end of the chapter, for insensibility and depravity are so deeply rooted in our hearts, that the lessons we sometimes think we have learnt will surely be forgotten, if we were not called by new emergencies to learn them over and over again. Who can express the condescension and compassion of our Lord, the patience which he exercises towards such dull and perverse scholars—how unwilling to afflict until there is an absolute need-be for it—how ready to afford relief, as soon as we can safely bear it? What wretches are we, to be often at the point of complaining of his dealings, when we not only read and profess to believe that all his paths toward us are mercy and truth, but actually find it so in our own experience!

Blessed be his name, though we believe not, he remaineth faithful—he will not deny himself. He will do us good in despite of ourselves. He will choose that which is best for us, whether we choose it or not; and will not, such is his mercy, leave us to be ruined by our own management, though we are foolish enough to desire it. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth us; and like as weak and wayward children mistake the views of a wise and tender parent, so do we too often complain of him

who is always doing us good, and who delights in our prosperity.

But the paper will soon stop my rambling : I must leave room to tell you that I am, though I have not room to tell you how much I am

Your affectionate and obliged

JOHN NEWTON.

Southampton, the 21st September, 1789, evening.



WHEN our church asserts that we are justified by faith, no enlightened person conceives that thereby is meant that the grace of faith itself justifies in the way of meritorious cause. It is only the instrumental cause ; the hand by which we receive Christ, whose atonement is the sole cause of our justification. Thus Archbishop Usher observes—‘ Faith is an instrument whereby my justification is wrought, an instrument whereby Christ is received. We must know that in point of receiving we all live on God’s alms ; all our justification is his gift, and faith is that palsy hand which receives all our comfort.’—*Life of Sir Richard Hill.*

THE PILGRIMAGE.

A COMMUNICATION has been sent to us, by a highly valued clerical friend, whose letters from the continent have occasionally appeared in these pages. By some accident, the first leaf was left out of the packet: and as our friend was on the point of starting on another foreign tour when he dispatched it from Ireland, we must either await his return or present it to our readers in its imperfect state. We prefer the latter. It appears to be a translation from a recent production of that eminent Christian minister, Cæsar Malan: but whether published or not we cannot say.

The manuscript in our hands thus continues from the lost page:—

He simply relates what he saw and heard, upon a late excursion in that part of his native country which formed the scene of the early labours of the Helvetic reformer of the sixteenth century, Ulric Zuingle. The title of the chapter of Dr. Malan's work, of which I propose to give an extract is as follows:

'Le culte de la Virge Marie, des Saints, des images, des reliques, etc.' and it begins thus:

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Upon one of the highest summits of Mount Etzel, at the eastern extremity of the lake of Zurich, rises the little chapel of St. Meinrad, held in great veneration.

tion in the church of Rome, and which is as it were the gate of the wild valley where, at some distance from thence, is seen the ancient Abbey of *Notre Dame des Ermites*.

Every year innumerable multitudes of pilgrims flock from all parts to these consecrated places, and it is there that we may see in all its pomp and freedom from restraint the worship which the church of Rome renders to the Virgin Mary, to the angels and saints, and to images and relics of every description.

I was on my return from the north of Switzerland. I had passed by the sad and deserted city of Constance; I had there adored the Saviour in the very dungeons of John Huss and of Jerome of Prague; I had praised him in that hall where was held the impious and murdering council, and before those seats which a perfidious emperor and pope had occupied; and I had given Him thanks upon the spot, for ever separated, upon which were kindled the piles of the two faithful martyrs of the Bible.

My soul was full of acknowledgment towards Him who has given me his word, and I had desired to recal to my heart all that such a benefit consists in, upon the same spot where, three centuries since, the Spirit of God revealed them to the sincere and learned Zuingle, then preacher at the celebrated monastery which I was about to visit.

It was on the morning of a bright day: I rested myself upon a naked rising ground, from whence the view extended itself upon the distant borders of the lake, and upon the plains and mountains which surround it, and which bound the horizon.

Bands of pilgrims, from the cities, the towns and villages of Alsace, of Brisgau, of the Black Forest,

of Suabia, and even of Hungary and Austria, ascended the steep path, by which for eight hundred years past crowds of this description of travellers have succeeded to each other, of every rank and of every age.

Old men, mothers with their children, men and young people slowly mounted the narrow and paved track, and each according to the form of devotion, which they had chosen.

Here, a man, already bowed down by years towards the ground, carried upon his neck a thick yoke, and of the heaviest wood. Here, a young woman bent her head under an enormous stone, with which she had loaded herself from the foot of the mountain. Another man had his feet tied together with fetters. Another had loaded himself with a heavy cross, formed of two planks. A woman, aged and all in a tremour, advanced with difficulty, having her hands tied together. Another woman had her face covered with a black stuff, and could only walk groping; while another of these *disciples* advanced only by drawing back two steps, after having taken three.

The worship of the Virgin Mary. The chapel bell rang, and their prayer was recited aloud. They said:—

'Blessed Mother of God, always a Virgin, Princess of heaven, Queen of men, Empress of angels, sole and sovereign Mistress of the universe, Refuge of sinners, Gate of heaven, Mother of mercies, and light of the world which you have made, which you preserve and govern, we prostrate ourselves before you, we adore you, and we supplicate you, you and the holy apostles, St. Paul, St. Peter and St. Andrew, and with them all the

saints, to look towards us, your unworthy and miserable servants and handmaids, who live only by your love ! Wife of the living God, Lamp of grace, to whom God has given the right of gentleness and of mercy, save us ! for without your pity we are lost. In you alone is the hope of life.'

This prayer was followed by a chaunt, in which St. Meinrad was invoked and praised, along with the angels, and many saints, and according as these pilgrims arrived in front of the chapel, they prostrated themselves, kissing the dust, and muttered the prayers.

And thus all the bands succeeded each other ; then they prosecuted their way in order towards the abbey, whither the supernatural image of the blessed Virgin attracted them, and where her worshippers were to find miraculous cures, with the absolution of all their sins.

I have seen it with my eyes, reader, and I myself have walked among these pilgrims ; I have been present at their worship and their festival ; I have followed their adorations ; I have participated in their ceremonies and their practices ; I have conversed with many among them ; and I have been able to know in this respect, and even in its details, all that the church of Rome invites me to do, in calling upon me to enter into her bosom.

Without doubt, as in the days of the Pagans of Athens, of Rome, or of the Gauls, some cultivated spirits despised the gross superstitions of idolatry, leaving them to the ignorant and simple ; in like manner now, in the church of Rome, many of her doctrines and of her practices are slighted and re-

jected by the superior class of society, which leaves them to the vulgar.

But the *vulgar*, that is the *people*; and the people, that is *human nature*; and it is for the welfare of human nature that the *religion of God* is given to the world. If, then, to leave the people in ignorance of this benefit is already the most culpable injustice, what name are we to give to a crime by which *the people*, that is to say once more *the human race*, is deceived by lies, or smothered under the weight of practisers which separate between it and Jesus, at the same time that they shew to it his cross?

Such were my thoughts as I traversed the way which lies between the chapel of Meinrad and Notre Dame des Ermites.

Soon the valley, where stands the monastery, opened itself before me, and I saw in the midst of it the town of Einsiedlen, overtopped by the church and the numerous buildings of the abbey, and surrounded by oratories, altars, and chapels, which border upon the roads on all sides.

This day was the eve of the Feast of the Virgin. Already thousands of her worshippers, whose number increased every moment, were united in front of her image, exposed to their veneration in one of the chapels of the abbey.

This image is supernatural. This is what the *authentic and faithful history of Einsiedlen* informed me, which was sold for a few sous, along with legends, little statues and images of the Virgin, crucifixes, rosaries, vestments, and a multitude of other *blessed* objects, in the shops and the numerous stalls which could scarcely suffice for the avidity of the pilgrims.

‘This image,’ this history told me, ‘was sent from

heaven by the blessed Virgin herself, who appeared to the Bishop of Constance in the tenth century, while he was preparing to consecrate the church and the monastery, *which the Virgin had consecrated already.*

‘Then the Lord Jesus came down from heaven, and celebrated in person, in this church, the first mass, being assisted by St. Stephen the Martyr, and by St. James.

‘A bull of Pope Leo the Eighth confirmed all these prodigies, and from this time miracles without number, glorious apparitions of the Virgin and of many saints, have only augmented the sanctity of this place, where the divine image of the Mother of God, of the Queen of Angels, has wrought the most unheard-of cures, and where the Virgin, the angels, and the saints have procured, by their sovereign intercession, or efficacy, for all the devout pilgrims who resort thither, the most plenary absolution of all their sins.’

The adoration of the multitude was at its height. Upon their knees before the chapel of the Virgin, and upon the spacious area where they were, an entire people addressed to the image their looks, the kissing of their hands, their homage, their chants and their prayers, and rendered to it with fervour the most humble and the most devoted worship.

Never in his temple, at Jerusalem, was the powerful and living God adored with more solemnity and submission; and never did his priests, his Levites and his singers, serve him with more pomp and reverence than did the priests of the image render to it their homage, praise it, and celebrate it before the attentive crowd.

And this idol (for is it any thing else?) was not alone. The statues and images of angels and saints were everywhere joined to those of the Lord Jesus, in the church and its chapels, in the place (square) of the town, in its streets, by the way-sides, in all the houses, and in every chamber; and everywhere men, women, and children saluted, prostrated themselves, went down upon their knees, recited short prayers, or chanted litanies.

My soul suffered more than I am able to tell, and more than once I wept with grief. In vain I would force myself to excuse such devotions, in repeating to myself that this homage was only an *honour given*, and not an *adoration*, and that this *honour* even related finally to God. This excuse vanished always before the IDOLATRY of this multitude, and it was even taken away from me entirely, when, by certain conversations with pilgrims of different classes, and with those also who taught them and preached to them, I had well comprehended both the doctrine of the Roman church upon this point, and the intentions and thoughts of the worshippers whom I saw with my eyes.

These told me generally, 'that they entirely believed that they were seen and heard by the Virgin Mary and the saints, as well as by the angels; that they were convinced that the Virgin is all-powerful in heaven and upon earth; that she has sovereign authority with God, even above her Son; that it is she alone who dispenses the graces of salvation, and that nothing is to her impossible; that she loves individually those who serve her, that she keeps and protects them; that she heals and consoles them, and that she obtains for them from God all par-

AUGUST, 1839.

L

don, exemption from purgatory, and the eternal paradise.'

I asked of them, if they believed that her image was anything else than a piece of wood, dead and intrinsically worthless? and they answered me, exclaiming, 'that this image was heavenly and living, although this did not appear to the eyes; that it was the same with it as with the host, *in which God is corporally and alive, although one perceives him not*; that it had been seen, and that more than once, to move its eyes and smile; and that even a holy old man, who was named to me, had distinctly heard it speak to him.'

It is then it, I demanded of these *Christians*—it is indeed this image that you invoke; it is indeed before it that you prostrate yourselves; and it is indeed from it that you expect cures and deliverances?

And the answer of every one of them to me was, that such was their belief, and their most certain hope!!

I have said it already: the priests in general are more sober; but there are of them those who go as far as the people. 'We invoke, it is true,' said one of them to me, 'the holy Virgin, the angels, and the saints; but it is to obtain, by their intercession and by their merits, the graces and the succours which are necessary for us, and to put ourselves thus under their powerful protection. And why should we not do it, since the blessed Virgin is the queen of heaven, since the angels behold without ceasing the face of God, and that the saints also enjoy the beatific vision.'

'Is it not at once reasonable,' continued he, 'as well as it is honourable for God, that we should

draw nigh to these friends of God;—to the holy Virgin, who is the blessed and beneficent mother of the Saviour; to the saints who have served him upon earth, and the angels who serve him in the heavens, to the end that they may help us before God himself, who is for us all, our sovereign Monarch? What order more beautiful, and at the same time more favourable to man, weak, sinful, and afraid, can be conceived?

‘And think not,’ added he, ‘that we should forget hereby, that Jesus Christ is our One and only Mediator. He is himself our *Mediator of redemption*, while the Virgin and the saints are only *mediators of intercession*; and when the saints obtain for us, as from God, by their prayers, graces or succours, it is never but because they are stayed upon the perfect and infinite merits of Jesus Christ.’

Thus spoke to me this priest. But it was quite another thing, which I heard the next day, in the church.

The temple, which is very large, and the place which is near it, were filled with people past counting. At first the service of the Virgin was gone through with the most pompous ceremonies of adoration, and the most exalted praises. When it was ended, a priest ascended the pulpit, and with as much of zeal as copiousness pronounced the eulogium of the Virgin. I cannot repeat his very discourse; but the sense of it is, with enough of fidelity, re-produced in these terms:—

‘What will become of the soul which acknowledges not the divine, adorable and all-powerful majesty of the most holy and blessed Virgin? Where shall that soul appear in order to be saved, if it turns away

thus from the Queen of heaven, from her whose name is above every name ; who is the mediatrix of all salvation ; the eternal principle of happiness and of life, and upon whom all the universe, angels and men, fix their regards and their adoration ?

‘ Is it not in her that God has shewed the glory of his power and of his mercy, and that he has put all the treasure of his love ? Ye faithful ! contemplate them with me, and possess them for yourselves !

‘ I see at first her *immaculate conception*. The angel Gabriel appeared to her mother, and choirs of angels exulted and rejoiced in the heavens. At her birth, which was without pains, the brightness of the sun is doubled, the moon shines as the sun, angels descend in a crowd around her cradle, and the heavenly infant is delighted already with their concerts. Thus, from this blessed day, every year this birth, altogether divine, was celebrated in the heavens, by the blessed and the holy angels ; as also upon earth excommunication and secular chastisements have smitten the profane who have denied its heavenly nature.

‘ I see afterwards her *assumption*. She died : I grant it ; although sin had no part in her. But forty days after, she rises again, and on the 15th of the month of August, angels carry her up in triumph into heaven, her habitation and her throne.

‘ Who is she that ascends ? exclaim I then with the ancient church ; who cometh up as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army ranged in order of battle ? Ah ! it is to-day that the garden of Eden receives the animated paradise of the new Adam, this mother of the living God, yet always a Virgin : this temple of the word, yet incorruptible !

‘What do I say? Is it not a Goddess whom the heavens receive? Is it not thus that the most holy Father Leo X. names her? And what goes she to do in heaven? I ask. . . Now listen!—she goes to receive from God the half of the kingdom of the universe, as the most learned doctors have declared; and it is thus in order that the court of heaven may adore her, and that it may obey her, as one who has merited by her works all the glory which is acquired for her for ever.

‘Let her be praised then, no more, as while she was yet here below, for what God had done for her; but let her be adored for all that she has done for God. Or rather, her glory is above all glory, and there is but God who alone is above her, who can worthily proclaim her praise.

‘Abase thyself then in her presence, thou church which adorest her. Abase thyself, thou entire world! Heaven and earth, humble yourselves before Mary!

‘See you her not established above the kingdoms which she directs and governs? Are they not the kings themselves who confess it? Did not Louis XIII. say to her, *I will not reign unless thou reignest?* Do you not see her doing all that she pleases, in heaven and upon earth, multiplying the most unheard-of miracles; overthrowing armies; delivering towns; driving away the plague; repelling famine; striking with death her enemies; hearing all prayers; appearing to her worshippers, and, to say all in a word, come down from heaven with her most holy Son, in this same place. Yes, faithful! upon this spot where I speak, and where she deigns to receive you, there to place her sublime and living image,

and there to fix for ever her abode and all the efficaciousness of her gifts and of her imperishable favours.

‘ Thus what assurance of pardon have you not in her? If even the souls of the reprobate pray to her from the bottom of hell, to the end that she may deliver them, what shall you not obtain from her grace? Ah, believe it! if the foolish virgins, instead of addressing themselves to the Son, had spoken to his mother, the door certainly would have been opened unto them; for she would have obtained it from her Son by the right of a mother which she possesses.

‘ Happy then are you, ye faithful! in rendering to her your adorations. If that of latria is what belongs to God, it is to the Virgin that you owe that of hyperdulia: yes, absolute adoration by the submission of your hearts, which you ought to humble in her presence, and the whole affection of which you cannot sufficiently devote to her without reserve the whole obedience and the whole fervour,

‘ Happy, also, if you approach to these holy relics, her veil, her comb, her bobbin, her shoe, her ring, her milk! Happy, if her image is dear to you, and you address to her each day your homage!’

It was nearly thus that the preacher expressed himself. The people who listened to him were charmed and in compunction; and the remainder of the day was employed by this multitude in processions, in adorations to the angels and to the saints, in felicitations upon the result of such a pilgrimage, and upon the full pardon which should be gained by it, and even which might be shared among relations and friends, who had not been able to visit the image except by their intention and in spirit.

Then, reader, the grief of my soul was extreme. I wept before the Lord Jesus, whom I had seen despised and trodden under foot with such excess and assurance: I groaned over the servitude in which I saw this poor people retained by Satan; and I thought also of the ancient days, of those days when the faithful mouth of Zuingle was opened in these same places.

(To be continued.)

THIS wisdom cannot be attained, but by the direction of the Spirit of God, and therefore it is called spiritual wisdom. We see to what vanity the old philosophers came, who were destitute of this science, gotten and searched for in his Word. We see what vanity the school doctrine is mixed with; for that in this word they sought not the will of God, but rather the will of reason, the trade of custom, the path of the fathers, the practice of the church. Let us therefore read and revolve the holy scripture both day and night; for blessed is he that hath his whole meditation therein. It is that that giveth light to our feet to walk by; it is that which giveth wisdom to the simple and ignorant. In it may we find eternal life.—*Homily for Rogation Week.*

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

IT was towards sunset on the evening of the 9th of July, 1839, that, while crossing London Bridge, I descried amid 'the thousand masts of Thames' one with a sable ensign the sad purport of which I well knew. It was the Leith steamer, 'Royal William,' lying off St. Katherine's wharf, destined to receive a freight, the recollection of which thrilled my bosom with emotions inseparable from the subject. A long drive brought me to the opposite extremity of the great city; and I soon found myself housed in the very spot whence, twelve months before, I had looked on the brilliant pageantry of the coronation procession; yea, standing at the window where I had proudly hung forth my banner¹—the name of Victoria wrought in living rosebuds—over which, as my fingers pursued the delightful task, many a prayer had been secretly breathed that the glory of a divine workmanship

¹ See the number for August, 1838.

might be manifested in the life, the reign, of the maiden Monarch, even as it was in the inimitable beauty of those exquisite flowers. The prayer is recorded on high : oh, God grant that I may yet live to render thanks for its accomplishment !

But no bright blossoms were around me now : the unoccupied hands hung listlessly down that had then so cheerily laboured through the night ; and oppressed with thoughts of grief I held a solitary vigil, ever and anon looking forth, with a vague apprehension that the expected removal might be accomplished under the shadow of midnight. I watched until the full pure light of morning had succeeded the glare of lamps, and every closed window along the silent street suggested a strange contrast between the darkened rooms within, and the silvery brightness of early day without. Still no movement appeared, save the measured tread of the relieving guard on their march to the old palace gate. The procession was to start at three ; half an hour had elapsed since St. James' clock proclaimed the appointed time ; and I could no longer resist the impulse that prompted a movement towards the scene of sorrowful expectation. It was not difficult to induce a sympathizing friend to accompany me, and we crossed the court-yard, bent our steps along the Mall, and reached the place which I can well remember, as that where the stately old red brick palace of Queen Charlotte looked over the length of a straight canal towards the Horse Guards. All is changed since those days—the canal, the park, the palace, the court, the times—a mighty change hath passed on all.

It was a lovely morning : freshness characterized

alike the clear blue sky above us, the verdant plantation beside us, and the unfettered breeze so delicious after a night of sorrowful watching. Groupes of respectable persons were collected in front of the palace, serious, earnest, and expectant; and this I could account for. Carriages with closed windows were from time to time arriving and filing off towards Pimlico, there to take up an assigned position, and for this too I could account: a commanding officer of Dragoon guards, fully equipped, was walking his charger to and fro, while in the more distant guard-house soldiers were seen looking out upon the morning's light; and this was not strange to me, for I knew the customs of a garrisoned place: but for one thing I was at a loss to assign a cause. A formidable body of the Metropolitan Police took their station in such wise as to present to those assembled a front that certainly bespoke a purpose of intimidation. As my eye ran along the extended line of this fine body of men, drawn up with military precision, and evidently prepared to act with instantaneous effect, I could not but mentally ask, What prompted this idle precaution? Does any terror that mortal hand may dispel lurk around the breathless body of an innocent maiden, already pent close in her narrow coffin? It was an unseemly spectacle in my eyes: but the spirit of change has passed over all things.

A thrill ran through the quiet assemblage; they gathered closer to the railing that encloses the palace; and all eyes were fixed upon the object that slowly passed across the spacious court. It was a hearse, overtopped with sable plumes, that with almost imperceptible motion drew up before the centre door of the right wing, and there remained stationary.

The infirmity of corrupt nature was strong upon me, and had thought been allowed to pursue its obvious track, dark indeed as the black plumage drooping before us would its angry complexion soon have become; but a sudden and sweet turn was given to the course of those troubled thoughts: for immediately on the hearse becoming an immoveable object, the sun attained a height that enabled him to shoot a most brilliant ray over the tree-tops under which I was standing:—it fell upon a window in a direct line above the sable bier; and such a dazzling glory as rested over it, while every pane of glass lost itself in the flashing blaze of that magnificent beam, I scarcely ever witnessed. The contrast was perfect: sin, sorrow, death, corruption below—salvation, light, life, glory, immortality and everlasting joy above,—my inmost heart responded to the signal. The tears then swelling were those of bitter indignation mingled with sullen grief—the tears that presently overflowed were full of softened gladness, for well I knew that though the body was enclosed in impenetrable darkness, the soul was enfranchised in fields of unextinguishable light.

‘And was it so? Was the Lady Flora Hastings indeed a child of God? Did her path of almost unequalled sorrows really “lead to the world where sorrow is unknown?” Can you certainly tell us to think of her as a departed sister in Christ Jesus?’

Yes, God be thanked, I CAN: and never were the pages of a Christian Lady’s Magazine more suitably occupied than with the record that is now to be engraven on these pages—facts, not collected from public documents, or from the hearsay of multiplied reporters of what others have told, but personally

derived from a source the most unquestionably correct. What I am about to state in this brief memorial I know to be strictly, literally true; and if the tale draw tears of tender sympathy in the past sufferings of our departed sister, let it also open every lip in thanksgiving to God and to the Lamb, who, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, so beautifully fitted her for her present inheritance among the saints in light.

The Lady Flora Hastings was, from a very early age, deeply impressed with the importance of vital religion; and so far as opportunity allowed it, she availed herself of the helps afforded in seeking far better things than rank and affluence could bestow. Witness among others the touching testimony given when, with dying hand, she delivered to her fond brother a little Bible, the gift of her mother, requesting him to restore it to that beloved parent with the assurance that, from the age of seven years, when she received it from her, it had been her best treasure; and, she added, her sole support under all her recent afflictions. Naturally retiring, timid, sensitive, modest even to a painful degree, she wrapped up in her own bosom many a thought that it would have gladdened pious friends to hear her utter; and the habit of deep abstraction, while thus meditating, sometimes occasioned among those who knew her not aright, a most injurious surmise—they called it pride! Her meek and quiet spirit was as far removed from worldly pride as any child of Adam's can be.

Brought up in intimate association with the highest in the land, Lady Flora formed a strong attachment to her royal mistress, the mother of her future

Queen, in whose household she held an honourable appointment: and this attachment deepened in proportion as its value became enhanced to its object. Many sorrows pierced that royal lady, and among the more recent was the early death of Lady Mary Stopford; an event that called for redoubled attentions on the part of Lady Flora, who loved with filial affection one who never failed to manifest a maternal tenderness for her. In this we have a clue to the solution of many questions, as to *why* did Lady Flora, while alive to spiritual impressions, continue a partaker in pleasures wherein those who live are by scripture declared to be dead? To her they brought no enjoyment: far rather would she have devoted herself to the Lord's service in a secluded path of usefulness; but He who giveth no account of his matters saw good to leave his dear child where a furnace was being heated for the trial of her faith and the consummation of her eternal bliss.

Lady Flora's happiest hours were passed in meditation on God's word, in prayer, and in efforts to promote every good work brought under her notice. Some beautiful productions of her pen I have seen, which shew the heavenward tending of her thoughts, and a clearness of apprehension concerning the love of God in Christ to her soul, such as the natural heart never conceived. Still the excess of her retiring modesty shrank from every semblance of display; and while striving to perform her difficult duties in the path wherein she found herself, she walked before God in lowliness of heart, and knew no delight apart from communion with him.

Such was Lady Flora Hastings; and such she had long been, at the time when the storm fell upon her.

I know every particular of that fearful storm, and in relating them I seek not to perpetuate the memory of wrongs which were fully and unreservedly forgiven by their gentle victim : still less would I fling a reproach where every British Christian is bound by God's command to yield honour : but the fierceness of the fiery trial, under which the quiet sufferer sank, does so exceedingly magnify the grace of God which upheld her throughout, and overspread her wounded spirit with joy and peace in believing, that all shall be told—truly told, upon the unimpeachable authority already alluded to.

Lady Flora Hastings had always been of a strong constitution, and vigorous as any other young person in her rank of life. Of late she had felt the progress of some disease affecting the liver, but not so as to occasion great uneasiness. She placed herself at length under the medical treatment of Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, and was by him ordered strong tonics with a very generous diet. A slight external swelling had become perceptible, of which, if any one noticed it, Sir James could satisfactorily state the cause, and explain the appearance. On one occasion, never to be forgotten, he entered the apartment of his patient, and without circumlocution addressed her in these words, ' It is supposed you are with child.'

Astounded, shocked, at an announcement, the grossness of which could only be paralleled by its frightful injuriousness, the noble lady warmly repelled the charge ; adding that her accuser would not have ventured to address such language to a woman in the streets. The assertion was, however, re-iterated ; and she was told that the *ladies of the*

court would not be satisfied without a medical examination. Leaving this shaft to rankle in the bosom of the victim, the messenger departed; and a communication was forthwith made to the Duchess of Kent, in the name of the Sovereign, forbidding the appearance of Lady Flora Hastings in public, until the step alluded to should have been taken. The Duchess warmly vindicated her young friend, and protested that no such degradation should be inflicted on her; but this objection was overruled by the Lady Flora herself.

Immediately on being left alone, she had betaken herself to most fervent prayer; and while humbled before God, had reviewed the position in which her own reputation was placed, together with the solemn duty which she owed to a noble brother, to a family of beloved sisters, to a widowed mother, to whom such an aspersion on her child would be a death-blow, and to the memory of a father whose gallant deeds had given him a claim of no common magnitude on England, and on England's monarch; and above all to the honour of that Name which many knew that she devoutly professed. Like a frightened dove she looked around for shelter, but found none: her mother's bosom was the earthly resting-place she would have flown to; but far away in her native north that dear mother abode, unconscious of her child's piercing distress: her brother was nigh, but she trembled to arouse the spirit of a Hastings with such an appeal: her sisters—she was the elder, and to her they looked for the continuance of all that they had hitherto revered in her. No, she had no refuge, poor trembler! no refuge below: so she cast her burden on the Lord, and with a magnanimity,

before which every vaunt of female heroism shrinks into nothingness, this maintainer of a family's honour declared herself ready for the degrading, disgusting, infamous outrage which she was informed must be submitted to on the following day.

Mothers! I would appeal to you; but what mother's heart could brook the bare idea, as she looks on her own gentle, modest, girl, shrinking even from the eye of man, and pictures such a proceeding, enforced far from her sheltering arm, among strangers and enemies; ay, and with that very person appointed to officiate, whose coarse address had so wantonly harrowed the feelings, while it aimed a mortal stab at the fair fame of the maiden! No, I will make no appeal; but there is an awful declaration in God's own word—may those who have exposed themselves to its menace, by timely repentance avert the impending blow! “*Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in anywise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry: and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.*”

Lady Flora passed, as she afterwards declared, the whole of the intervening time in prayer to her covenant God. The terrible hour approached; and who do my readers think was chosen by her to be present as a female companion? Did she ask to lay her agonized head on the kind bosom of her maternal friend, the royal Duchess? Did she seek the comforting and soothing presence of her dear brother's wife—of a married sister of her own—or of any among the hundreds of noble British matrons who would at a word have flown to supply the place of

the absent mother? No, this consistent lady, receiving strength from on high to offer up self in every shape on the altar of duty, selected as a witness one of the two ladies of the Queen's court, who were already identified as the originators of this inhuman calumny—one of the ladies who had expressly demanded what no female can think of without shrinking with horror—she chose Lady Portman; and Lady Portman was an eye-witness of the insulting degradation to which they had among them doomed the innocent Lady Flora.

Another titled physician of the same name was associated with Sir James Clark, who strongly protested against carrying the test beyond verbal inquiry, and who was deeply affected and agitated throughout the scene which followed. This was the death-blow: all the bursts of public sympathy, respect, and warm approval that greeted Lady Flora from that day forward were agony to her delicate mind; she secretly connected them, as perhaps no other did, with the barbarous indignity she had suffered, to enable the Queen's doctor to certify to her Majesty, 'that the Lady Flora Hastings was not, nor ever had been, *enciente*.' And so the well-meant acclamations that burst from manly hearts and honest lips served evermore to open afresh the wound her modesty had sustained. A most heart-rending proof was given towards the close of the tragedy, how deeply this had rankled within, though in words she never had alluded to it until then. For two days before her departure, Lady Flora suffered under a degree of mental wandering, not amounting to delirium, but approaching it: while in this state she saw the medical men who anxiously attended her dying bed en-

tering the room ; and in a hurried, alarmed manner exclaimed, ‘ Here come the doctors to see whether I am a married lady.’

She is married now ; and the heavenly Bridegroom rejoices over the rescued soul. There never was a tale so calculated to burn out the blushes of modest shame with the far deeper blushes of wrathful indignation. There never was such a blot on the heraldic honours of England’s nobility since England’s nobles emblazoned a crest, as must for ever cleave to the escutcheons of those who perpetrated this fearful deed. Who they were it belongs not to me to decide : Lady Flora forgave them all, on the occasion of her receiving the sacrament from the Bishop of London. She authorized that excellent prelate to declare how fully and freely she forgave them, even as God for Christ’s sake had forgiven her : and we too must look compassionately on the offenders, while we loathe the offence. Most pitiable, indeed, are they ! From *her* happy mind every cloud was dispelled ; she had glorified God in the fires, and on a retrospection she yielded Him redoubled thanksgiving for the humbling, purifying effect of the furnace. She observed that, had it been the divine pleasure to prolong her life, she had hoped, by an open unreserved devotion of herself to his service, to honour her heavenly Father before men ; adding, ‘ His will be done : it is better to depart, and to be with Christ.’ When life was ebbing fast away, she stretched out her hand, saying, ‘ Lord, I am coming ;’ but the latest breath that left her lips was fashioned into the tender word—‘ Mother.’

Well, the bereaved mother has strewn flowers over her darling’s bier, and has seen her laid in the lowly resting-place of a spot rendered doubly sacred by

having been a shelter to the covenanters of other days: and the mother blesses God for the privilege of having reared such a child. She follows that child's sweet example, by forgiving the low insults to which her touching appeal exposed her; and seeks a refuge at the foot of the cross whereto her daughter clung. And if a thought of sorrowing pride will wander to the old bastion of St. John, under the shadow of which her gallant husband moulders in the far-off island of Malta, while the heart asks, 'Is this the recompence for all his toils and achievements?' a calming recollection will raise her eye from the things and creatures of an hour, to that eternal throne where the King of kings dispenses equal justice, by giving to each believer the reward of Christ's perfect obedience; and where her Flora is now singing the praises of Him who loved her, and redeemed her to God by his blood. She never pleaded either merit or suffering of her own: she openly acknowledged, in all the afflictions that terminated in the body's death, a gracious dispensation to keep her humble under the dangerous temptation to self-applause that lurked in the unreserved approval of her countrymen. Such was indeed her horror of even appearing to take pleasure in those demonstrations, that when on the race-ground at Ascot, whither her official duty compelled her to accompany her royal Lady, the acclamations of the people made the air resound, and 'One cheer more for Lady Flora,' was repeated again and again by the vast assemblage, she described its effect, implying too as it did a cutting rebuke where she never wished rebuke to fall, as having brought on the last alarming symptoms of her fatal illness.

What torments did that finely-constituted mind undergo! One of the little instances that touched me most, was that of her having frequently attempted to calculate in how many months 'her time would be up'—that is to say, how long a space must elapse before the infamous slander would be for ever crushed, by her having remained in the daily view of her calumniators, beyond the latest point for justifying their foul aspersions. Until that period should come, she was chained to the court, by the resolution she had so fixedly formed to disprove even thus what none—no not even its assertors—had ever really believed: and when she found deliverance from the strife of tongues and from every other trouble was at hand, she put the seal to her consistency, by enjoining that her innocent remains should be mangled to the uttermost, and the result of such investigation made most public. So short, so terrible a combat, so speedy and perfect a victory, few of God's children have known in modern days. She realized in a very little space the fulness of meaning contained in these emphatic words; "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." She too overcame it, by the exercise of that living faith which enabled her, in the Lord's strength, to do all things. In the bitterest inflictions that human cruelty could practise, she recognised the directing hand of fatherly chastisement; and never was she heard to breathe one resentful word against those who, through maliciousness, volunteered to be the scourge. They were the subjects of her intercessory prayers, the objects of her tender compassion. Full well she knew, and so did they, that the chief and only provocation given

on her part had been found in the profession of Christian faith, the example of Christian practice, which, despite the difficulties of her situation, could not but be manifest, like Paul's, "to all in the palace." Like Paul, too, she was there in bonds which she could not break, and that retirement for which her heart panted could not be attained but at the sacrifice of personal and family character. The Lord, who knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation, sent down from above and took her out of many waters. The religious world might disclaim her, because she could not yet openly have come out and be separate from what they knew to be in enmity against God; the irreligious world might hate her, because they discerned in her many fruits of the Spirit abhorrent to the carnal mind; but it was a small matter to her to be judged of them, or of man's judgment. She was cleaving with full purpose of heart to One who never yet broke the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax; and he claimed his child, and took her out of the iron furnace, and has wiped away for ever all tears from her eyes.

In the eyes of those who knew her not, it may have seemed that the course pursued by Lady Flora Hastings, under the dreadful circumstances of her unprecedented persecution, was dictated by the pride of birth, of station, or of female character, apart from any higher or holier principle. It was not so: her disposition was such that any measure of undeserved reproach would have been preferable in her sight to the endurance of a far less terrible ordeal, whether in its private or public nature. From notoriety in any shape she always shrunk; and SUCH a notoriety as the evil machinations of others

forced upon her was torture inexpressible—it killed her. Yet she felt herself placed in the gap, called upon to fight a battle, the result of which the matrons and the maidens of England may have cause to bless, even through far distant years. Had court profligacy been permitted to triumph, in driving forth with reproach a character of female purity and honour from the precincts of the court, on the strength of an infamous fabrication, how rapidly might the plague-spot, first manifesting itself in high quarters, have overspread the land! Evil communications, corrupting good manners, would have tainted society downwards, from the palace to the cottage, and have issued in such fearful consequences as when, during the universal licentiousness that demoralized England under our second Charles, the enemy of our faith and nation so practised and prospered, as to acquire in the succeeding reign power to excite a sanguinary civil war in the attack on and defence of our liberties and our Protestantism. The plot against Lady Flora Hastings, and in her person against female character in general, had nothing English in its aspect. It wears a look utterly foreign: it savours rankly, alike of the subtilty of the Jesuit and the arbitrary inquisitorial cruelty of the Dominican. They who demanded that this innocent lady should submit to the torturing ‘question,’ might fairly calculate, from their knowledge of her shrinking delicacy, that she would prefer to its infliction the ignominy with which they longed to brand her spotless fame, more particularly as they also knew that she would enjoy the strong support of conscious integrity, under the vain branding of their guilty tongues. They were deceived; they had a

character to deal with, unto the depths of which they could not enter. Lady Flora Hastings was, it is true, a most modest, delicate, sensitive British maiden; but then Lady Flora Hastings was also a Christian patriot, and of the component parts of such a character what could *they* know? They have seen it in its glorious fruits, and may God give them all, whosoever they be, grace to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the solemn lesson that they have received!

When, with an overflowing heart, I hastened from St. James' Park, and resumed my station at the window in time to see the slow procession pass by along the sunshiny but perfectly silent and deserted street, where one so dissimilar in appearance had wound its gorgeous way through acclaiming thousands just one year before,—when I looked on the touching spectacle of mortality, that young and gentle victim, borne from the scene of her cruel conflict towards the sepulchre of her fathers, unnoticed by a single toll from any bell, and precluded from those tokens of respectful love and sympathy with which, at any other hour, the people of England would have honoured her obsequies—and when towards evening I went to fix a farewell gaze upon the vessel that contained her mortal remains, as it lay on the unruffled surface of England's royal river, I could only deprecate, on my country's behalf, the wrathful visitation of Him in whom, while the fatherless findeth mercy, the oppressors of the fatherless are warned to look for swift and terrible judgment. May her prayers and ours be answered in the repentance and conversion of all who did her wrong!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

THE following beautiful stanzas were written in the album of a friend, by the lamented Lady Flora Hastings, so long since as 1833: six years before they became so touchingly applicable to her own state of trial, of suffering, of conflict, and of victory. They exactly express what was well known to be the conviction of her own mind—the feeling of her own heart; and as such they now furnish a rich consolation to her sorrowing friends.

‘ CONQUER in this ! ’ not unto thee alone
 The vision spake, imperial Constantine ;
 Nor presage only of an earthly throne
 Blazed in mid heaven the consecrated sign :
 Thro’ the unmeasur’d tract of coming time,
 The mystic cross doth with soft lustre glow ;
 And speaks, through ev’ry age, in ev’ry clime,
 To ev’ry slave of sin and child of woe.

“ Conquer in this ! ” Ay, when the rebel heart
 Clings to the idols it was wont to cherish,
 And, as it sees those fleeting boons depart,
 Grieveth that things so bright were formed to perish.
 Arise, bereav’d one ! and athwart the gloom,
 Read in the brightness of *that cheering ray*—
 “ Mourn not, O Christian, tho’ so brief their bloom,
 Nought that is worth a sigh shall pass away ! ”

“ Conquer in this ! ” when fairest visions come,
To lure thy spirit to a path of flowers ;
Binding the exile from a heav’nly home
To dwell a lingerer in unholy bowers ;
Strong in *his* strength who burst the bonds of sin
Clasp, to thy bosom clasp the holy cross !
Dost thou not seek a heav’nly crown to win ?
Hast thou not counted all beside but loss ?

“ Conquer in this ! ” tho’ powers of earth and hell
Were leagued to bar thee from thy heavenward way,
The Cross shall ev’ry darkling shade dispel,
Chase ev’ry doubt, and re-assure dismay.
Faint not, oh, wearied one ; faint not—for thee
The Lord of Righteousness and Glory bled,
And his good Spirit’s influence, with free
And plenteous unction, is upon thee shed.

“ Conquer in this ! ” when by thy fever’d bed
Thou see’st the dark-winged angel take his stand,
Who soon shall lay thy body with the dead,
And bear thy spirit to the spirits’ land.
Fear not—the Cross sustains thee, and its aid
In that last trial shall thy succour bring ;
Go fearless thro’ the dark, the untried shade,
For sin is banish’d, and death hath no sting !



ASTRONOMY.

Continued from vol. xi. p. 434.

THE cause of tides was discovered by Kepler, who thus explains it:—‘All bodies attract each other, and were it not for the superior attraction of the earth, the waters would rise up and fall to the moon.’ This idea Newton instantly seized and demonstrated. The waters on the side of the earth next the moon are more attracted than the central parts, and the central parts of the earth, or those 90 degrees from the former, are more attracted than the waters on the opposite side of the moon; and therefore the distance between the earth’s centre and the waters on its surface, under and opposite to the moon, will be increased. But the latter, or the tide opposite to the moon, will not be so high as that immediately under her. Hence, as the earth turns around on its axis from moon to moon again in $24\frac{1}{2}$ hours, there will be two tides of flood, and two of ebb in that time—each tide being 6 hrs. $12\frac{1}{2}$ min. after the preceding. The sun likewise assists in raising the tides, so that if there were no moon, there would still be tides, although not so high; but because of the distance of the sun, his influence, notwithstanding his magnitude, is so inferior that he could not raise them more one-fifth as much as the lesser luminary. When the sun and moon act in unison, as at new and full moon,

the tides become very elevated; for while the moon raises the waters nine feet, and the sun two feet, their united influence will raise them eleven feet; but when their influence is opposed, as at the first and third quarters, they will only be raised seven feet.

When the Moon is in conjunction or opposition, as in the former case, the tides are called spring tides, when in the quadratures, as in the latter case, they are called neap tides.¹

With us, or in any latitude north of the equator, the greatest spring tides occur when the moon has the greatest northern declination. But with the whole earth, taken collectively, the greatest spring-tides occur a little before the vernal and a little after the autumnal equinox, also at two or three days after the full or change of the moon, when the moon is in perigee, and in summer evenings and winter mornings. Inland seas, as the Mediterranean, Baltic and Black Seas, and Lakes, have no sensible tides, for the moon when on the meridian attracts nearly every part alike, and the communication of the former with the ocean is so narrow that they cannot receive or give enough to make any sensible elevation or depression. The tide which sets on the eastern coast of Great Britain comes from the north sea, from whence it is 12 hours in coming to London Bridge, where it arrives by the time that another tide is raised in the north sea. It is high tide at Aberdeen at the full and change of the moon, about $\frac{3}{4}$ past 12; at Hull at 6; at Harwich at $10\frac{1}{2}$; at the Nore at 12; and at London Bridge it will be 3 o'clock. While one tide goes round the north coast of Great Britain,

¹Spring tides are the greatest high tides, and the greatest low tides. Neap tides are the least high tides, and the least low tides.

another enters the English channel, so as to meet the former near the Goodwin Sands.

The air being lighter than water, the moon must raise higher tides in it than in the sea : and it is a well known fact that the greatest storms take place at the equinox when the tides are highest.

Whatever affects the atmosphere affects the human body. History affords us many instances of this ; for example, Lord Bacon was always affected by the change of the moon.

Eclipses.—By eclipses are meant the sudden darkenings of the sun and moon. Until the true cause of eclipses was known, these phenomenas were considered supernatural, and were viewed with the greatest awe and reverence. Some conceived that the extinction of light was occasioned by the finger of God, as a token of displeasure ; some that the heavenly body was the victim of enchantment, and would be taken from them, but for the noise made on such occasions. Plutarch informs us that the Romans were not allowed to talk of the causes of eclipses. Isaiah and other sacred writers speak of them as indicative of the wrath of the Almighty.

If a body be exposed to the light of the sun, or any other luminary, a shadow will be caused by the interception of its rays opposite to that luminary. The moon, therefore, in passing through the shadow of the earth must be deprived of her light from the sun, or suffer an eclipse ; and the earth in passing through the shadow of the moon suffers an eclipse, which is called an eclipse of the sun. So that there cannot be an eclipse of the sun, but at new moon ; or when the moon is in conjunction with the sun : nor an eclipse of the moon but at full moon, or when the moon is in

opposition to the sun : it being necessary that the shadow of the one may fall on the other.

The earth being considerably smaller than the sun, its shadow is that of a cone, and ends in a point at least three times further than the orbit of the moon. The moon's shadow is likewise conical, but as she is much less than the earth, it will extend over a very small portion of the earth's surface, a space generally not more than 180 miles in diameter, where alone her inhabitants will be deprived of the sun's rays, but her penumbra, or half shadow, may cover a space of 5000 miles in diameter, within which a portion only of the sun's disc will be obscured. As the earth's orbit is very elliptical, should the moon be in apogee at the time, she may be so far from the earth that her shadow will not reach the earth, in which case there will be an *annular* eclipse, that is, a ring of the sun's light will surround the dark body of the moon.

The mean time of an eclipse may be foretold by looking in an almanack and remarking at what time exactly an eclipse happened 18 years before, and then adding to this time 6574 days 7 hrs. 42 min. 37 sec. The quantity of an eclipse is measured by digits or degrees : the diameters of the sun and moon being each supposed to be divided into 12 objects. Then the sun or moon are said to be eclipsed as many digits, as there are of such parts obscured. An eclipse of the sun presents a spectacle of the most awful kind. Claudius observes that at a total eclipse of 1560, the darkness at Coimbra was as great as that of night, and that the birds fell to the earth through fear. The grand total eclipse of the 22d April, 1715, presented most interesting phenomena, and from its being the only total eclipse visible at London, since

the year 1140, it was awaited with great anxiety. Dr. Halley published a long account of it. The general number of eclipses in a year is 4, but there cannot be more than 7, or less than 2. Planets sometimes eclipse each other. On the 17th May, 1737, Mercury was eclipsed by Venus. On the 9th Jan. 1591, Mars passed over Jupiter, and on the 30th Oct. 1825, the moon eclipsed Saturn. But these phenomena happen very seldom.

(To be continued.)

IT is not to be alleged that the German reformer was created by the common ardour of the time. The world did not contain a man less formed by his time. He was a secluded student, urged to the cloister by a melancholy impression, singularly devoted to the cloister, awakened to the knowledge of the scriptures only by casually finding a Bible in the dust of his convent, and urged into public notice only by the casual display of an ecclesiastical buffoon in the streets of his city. Luther no more calculated on overthrowing the pope than on overthrowing the world. The true view is—that the Reformation was a great work of Providence, to which all those discoveries were ministrant and preparatory; an illustrious effort of the divine mercy to raise the human race to a higher condition of intelligence, freedom, and happiness, through a broader, more rapid, and more permanent diffusion of the unadulterated doctrines of Christianity.—*Dr. Croly.*

THE BIBLE.

[The following beautiful stanzas and prayer are copied *verbatim et literatim* from the first Bible printed in Elizabeth's reign.]

HERE is the spring where waters flowe
 To quench our heate of sinne :
 Here is the tree where truth doth grow
 to leade our lives therein :
 Here is the judge that stints the strife
 when men's devices faile :
 Here is the bread that feedes the life
 That death cannot assaile.
 The tidings of salvation deare
 comes to our eares from hence :
 The fortresse of our faith is here,
 and shielde of our defence.
 Then be not like the hogge that hath
 a pearl at his desire,
 And takes more pleasure in the trough,
 and wallowing in the mire.
 Reade not this booke in any case
 But with a single eye :
 Reade not, but first desire God's grace,
 To understand thereby.
 Pray still in faith with this respect
 To fructifie therein,
 That knowledge may bring this effect
 to mortifie thy sinne.

Then happy thou in all thy life,
what so to thee befallles,
Yea doubly happy shalt thou be
when God by death thee calles.

O gracious God and most mercifull Father, which hast vouchsafed us the rich and precious jewell of thy holy word, assist us with thy Spirit that it may be written in our hearts to our everlasting comfort, to reform us, to renew us according to thine owne image, to build us up, and edifie us unto the perfect building of thy Christ, sanctifying and increasing in us all heavenly vertues. Graunt this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

THE sin of rejecting the Saviour is, to the writer's mind, the sin of sins. The sin of thinking lightly of Christ, of turning the back upon God's unspeakable gift, of refusing to receive, love, and obey his only and well-beloved Son, is the sin which seems, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up every other. It is the master sin—the sin on which the great indictment will be made out against the ungodly world in the day when God shall make inquisition for blood. It is a sin too, shall we remind the impenitent reader, of which the devils have never been guilty! To them the Saviour has never been sent. Before their eyes the cross has never been lifted. Along their gloomy coasts no tidings of redeeming mercy have ever echoed.—*Winslow on the Atonement.*

Review of Books.

THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD HILL, *Bart.*

M.P. for the county of Shropshire. By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M., Author of the life of his brother, the Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M., and that of the Rev. Samuel Walker, of Truro, &c. &c. Seeley and Burnside.

A BOOK of great and varied interest, not only delineating one of the most delightful characters engaged in that revival of religion which has continued to lighten more and more among us to this day, but possessing several points of more general entertainment and information than such biography usually does. Mr. Sidney first gives a lengthened and very pleasing description of the beauties of Hawkstone, the ancient seat of this distinguished family : subsequently he affords us a very fair view of the unhappy differences that Satan contrived to engender between those who had commenced their Christian course as brethren, driving John Wesley on the one side, and

AUGUST, 1839.

N

on the other Toplady, &c. to sad extremes of doctrine on points where both parties have "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." Sir Richard, like his biographer, clearly saw the error of Wesley, and proved an able champion on what we consider to be the more scriptural side of the question. Mr. Sidney also gives us a very animated and deeply interesting sketch of the political crisis which first placed the government of this great empire in the hands of William Pitt. Alas! what a pitiable contrast does the present epoch exhibit, while we dwell on the lofty patriotism, the nervous energy, the stern grappling of master minds which marked the period when George the third, in the spirit of a Christian king, trimmed the quivering balance! We have afterwards extracts from memoranda of a continental tour, with some awful reminiscences concerning the wretch Voltaire. Altogether, Mr. Sidney has produced one of the most agreeable books we remember to have met with.

POLYNESIA; or, *Missionary toils and triumphs in the South Seas.* A Poem. Snow.

THE title speaks for itself: the author is evidently imbued with the spirit of his subject, and he has succeeded in clothing the purest missionary sentiments, much pleasing description, and heart-touching incident, in very smooth, harmonious versification. The 'notes' are copious, filling up in prose narrative what the poetry has sketched. The friends of missions will promote the cause so dear to them, by circulating this very nice volume.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA, embracing *Hindoostan, Malaya, Siam, and China, with notices of numerous Missionary stations. And a full account of the Burman Empire. By the Rev. Howard Malcom, of Boston, U. S. In two volumes. Tilt.*

THE topics treated of in these volumes defy enumeration. They comprise not alone what relates to missionary work, but history, geography, laws, customs, natural history, botany—in short they lay before the reader the whole internal economy of the countries visited by this active traveller. A multitude of well-executed cuts serve to illustrate the descriptions given; and an elaborate map is prefixed to the work. Altogether we think Mr. Malcom has compressed as much useful matter into his two volumes as the same space could well be made to contain.

One or two things, however, we must demur at: where does the author find a warrant for using the anomalous term, ‘Unitarian Christians?’ Unitarianism, or more properly Socinianism, is as far removed from Christianity as any form of heathen worship. True, its professors have more light, but then the light that is within them becoming darkness by the operation of their frightful heresy, how great is that darkness! The poor Pagan who never had the word of salvation within his grasp, is in better case than the nominal Christian who seizes the Bible in order to rend out of it the very life of its soul—the proper deity of Jesus Christ. The Jews who demanded, and the Romans who granted, the shedding of his innocent blood, were less guilty than the men who profess to extinguish his deity. Ba-

nished for ever from the believer's lips be the epithet of Unitarian Christianity, even as the believer's heart repudiates the impious lie of Unitarian heresy !

We might also particularize a degree of liberalism towards the Jesuit mission of a former age, founded on ignorance of the facts so ably brought out in Mr. Gough's recent work ; and a habit of clothing in scripture phrases common, secular events, and passing remarks. With these reservations, we like the book well, and respect its author. It is very handsomely got up.

THE DISCIPLES IN THE STORM. *Being a short and simple Exposition of Matthew xiv. 22—33. By the Rev. Daniel Bagot, B.D., Minister of St. James' Chapel, 'Edinburgh ; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Kilmorey.* Johnson, Edinburgh ; Nisbet and Co.

WE took occasion last month strongly to recommend two little Catechisms of Mr. Bagot's : we have now to notice a larger publication, though of very moderate dimensions, comprising the sketches of six discourses delivered from the pulpit, on the striking incident contained in the passage referred to. These brief outlines, for such they are, savour of the richness of old divinity : they abound with pithy remark, and peculiar condensation of thought. Each concludes with an appropriate poem. We venture to predict that it will be a favourite.

THE HEIRESS. *A Tale, founded on Facts.****By E. H. Burns.***

AN unpretending little volume, giving the history of a titled heiress of proud, unsanctified character, with the means successfully adopted by a pious aunt and a judicious youthful friend to correct the evil disposition. There is much good sense, and a very devotional feeling to be traced throughout. We are assured too that the tale, in its principal features, is one of fact.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE; *or, the Union between Christ and Believers.* By the Rev. Thomas Jones of Creaton. Seeley and Burnside.

‘LITTLE,’ says the venerable author, in his short preface, ‘Little can be expected from a man of eighty-seven, when the faculties both of body and mind, especially eyes and memory, are fast declining.’ We, however, were expectant of much; for when a minister is fully a partaker in that blessedness, where, “though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day,” we judge that the increased nearness of those eternal things, which are unseen save by the eye of faith, will add earnestness to his appeals, and give greater weight to his pleadings. How rich, how comprehensive, how edifying, was the brief sermon of the aged John, re-iterated when the natural decay of his bodily powers compelled him to confine himself to it—“Little children, love one another.”

If Mr. Jones be correct in saying that 'once more, and for the last time,' he ventures to appear before the public, he may assure himself that the volume which must be regarded as a final bequest, will be held very precious by the church. It contains much that is truly excellent: it is full of solemn exhortation and sweet encouragement. It exhibits Christ as the believer's all, and the believer as being all in Christ, and if it prove the closing note of his ministry on earth, it is also a meet prelude to his song of endless praise in heaven.

THE FAITH AND PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS:

Exhibited in the Narrative of the Sufferings and Death of Mons. Isaac Le Febvre, a Protestant of Chatel-Chignon, in France. [Who was condemned to the galleys, on the Persecution which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and confined fifteen years in a solitary dungeon, where he died.] Written by a French Protestant Pastor, and published at Rotterdam, in 1703. A New Translation. With a Preface by the Rev. John Norman Pearson, M. A. Incumbent of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells. Baisler.

THE long title page sufficiently tells the story of the work: we have only to add that it is most interesting, and touchingly affecting. No Protestant family ought to be without it. Mr. Pearson has said a great deal in a very brief preface; but he is always doubly effective, when brought into direct collision with the gigantic monster, Popery.

THE INQUIRER DIRECTED *to an Experimental and Practical View of the Atonement.* By the Rev. Octavius Winslow. Shaw.

THE view with which the author undertakes a work that he gives hope of carrying out to other most important branches of the Christian faith, is that of deepening the *spirituality* of the church which he rightly describes as rent by alarming divisions and wearied by controversy. The latter, indeed, we know to be unavoidable; because when the perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds are levelled at the foundations of our faith, those whose sworn duty it is to contend earnestly for that faith, must needs assume a controversial attitude. Mr. Winslow, however, aims at the root of all divisions and debates, by striving to fix the mind on those grand first principles which men are too ready to lose sight of: and delightfully has he executed the task. The volume is so small as to be soon perused: but it contains enough of the soundest doctrine couched in the most persuasive and impressive language, to engage the mind and conscience for many a long day. It is a heart-searching treatise; we pray the Great Searcher of all hearts to accompany with his divine influence the striking and solemn appeals with which it abounds.

THE PROTESTANT.

‘THE past month will furnish matter for a memorable page in England’s history, uncle.’

‘Ay, if England be permitted to retain a place among the nations, so far as to have any history of her own.’

‘You are too desponding, sir.’

‘Perhaps so, my dear: I am reminded now of the sensations with which, when a delicate stripling just embarked for my first voyage, I looked over the ship’s side after the weighing of the anchor. Wave after wave came heaving by; the vessel rolled upon their uneven surface, and I gazed until giddy, then sick, then terrified, I shrank away to hide my disordered head in the privacy of my own little berth. Even so the face of the political ocean now affects my mind; and fain would I cease to look upon its troubled billows.’

‘But, dear uncle, notwithstanding the commotion that affected you so much, your gallant ship outrode that and many a rougher, darker day. Come, you must not teach me to despond, while the Lord sitteth upon the water-floods, and remaineth King for ever and ever.’

‘You are right, my dear child: these may be an old man’s visions; but, alas! it is no dream that we are farther and farther receding from our Rock of safety, forsaking our own mercies, and daily provok-

ing the Lord to jealousy. What say you to the outrage on public principle and public feeling unblushingly perpetrated by the minister who dared to present to England's monarch the active leader of an avowedly infidel sect, soliciting the royal patronage for their blasphemous tenets !'

' In truth, uncle, I cannot comprehend the thing. That Robert Owen of Lanark, who glories in a long life of deliberate systematic denial of revelation, and hostility against the bible—who has laboured indefatigably, both in Europe and America, to establish a plan of education and an order of society in open opposition to the Christian religion, and with such a code of moral, or rather of immoral government, that no modest female can listen to its provisions—that this Robert Owen should have been formally introduced, in full court, among foreign ambassadors, and in the presence of dignitaries of our national Christian church, to the Queen of England, to lay at her feet the demand that her Majesty would be pleased to sanction and encourage their atheistical and licentious abominations—Uncle, it will not be believed in those parts of the empire whereto this moral putrefaction has not yet extended its destroying influence.'

' And the person who conducted Owen of Lanark, with his insulting address, to the foot of the British throne, and ensured him a gracious reception, is the individual who unites in his own person offices hitherto deemed utterly incompatible with the spirit of the constitution. Lord Melbourne, as prime minister of state, is the responsible adviser of the crown, in all matters of the gravest national interest: on him devolves the task of pointing out to the monarch

what measures shall be most conducive to the glory of our God, the good of our church, and the safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign and her dominions. So great is the power vested in him, as the head of the cabinet, that by an axiom of the constitution, 'The king can do no wrong : ' every public measure of the crown being supposed to emanate from the counsellors with whom such authority to check and to guide is lodged. Lord Melbourne, as court favourite, enjoys an overwhelming preponderance in influencing those who form the inner circle of the drawing-room, and the officials of the household, so as to ensure a subservience to whatever are known to be his wishes, on the part of those who are never altogether absent from the queen. Once more, Lord Melbourne, as a fascinating and experienced man of the world, and of what the world calls pleasure, has so ingratiated himself, personally, with a very young and susceptible female, as to secure, in addition to the foregoing, the perilous advantage of an irresistible private influence, such as is usually enjoyed by a parent, or some equally authorized connection ; and is thus exalted to the zenith of an absolutism which the law of England will not concede to any sovereign prince who wields her sceptre—an absolutism, the very attempt to grasp at which cost one royal Stuart his head, and another his kingdom ; but which is now unhesitatingly granted by the English people to a fellow-subject ! '

' And if such a power was exercised for good, uncle '——

' As far as the integrity of the constitution is concerned, it would be doing evil that good might ensue : but the manner in which it actually is exercised

is appalling. Not to speak of comparatively private transactions emanating from this influence, Lord Melbourne has recently procured for Owen of Lanark a gracious reception from the Queen of England; and Lord Melbourne continues to hold the reins of government with a majority of two-thirds of the House of Peers opposed to him; a majority of two votes in the House of Commons to support him, nearly the whole bench of bishops, and as nearly the whole body of clergymen of the national church protesting and appealing against his ruinous measures for the subversion of our Protestantism, and with such a share of general unpopularity as to require galloping horses, and a protecting body of police, to convey him in safety from the royal presence back to the scene of his parliamentary duties and misdoings.'

'All these things, uncle, are tokens for good. The man who has the senate, the church, and the people arrayed against his unconstitutional abuse of the crown, cannot long withstand such an opposition. The House of Peers seems destined to save the country.'

'Ah, well do I remember the remark of our good old George the Third, when, on the prerogative of the crown being nobly vindicated by the peers, in a majority of 47, he said, "I trust the House of Lords will this day feel that the hour is come for which the wisdom of our ancestors established that respectable corps in the state, to prevent either the crown or the commons from encroaching on the rights of each other." God grant the issue now may be such as it

¹ See Sidney's Life of Sir Richard Hill, p. 340.

ever was in the days of that venerable Christian King!’

‘Amen, to that prayer, uncle. If God be for us, no matter who is against us.’

‘True, if God be for us; but if we are found walking contrary to Him, we have his own word, assuring us that he will walk contrary to us. He has ever used his enemies to chastise his offending people; and a sword seems to be drawn of which we cannot say that it has not a commission to “go through the land.” You know not to what an extent those frightful principles are spreading, on behalf of which the Queen has been approached by the infidel leader of an equally infidel and demoralized sect. The turbulent demonstrations, the outrage, burnings, and bloodshed that are agitating in different quarters of the land, are but the blossomings of a tree of which these principles form the root, and for which abundant watering is to be supplied by means of the unholy plan of education literally forced on a struggling people, by a ministry who only exist through the sufferance of a few Papists in the Commons, and the undue influence of their chief over a youthful maiden. Nay, to such a pass have we come, that the venerable Primate of our church, supported by his episcopal brethren and the weight of our hereditary legislation, cannot intercede for protection at the foot of the throne without being roughly repelled, where Robert Owen, of Lanark, was welcomed with smiles, and obtained a gracious reply.’

‘Yet, uncle, in the face of all this, nothing can be more quietly consistent than the conduct of those loyal, faithful noblemen. They, at least, sustain the dignity of their order, and of that high, responsible

station which God has assigned them. Think what service the lords have since rendered the Protestant cause by throwing out that pernicious provision of the New Prison's Bill which would have given Popery a fearful advantage.'

'Alas! that ever the House of Lords fell under the infatuation of allowing the original bill to pass, of which these continuous attempts to subvert all our institutions are but the natural consequences! On that occasion they suffered a tree to be effectually planted, the poisonous shoots of which their time is now occupied in striving to lop away as fast as they appear. I cannot feel that any abiding good will crown their efforts until I see the axe laid to the root itself.'

'Nevertheless, this deed, so deplored by all true Protestants, has produced some good. It has occasioned such an exhibition of Popery as it is, as has served to convince many of its real character who otherwise would not have been persuaded to believe our statements, or to see in it so inveterate a "child of the Devil, and enemy of all righteousness."'

'Yes; just as the blazing out of your house serves to shew you the malignant incendiary who applied the coal, and who was before hidden beneath the darkness of night. Rather a high price, niece, to pay for the privilege of beholding a foe unveiled!'

'Nay, I did not mean to justify or to palliate, far less to rejoice in the wickedness perpetrated. If it produce any relative good, we may no more claim credit on that score than Joseph's brethren might do in recalling the foul outrage by which they, meaning him all ill, sold him into the hands of strangers, from whose dungeons he was raised to be a deliverer of his people, and a blessing to many nations.'

‘No blessing will result from that measure ; because although the Most High exercises his glorious prerogative in edacing good from evil, yet when evil is knowingly and deliberately done in order that good may ensue, it is the order of his righteous providence to shew his abhorrence of what his apostle was inspired to denounce, by turning such counsel into foolishness, and confounding the unholy device.’

‘Is it true that in England the banners of the Pope have been unfurled, and the wafer borne in solemn procession under their shadow ?’

‘Even so : at the opening of a splendid mass-house, among us, the abomination was ostentatiously paraded, without let or hindrance from the children of the martyrs. But this is a light matter compared with what we may expect. We have rebelled against God, under every circumstance that could aggravate the guilt of such rebellion ; and to be sold into the hands of unbelieving enemies is the usual penalty for so doing ; unless He be provoked to blot out our name as a nation altogether.’

‘What a singular proceeding was that of O’Connell, in writing an epistle on theology to the Wesleyan Methodists, and inviting them to a controversial interchange of civilities !’

‘It has proved two things : first, the alarm always excited in the enemies’ camp, on any symptom of healing and re-union among our sadly divided body ; secondly, the right feeling that prevails among our Wesleyan brethren with regard to the individual, his proceeding, and his ends. Nothing could be better conceived or executed than their mode of placing an extinguisher on the self-importance of Mr. Daniel O’Connell,’ said my uncle with great glee.

‘ But Mr. M’Ghee has taken up the gauntlet, and given him another extinguisher.’

‘ M’Ghee is a noble fellow ; but I wish he would be less liberal of hard names. Such epithets as are sometimes flung at the individual, however well merited on his part, are carnal rather than spiritual weapons of warfare. Setting this aside, I regard him as one of the most perfect specimens of a Protesting Christian the church can boast of.’

‘ Shall we withdraw our eyes, uncle, for a while from our own little territorial speck, and consider the marvellous things that God is doing in far distant lands ?’

‘ Ay, and render unfeigned thanks for what we behold. The movement among the Jews on one hand—the multitudes from various quarters who are now, as by one great impulse, bending their course towards Palestine ; the seeming readiness of the northern autocrat to encourage such proceeding ; the farther enfeeblement of the Turkish interloper, by the accession of a mere boy to Sultan Mahmoud’s throne,—all bespeak a hastening of that drying-up by which the mystical Euphrates shall lose its power to bar the way of returning Israel. On the other hand, what an amazing ingathering of heathen worshippers to the true fold ! Sinking in the west, the sun appears about to re-vivify the long-forsaken east with his glorious beams : and oh, what a rising will that be !’

‘ The ten kingdoms are coming up in remembrance with Great Babylon before God, for judgment and a cup of trembling : but the church will receive an accession in other quarters, outnumbering beyond compute those who must be cut off, as false professors,

unstable souls, whose life consists in a name only, and whose end must therefore be destruction.'

'But remember God has a numerous people to be called out, before his wrath falls on the blasphemer of his truth and usurper of his throne. I am very jealous lest, under the discouraging aspect of this place and these times, we become lukewarm in what is our own especial duty, as a professedly protesting people. Ourselves, or at least our fathers, were in the iron furnace of Rome, thence plucked with a mighty deliverance, and so situated as to enjoy great facilities for snatching our less favoured brethren from the same destruction. In every possible way I would help forward the work of foreign missions: with all available means, I would haste to the rescue of the ancient people of God: but as a Protestant I feel my assigned office is to contend against the advancing tide of Popery: and as an inhabitant of these long-favoured but now menaced isles, I feel that my post in the great battle-field is AT HOME !

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.¹

WHO that has seen the sun's uprising, when his first bright gleam comes sparkling over the billows on a clear autumnal morning, but has felt a thrill of gladness at his heart—an involuntary, perhaps an unconscious ascription of praise to the Creator, who has so framed him that all his innate perverseness cannot bar the entrance of that thrill? The brisk wind that curls the wave, and flings its light spray abroad, does but multiply mirrors for the imaged ray to flash from; and when the mighty orb has wholly lifted his disk above the swelling outline of the beautifully rounded horizon, and looks down upon the surmounted bar-

¹ Some of our readers may be ready to imagine, when they discover the nature and drift of this story, that the idea has been borrowed from some of the works on the same subject which are now being extensively advertised. The writer, therefore, wishes to say, in explanation, that she has never seen a single page of any of those works, and that the plan of the present narrative was fixed upon before either of them were so much as announced. Although subsequently laid aside, from illness and other obstacles, all that is here printed, and several chapters more, were written upwards of eight or nine months since.

rier, sending beam after beam to traverse that watery world, and to gild it with dazzling splendour, who does not accord the palm of natural magnificence to that of which no adequate idea can be conveyed to one who has not looked upon it—sunrise at sea.

It was on such a morning, in the month of September, when the breeze was strong, the billows tumultuous, and the sun resplendent in a clear blue sky, that Helen Fleetwood paused on the edge of a cliff which overlooked the eastern wave, to indulge, perhaps for the thousandth time, an emotion of delight not the less vivid because Helen was a simple country girl, whose thoughts had never learned to clothe themselves in language worthy of the occasions that called them into existence. Of the milk-pail, which swung lightly to and fro upon her arm, she could have discoursed with judgment and propriety: but of that blaze of light, first stealing, then flashing, then broadly spreading in a refulgent mantle, over the surface of the deep, Helen had little to say. She nevertheless felt its joyous influence through every fibre of her frame, and her young heart danced as gaily beneath its light as the most airy bubble upon the billow's crest. In like manner Helen's lips had hitherto been mute, when others spoke of brighter beams, the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, as he rises with healing in his wings upon a benighted world of tumult and strife, but there was that within her bosom which owned his power, and rejoiced in his light.

Tripping by her side as she walked on, and wheeling in a restless circle around her when she paused, little Mary Green bore the three-legged stool that was to aid them in their operation on the two cows,

whose distant lowings were occasionally audible during the short pauses of the ocean's measured roar. It was not in Mary's nature to be silent long; and, after gazing up into Helen's face, to read in its happy expression the pleasure that her loving heart never failed to reciprocate, the little girl gave utterance to her companion's thought and her own, by remarking, *Sunrise is very pretty, Helen.'*

'Yes, it is,' replied the other, 'and a pity it would have been to lose the fine sight by letting some sleepy little girls take their own time to get up.'

Mary laughed: 'Why you know the mornings are not so warm now as they were a month ago; and there was hardly light enough to dress by. I am always glad afterwards; but somehow I don't like giving up my own way at the time.'

'Nor I,' said Helen: 'but you know, Mary, one's duty is the best rule to go by; and one never regrets in the long run having done so.'

'Talking of a long run,' rejoined Mary, whose taste by no means accorded with any thing savouring of a lecture, 'let us race now till we come to the gate, or the cows will be tired of waiting, and get cross; and what will old Buckle say then?'

Helen assented; and with one parting glance over the bright sea, turned towards the shed where the cows were kept; and away they both ran till the intervening stile obliged them to pause ere they crossed it.

The full pail, nicely poised as it was on Helen's head, required a steadier pace in returning; and the two girls pursued the chat, which indeed rarely knew an interval during the many waking hours they passed together.

‘The people in towns,’ said Helen, ‘would think it a great hardship to be out a-milking at this time of day.’

‘They are better off than we:’ replied Mary, to whom the idea of a long morning nap was by no means unpleasing.

‘Better off in some things, Mary,’ said her companion thoughtfully: ‘but to see the sickly looks of the ladies who come down this way on their road to the bathings, I am not sure I would change wit them.’

‘What! not to ride in your own coach?’ inquired Mary with a stare of astonishment.

‘I don’t know: I haven’t yet had more walking than agreed with me. Somehow too, the morning is so pleasant, and the fresh air does make one feel so hearty and alive, that if I was in a coach I think I’d be tempted to jump out and take a run.’

Mary laughed loudly at the idea of a lady racing against her own coach and horses, but admitted that she should not like to be forced to ride at all times—only when she felt sleepy or lazy. Thus merrily discoursing, the girls approached the gate of what might be called a farm-yard on a small scale; within the limits of which stood a cottage with a very steep pointed roof, well thatched, walls of snowy whiteness, long, narrow casements, and a porch recently added to its entrance; and there stood a stout elderly man, leaning his folded arms on the lower half of the door.

‘There’s old Buckle,’ whispered Mary, ‘and looking as cross as two sticks.’

He certainly did not wear an aspect of much sweetness, when, flinging the little partition open,

he advanced, and reached the gate before the girls could lay a hand on its fastenings.

‘You needn’t come any farther,’ growled Mr. Buckle, taking the pail from Helen, and swinging it over the gate in a pettish way. ‘It’s a wonder you’d take the trouble of fetching it at all, and only keep me waiting three quarters of an hour.’

‘Please, sir, I’m very sorry indeed,’ said Helen, dropping a curtsey. ‘I didn’t think it was so late as that.’

‘The sun must have overslept himself, sir,’ added Mary, ‘or else I’m sure we are in time to five minutes or so.’

‘Hold your tongue, sauce-box! Sad girls—lay in bed half the morning, play about t’other half; keep me fasting all the while, and then give me impertinence. All the work of the farm at a stand still. No, I’ll not employ such idle baggages any longer. You may tell your granny that from me.’

‘Please sir’ — Mary began.

‘Off with you, Miss Pert: no two-pence to-day I’ll promise you. Get ye gone; I’ll not trouble you much longer to milk my cows. Off with ye!’

The girls, intimidated by the stamp that accompanied the words, turned to depart, Helen with a curtsey, Mary with something more resembling a shrug than an obeisance. Before they had proceeded many yards, the old gentleman’s voice was heard again:

‘Stop, can’t ye? What a hurry the little toads are in to go and punish an honest old woman for their own bad doings! Here, you Nelly, take that with you, not that you’ve earned it this time, but it doesn’t become a respectable farmer like me to stop the

wages that honest people set you to earn.' And three broad penny-pieces fell at her feet.

Another low curtsey from Helen and a farther progress of a few steps were followed by a louder shout from the farmer: 'Mind, you may tell old Mrs. Green to send in the evening for a jug of stale milk, and a handful of oatmeal for the ailing boy. So now be off with you, you idlers!'

'What a funny old fellow he is,' observed Mary, when far enough to give utterance to the laugh she she had with difficulty suppressed: 'but it's a shame to let him scold at us in that fashion.'

'Old Buckle,' observed Helen, 'is never in right earnest but when he does a good-natured thing. All his hard words go for nothing.'

'Then why do you look frightened, and be so humble to him?'

'He speaks so loud, and looks so angry, it does half frighten me at the time: and as for being humble, Mary, it's the duty of such as we to shew respect to our betters.'

'Oh, we are as good as old Buckle any day; only he's getting up in the world, and we are getting down you know,' observed the little girl skipping backwards before her companion, as gaily as if she had announced the reverse of this proposition. Helen sighed; for she knew there were hearts growing heavy under the consciousness of what gave poor little Mary no concern.

Helen Fleetwood was the orphan child of one who, being tempted by a fine morning sky to launch upon the waves his worldly all—his boat and implements of fishing—was with them engulfed by the surges that a sudden storm lashed into fury. Helen, who was

four years old at the time, retained a distinct recollection of the crowds that pressed to one spot on the shore, near which stood her paternal cottage, and the shrieks and wailings that burst forth when the few survivors of that party who together started before sunrise, returned at the twilight hour of eve with sad tales of their companions' fate. Fleetwood was but one among five or six whose widows were pacing the beach in wild distraction, or sitting stupified beneath the blow. Helen could also remember the day when, some time after this, a corpse, decomposed beyond the possibility of recognition, was cast ashore on a sandbank just above low-water mark, and identified by some fragment of wearing apparel as that of her father. She saw him not: but too well did her memory retain the impression of that moment when the Widow Green, holding her by the hand, directed her gaze into a coffin, where lay the heart-broken mother and her new-born babe peacefully shrouded together. Of these things the girl never spoke, and it was kindly hoped that they had faded from her naturally cheerful mind: but it was far otherwise.

The Widow Green had experienced affliction in another form; of all the children whom she had reared, her son William best repaid the maternal cares bestowed on him; and when he married, the first act of his independence as master of a comfortable cottage, was to place his mother in the choicest of its rooms. His wife, a kind-hearted young woman, heartily concurred in the proceeding, and reaped her reward when the rapid increase of a young family gave full scope to the valuable services of a judicious grandmother. All went well with them; and the readiness with which poor little Helen

was adopted into the domestic party on the old woman's suggestion, more closely cemented their mutual confidence and love. But, alas ! William's third child sickened of small-pox ; the eldest caught the infection, then the mother, and all three died. Poor Green struggled hard to bear up, for the sake of those who remained ; but a violent cold taken through continual transitions from the close heated atmosphere of a sick room to the keen night air of February, in his walks across the common to the doctor's shop, fell on his lungs ; and consumption soon laid him beside those whom he had dearly loved and deeply mourned.

The widow was a woman of vigorous mind, doubly armed in the panoply of faith, and enabled to cast herself, with the children committed to her, on Him whom she had found to be a stronghold in the day of trouble. Her charge consisted of three boys and a girl, the survivors of William's family, and Helen Fleetwood. Richard Green was a year older than Helen ; James three years younger ; and Mary his junior by nearly two years. The little Willy was but eight at the period when this story commences ; and Richard was seventeen. Their father held his cottage, with a field and small garden, on a lease of lives, and bequeathed them to his mother in trust for Richard, should the lease remain good until he came of age. The landlord indeed, who had granted it on exceedingly favourable terms, promised a renewal ; but he died soon after his tenant, and his verbal engagement could not bind the heir at law—a gentleman residing at a distance, and leaving every thing in the hands of his trusty agent.

Mrs. Green proved herself a wise and faithful

steward. The cottage was larger than their diminished household required; and she let two rooms to a respectable woman, the widow of the parish beadle, who paid liberally, according to her means, and proved a quiet, friendly lodger. She let the field by the year, for its just value, which nearly settled the rent of the whole premises; and managed the little garden so well that its produce brought in a small sum, after supplying the family table. A few fowls, Helen's peculiar care, yielded their quota of profit in the neighbouring village market; James kept rabbits, which, thriving well on the refuse of the garden, helped to replenish the general purse: the same prolific garden nearly maintained a pair of ducks, presented to little Willy in their infancy, and soon learning to forage for themselves, to the great advantage of lettuces and savoy, which had often borne the marks of sundry nocturnal depredators, against whom the said ducks waged exterminating war. Willy sank a little round tub in the fowl-yard, and predicted that his ducks would soon prove the most valuable of their possessions.

Richard had profited well by the advantages placed within his reach: he was of a serious, thoughtful turn, but exceedingly active. The school where his father had placed him at seven years old was established for the benefit of boys in an humble walk of life, and the gratuitous teaching was excellent. Richard acquired whatever was to be learned, by his diligence and good conduct earning a reputation that ensured him employment during every spare hour among the neighbours; and his gains, from which he never deducted a halfpenny for his own gratification, added to the produce of his grandmother's unwearied industry and that of Helen, assisted in

time by the improving habits of Mary, who was often roused into 'a great fight,' as she called it, against her natural love of ease, placed the family above want, and indeed in possession of every comfort they could reasonably desire.

But alas for the stability of human happiness, so far as it is dependent on perishable things! The last life in the lease was one on which they might fairly have reckoned for many a long year to come. A severe illness, however, seized on the strong frame of the young man, the only survivor of the three named in that document; and although he rallied in some degree, his state was evidently a precarious one. The lodger, too, was summoned to take possession of some little property left to her in another county, and must leave them shortly. James, the second boy, fell into weak health, imposing an additional care and expense on the household, just as he and they anticipated his becoming an important help, through a good situation that was offered, but for which his increasing debility unfitted him. All these things tended to cloud the atmosphere, and made even the giddy Mary observe that they were 'going down in the world.'

Of this, however, no visible token as yet appeared; and when the two girls, fresh from their early walk, drew near the beloved cottage, all was as smiling as their own faces. James had cleaned out his rabbit-coop, Willy was gazing with admiration at the exploits of his young ducks in their narrow pond, and Richard made the most of a spare half hour in digging up the bed where a crop of peas had yielded their last produce. As Helen and Mary approached, he struck the spade into the ground,

gave his hands a rinsing under the pump, and joined the group, who together entered the cottage door with wholesome appetites for their breakfast.

Breakfast, however, was not the first concern with this assembled family. The girls, throwing off their bonnets, and hastily smoothing back the hair which had become somewhat disordered by the sea-breeze, followed the widow Green into an adjoining room, occupied by the lodger, and the boys brought up the rear. On a little round table lay the Holy Bible, with a small manual of family devotion; and on the appearance of Mrs. Barker, who promptly answered the accustomed signal, and her settlement in an arm chair, all seated themselves: the widow Green selected a portion of scripture, read it with much deliberation, and offered up a devout prayer of thanksgiving for past mercies, with supplication for guidance, and every needful blessing through the day. A short greeting between the young people and their lodger, marked by affectionate respect on their side, and great kindness on hers, concluded the scene: they then hastened back, to enjoy the morning's meal.

‘What sort of a walk had you, girls?’ inquired Richard. ‘I understand Mary was not quite awake when Helen pulled her out at the door.’

‘I was rubbing my eyes,’ answered Mary, ‘but awake for all that. ’Tis only seven now, and two good hours have I been on my feet.’

‘And a great blessing it is, my child,’ observed the old lady, ‘to be up and at work while many are lying on the bed of sickness, and not a few on the bed of sloth.’

‘I wish old John Buckle would lie in bed,’ con-

tinued the little girl,' and not get up to scold as he does.'

'Fie, Mary,' said Helen, laying the threepence beside the old lady's saucer; 'consider how kind he is at heart;' and she delivered his message.

'I don't mind a few hard words,' remarked James, 'if I get a good basin of milk broth along with them.'

'Hard words break no bones,' said Richard; 'and if none of us ever come to get hard blows into the bargain, we may think ourselves well off.'

'Blows! I should like to see the person who would try to beat *me!*' exclaimed little Mary, in high disdain.

'Hush, my dear child,' responded the widow. 'Strokes of the rod are sometimes needful for us; and we have a Father in heaven who will apply them when he sees good. You must not speak so hastily,' she continued, as Mary opened her lips to reply: 'the wise man tells us that a haughty spirit cometh before a fall. Let us be humble.'

'You had better mind what granny says,' added James: 'none of us will ever be the worse for minding her.'

All eyes were turned, beaming with affection, upon the old woman, while a half-whispered assent escaped from every lip. If ever any person succeeded in attaching all around her to herself and to each other, the widow Green assuredly did so. She knew it, she saw it daily and hourly, and she numbered it among the chiefest of her earthly blessings.

'Now, granny,' said Richard, when the short, frugal repast was ended, 'I've a long errand after school, and you need not expect me home till sup-

per. There's some parish business to do, and I must take a letter from the overseer to Mr.—I forget his name—the new vestry clerk, and wait for an answer. So don't be uneasy if I am late.'

A hearty good bye was exchanged, and away went the lad to his school-work, which was that of a teacher rather than a pupil. We will leave the cottagers to their daily avocations, and take a peep into a higher grade of society.

C. E.



O MY dear brother, learn to know Christ, and him crucified ; learn to sing a new song, to despair of your own work, and to cry unto him, Lord Jesus, thou art my righteousness, and I am thy sin ; thou hast taken on thee what was mine, and given to me what is thine ; what I was not thou becamest, that I might become what I was not. Beware, my dear George, of aspiring after such a purity, as that thou mayest not have to acknowledge thyself a sinner ; for Christ dwells only in sinners. Meditate often on this love of Christ, and you will taste its unspeakable comfort. If our labours and affections could give peace to the conscience, why did Christ die upon the cross ? You will find peace in him alone ; despairing of yourself and of your works, and beholding with what love he spreads his arms to you ; taking all your sins on himself, and bestowing on you all his righteousness.—*Martin Luther.*

THE STRICKEN ROCK.

"Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod smote the rock twice."—NUM. XX. 10, 11.

IN this transaction Moses incurred the displeasure of the Lord. In three things he erred. His beautiful characteristic of meekness gave way to impatience, and that led to presumption. "Must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?" as if any act or power of his own could be necessary, or could be mingled with the act and power of God. Then he rashly, or angrily, struck the rock twice, which, being typical of Christ, he ought not to have done. "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." Heb. ix. 28.

"We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 10, 14.

From the stricken rock a stream issued, which was a welcome and necessary supply to those who were faint and weary. The lives of the drooping people could not have been supported but for the flowing of this stream. The water from this rock took its course through the wilderness where they journeyed, for the refreshment of the whole congregation of Israel. All who thirsted freely drank. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea come,

buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isaiah lv. 1.

All the followers of Jesus are travelling through a wilderness; all need the same sustenance. The wanderings, the journeyings, the rebellions, the murmurings, the faintness and weariness of God's ancient chosen people, are typical of all his elect.

"They did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them: and that rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 3, 4.

Christ being smitten, the life-giving stream flowed which strengthens the soul and cleanses it from all pollution.

"All who wash shall be clean: all who drink shall live."

Let us individually ask ourselves if we believe this truth to the saving of our souls. We ought not to rest satisfied with a mere speculative assent: we ought to endeavour to realize it to ourselves, that God is indeed our own God and Saviour. Until we know this experimentally we cannot be sure that we have passed from death unto life. We have not "received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father." If we have received it, "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. viii. 15, 16. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." 1 John v. 10.

We are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Instead of being lifeless—dead in trespasses and sins—we are quickened. We no longer fulfil the desires of the flesh; we become obedient to the spirit. This new principle within us is influential and active, and we

are made meet for an inheritance with the saints in light; not meet in ourselves, but made meet. This is not, cannot be, a work done by us, but it is done in us. To say that one single day, one single hour, of perfect conformity to the pure and holy will of God, is necessary for this meetness, is to drive us to despair; for if we deviate in the smallest matter we forfeit all our claim. But although we can never attain to it, while in the flesh, we must continually aim at and strive after perfection; for all the children of God love God, and long for a perfect conformity to all his righteous will; not that they may be saved through that conformity, but because they know they are already saved, through the perfect conformity of their Saviour.

As they journey through the wilderness they have an unerring guide. All are instructed; all are guarded and provided for. Of all the Israel of God it may be said, "The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye; as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him." Deut. xxxii. 9—12.

Many a tried servant of God, at the close of life, can vouch for the truth of Joshua's declaration, "I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Joshua xxiii. 14.

On a retrospective view of his days on earth, each child of God may trace the mercy and love which followed him all his life long. He can discover the training hand of a Father in every dispensation: all has been ordered and sure from the beginning to the end; from childhood to manhood; when first sought out, and found in the wilderness, erring and straying like a lost sheep, when light first dawned upon his mind; his state may be compared to that of infancy. In his weakness he is carried and gently led on—his nourishment is administered as he is able to bear it. Our compassionate Shepherd carries the lambs in his bosom, and feeds them with milk while they are babes. 1 Cor. iii. 1, 2. Those who cannot walk are carried, the weak are strengthened, the naked are clothed, and as they grow they receive supplies proportioned to their circumstances. They are disciplined, governed, taught, restrained; not permitted to pursue their own wild will. They are turned from the way of folly into “the ways of wisdom, which are ways of pleasantness and all her paths peace.” As Noah and all with him were preserved in the ark when safely shut in by the hand of God himself, in like manner the whole family of God are preserved in Christ, the spiritual ark. God himself having chosen them and given them to Christ, they cannot be lost: we have his own assurance for that, “Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition.” John xvii. 12. The power of God is beyond all other power, and therefore he says, “They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” John x. 28, 29.

As the Israelites were guided through the wilderness by the pillar and the cloud, so are all his elect

people guided, upheld, and led on during their earthly pilgrimage. When mourning by reason of many sins and infirmities, they are comforted ; when faint and weary, refreshment is provided : " He shall drink of the brook in the way ; therefore shall he lift up his head." Psalm cx. 7.

Believing in " the stricken Rock," they find peace and everlasting security ; they lean on a Rock against which " the gates of hell shall not prevail." They are the children of a Father who is always watching over them to do them good. He gives us all things richly to enjoy ; the body is sustained, the soul is fed, the understanding is enlightened : " The entrance of thy words giveth light ; it giveth understanding to the simple." Psalm cxix. 130.

The children of God are the simple ; they receive instruction in simplicity and truth. " As new-born babes they desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby." 1 Peter ii. 2. The fear of God is instilled, and becomes an abiding steadfast principle, and love also. Filial fear and love are rooted and grounded together. We love God because he first loved us. An infant is taught by the love of the parent to return that love : it was not born in the breast of the child, neither is the love of God found in our nature. Until the heart is changed, it is at enmity with God : the word of God in us brings about this change. Thus He educates, or brings us up in his steadfast fear and love. The fear here expressed is not the slavish fear of punishment, such as criminals under condemnation experience ; it is the child-like fear of one who loves his Father, and would not grieve him : " And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the

day of redemption." Eph. iv. 30. Love is the spring and motive of this fear; love produces it. We know we are of God; we know that we are his adopted children, sealed, sanctified, just as we are assured that we are the children of our natural parents, to whom, in our helpless years, we looked for the supply of all our wants, and knew we should receive from their kindness what was good for us. To fear that their love and care over us would fail, and that they would leave us to perish, is an unholy abject fear, the very reverse of that fear of the Lord which is wisdom, that fear mingled with love, such as is described in Malachi iii. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his son that serveth him."

In this fear of the Lord there is no distrust, but quite the reverse. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and his children shall have a place of refuge." Again, "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." Prov. xiv. 26, 27. This is a fear to be encouraged as a safeguard; but there is a fear which is not to be harboured, not being linked with love, with which a soul-enslaving fear cannot exist. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." 1 John iv. 18.

We are exhorted to draw near to God, and "to come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may ob-

tain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need." Heb. iv. 16.

Faith in Jesus gives a holy courage in approaching the footstool of mercy. We may claim the pardon and grace which he has purchased for us. "According to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord: in whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him. Wherefore I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which is your glory. For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named," &c. Eph. iii. 11—21. The children in the family of God have every thing to hope for, nothing to fear that brings torment. Fear of man brings torment; that must be cast out. Fear of persecution, of losses, of trouble, brings torment; that must be cast out. Fear of death brings torment; that must be cast out. By reason of this fear many are "all their life-time subject to bondage." Heb. ii. 14, 15.

But "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father." Rom. viii. 14, 15.

"Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear." There is no contradiction in being free from one kind of fear, and yet harbouring another. "We may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Heb. xiii. 5, 6.

We have his promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The fear of God casts out every other fear. "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments." Psalm cxii. 1.

By his providence even the sparrows are protected, and the hairs of our head are numbered. "Fear not," said our Lord, "ye are of more value than many sparrows." Luke xii.

In the name of Jesus, then, let us pray to have a perpetual fear and love of God engrafted into our hearts.

S. M.



How permanent is a Christian's joy! Its roots are strongly imbedded, like the cedar of Lebanon. No wind that blows can hurl it down. The very tempest that beats upon it only adds to its stability, and rivets it more firmly to its foundation. This joy grows not on earth, nor depends for its stability on aught that earth can bestow. It is planted in heaven, and is watered by that stream which makes glad the city of God. How then can it wither? Why need the Christian despond, even when all else is gone, if this is left? Why may he not smile amid the wreck of his earthly hopes, if he can look up and claim God as his portion, and heaven as his eternal home.—*Waterbury.*

ASTRONOMY.

WE will now direct our attention to the great centre of our system, that vast globe placed by the Almighty architect in the centre of boundless space, to which our earth, though vast, is but one of a circle of tributary planets; and to which may be still more forcibly applied the saying of the Psalmist, that *it is without foundation, and cannot be removed, for ever.* Psalm civ. 5.

The Sun was commonly supposed to be a globe of pure fire. Dark spots may, however, be always seen on his surface, and the other parts of the sun's disk not occupied by spots are far from being uniformly bright. Its ground is finely mottled with minute dark spots or pores, which are in a constant state of change. The dark spots may perhaps represent the solid body of the sun itself, and the penumbra be a low strata of dark atmosphere, partly illuminated by the upper lucid atmosphere. If the body of the sun has a dense gaseous medium surrounding it, and dividing it from the luminous regions above, its atmosphere would effectually defend it from the heat generated in these luminous regions: and if the lower atmosphere were strongly reflective, (as it is if the penumbra of the spots are caused by it,) it would effectually preserve the body of the sun from the rays of light, and thus render even it habitable.

Although the sun is, as it were, the fixed centre of our system, still it has two motions, easily discernible; a rotatory motion (occupying 25 days 6 hours), and a circular one round the common centre of all

the planetary bodies. It has likewise another motion, which is towards the constellation Hercules. The intensity of the sun's light is such, that the most intensely ignited solids appear as dark spots on the sun when held between it and the eye. The sun's light has been estimated at 5563 wax candles, supposed to be placed together at the distance of one foot from the object, while the moon's is estimated to be equal to one candle at the distance of twelve feet. One pound of terrestrial matter at the sun's surface would exert a pressure equal to 27.9 pounds. An ordinary man, therefore, would not only be unable to sustain his own weight on the sun, but would literally be crushed to atoms under the load. The sun's diameter is 882,000 miles, his surface 2,445,000,000,000 square miles, and solidity 359,401,000,000,000 cubic miles, which is 60,000,000 times larger than our moon. We may therefore form an idea of his vast distance, when we reflect that the sun and moon both appear to us of equal magnitudes. His distance is 95,000,000 of miles.

The sun is a centre to other bodies besides the planets; we allude to *Comets*, the nature and motions of which are different to all the other bodies of the universe. Some have imagined them to be the abode of wicked and condemned souls, by suffering alternately the extremes of heat and cold. By some they are supposed to have their origin in concentrated light meeting in space from several suns; and others in mere vapour. Some are believed to have another sun at an immense distance, for their other focus. They move in every direction round the sun in orbits highly eccentric, and making every angle with the ecliptic. The number of comets is very

great, but uncertain; the elements of 98 of them only being determined with anything approaching a definite knowledge. Of these, 24 pass between the sun and the orbit of Mercury, 33 between Mercury and Venus, 21 between Venus and the earth, 16 between the earth and Mars, 3 between Mars and Ceres, and one between Ceres and Jupiter. These are so far known to astronomers, that they are able to calculate their returns, the periods of which are very various; Encke's comet revolving in three years four months, and Halley's in 75 or 76 years. Comets have often come very near the earth, and have occasioned no small alarms, though from their extreme tenuity we need be under little dread on their still nearer approach; for the comet of 1770 actually got entangled among the satellites of Jupiter, without their experiencing the slightest derangement.

The vapoury portion, or *tail*, as it is commonly called, is always in the direction towards the sun, so that sometimes it is in advance, sometimes behind, and sometimes surrounding the nucleus, or more solid part. In the first case the comet is called *bearded*, in the second *tailed*, and in the last case *hairy*. This arises from the attraction of the sun. Notwithstanding the great velocity of comets on their approaching the sun, their tenuity is such that their more vapoury parts are attracted by the sun, and advance before the nucleus; but as the nucleus is going in the same direction as its vapour is being attracted by the sun, the length of its tail or *beard* must be consequently lessened. On the comet's leaving the sun, however, its tail is then attracted in the contrary direction to the comet's path, and therefore it then assumes its greatest length. The tail of

the comet of 371 B.C. occupied one-third of the hemisphere, or 60 degrees. That of 1618 had a tail extending 104 degrees. That of 1680 Newton calculated to be 163 million miles. That of the great comet of 1769 was 48 million miles; and that of 1811 was 108 million miles long, and 15 millions broad. All comets, however, do not have tails, while some comets have several tails; thus that of 1744 had six tails, nearly 30 degrees long.

We now leave the consideration of our solar system, to take a glimpse of the vast expanse beyond, from whence our whole system appears no bigger than a point, and of such insignificance that its total destruction would not be noticed amidst the countless host that lie around.

The *Fixed Stars* are divided into various classes or orders, according to their respective apparent diameters. There are six classes or degrees of magnitude visible to the naked eye. Those which appear the largest and brightest are said to be of the first magnitude; those next to them in lustre and size are of the second; and so on to the sixth. Those that cannot be seen by the naked eye are called telescopic stars, and are said to be of the seventh, eighth, and ninth magnitudes, according to their appearance.

The nearest may be computed at 32 millions of miles' distance, which is further than a cannon ball would fly in seven millions of years. If our sun were seen from such a distance, it would not appear as big as a star of the first magnitude.

It is impossible that these bodies could receive and reflect, through such an immense distance, sufficient light to render them visible, wherefore they do not

shine by reflection as the planets, but by their own light. As we have much more light from the moon than from all the stars together, it is the greatest absurdity to imagine that the stars were made for no other purpose than to cast a faint light upon the earth, especially since there are so many stars which can only be seen by a telescope. From all this it is highly probable that each star is a sun to a system of worlds moving round it, though unseen by us.

The number of the stars visible to the naked eye is said to be as follows:—20 of the first magnitude, 65 of the second, 206 of the third, 486 of the fourth, 652 of the fifth, and 1424 of the sixth; making in the whole 2833. By the aid of telescopes, however, myriads of stars are seen which before were invisible.

De la Lande formed a catalogue of more than 50,000 stars: 188 have been counted in the pleiades, though there are only six seen by the naked eye. Many stars which appear single are discovered by the telescope to consist of two or more, and hence denominated double, triple, quadruple, and multiple stars. Mr. Whewell says there are 3000 and more double stars discovered already. There are about 100 constellations distributed over the heavens, and the stars in them are marked by the letters of the Greek and Roman alphabets, and by numerals. Besides the double and multiple stars, there are *binary* stars, which revolve round each other; *periodic* stars, which have a periodical increase and decrease of lustre; and *coloured* stars, where double stars partake of two different colours. This arises often by contrast; for if the brighter star is crimson, the other will assume a green appearance; if the brighter

star appear yellow, the other will assume a blueish tint. The former instance is exhibited by γ , Andromedæ; the latter by ν , Caneri. Some stars are continually moving in a straight line, as μ , Capiopeiæ; some as β , in Cæti, are constantly increasing in splendour; and others, as δ , Ursæ, as constantly diminishing. Several stars recorded by ancient astronomers are not now seen, while we see others not noticed in ancient catalogues.

Sir W. Herschell states our system to be in the centre of the Galaxy, or 'milky way,' which is an immense nebula of fixed stars. Of what extent must it be, if each star is as remote from its nearest as our sun appears to be. He also supposes that the starry firmament, instead of being scattered through indefinite space, may form a stratum, whose thickness is small in comparison to its length and breadth, and to resemble a narrow letter Y, in the centre of which is the Galaxy or milky way.

Besides those mentioned, there are also 'nebulæ' and 'globular clusters.' The latter sometimes consist of 10 or 20 thousand stars at least, compacted and wedged together in a round space. Nebulæ, according to Dr. Herschell, may consist of a self-luminous fluid, distributed through space in immense quantities, and that its various appearances may be caused by the various degrees of solidity it may have acquired through gravitation and rotation, until at length it forms either a comet or planet; or, being still further condensed, becomes a self-luminous star.

We have thus taken a slight view of the 'heavenly host,' which we find to consist of such an inconceivable number of suns, systems, and worlds, that we

find ourselves lost in the contemplation of the wonderful works of God. If, therefore, our solar system, as we before considered, with all its planets, &c. were annihilated, it would scarcely be a sensible blank in the universe. We may conclude, from what has been already stated; that the planets of our system, together with their satellites, are of nearly the same nature as our earth, and consequently inhabited. For they all have regular returns of seasons, and of day and night. Such of the planets, also, as are furthest removed from the sun, have satellites to revolve round and enlighten them; thus compensating for his diminution of light and heat. It is remarkable, that of all the bodies, that which we would naturally consider least habitable, viz. the sun, has been thought to be so by astronomers; while the moon, which we might consider most habitable, is thought to be the least so. This arises from her possessing little or no atmosphere or water. Still we must consider, that though we might not be able to reside in the globes of the sun, planets, &c., yet beings may be created by God, to whom they shall be perfectly adapted. We may therefore suppose, either that the creatures are made of a nature to inhabit these bodies, or that these bodies are suited and calculated for the residence of such creatures.

We will now conclude with a few remarks taken from the sacred writers and eminent divines.¹

They who view these ‘wonders of creation,’ with-

¹ *Tully*, the Roman philosopher, remarked, in his *De Nat. Deorum*, ‘Shall we, when we see an artificial engine, a sphere, a dial, for instance, acknowledge, at first sight, that it is the work of art and understanding; and yet when we behold the heavens, make any doubt that these are performances not only of reason, but of a most excellent and divine reason?’

out ascribing glory to their Author, we may divide into two classes—those to whom these wonders of creation, as well as, we fear, God's tender appeals to mercy are totally lost; "who have eyes and see not," and "whose God is their belly." To these we would address the words of Elihu: "Remember that thou magnify his work, which men behold. Every man may see it, man may behold it afar off." Job xxxv. 24, 25.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion." Psalm cxi. 4—6.

But with regard to those who study day and night to fill their minds with all knowledge, and become conversant with all the works of creation, without reflecting at all on their great Creator; we may truly say, 'An undevout astronomer is mad.' St. Paul says, in his epistle to the Romans, (i. 20—22.) "For the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse. Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened: professing themselves wise, they become fools."

Thus then we see that it is not sufficient to admire God's works, but we must also "look to the Maker thereof." Isaiah xxii. 11.

Dr. Waterland observes that 'the works of creation are the favourite topic which God is pleased to

'Twas mine, through days yet brighter,
The joyous years of youth,
When never had affliction
Bowed down mine ear to truth.

'Twas mine, when deep devotion
Hung breathless on each line
Of pardon, peace, and promise,
Till I could call it mine ;
Till o'er my soul's awakening,
The gift of heavenly love,
The Spirit of adoption,
Descended from above.

Unmarked, unhelped, unheeded,
In heart, I walked alone ;
Unknown, the prayers I uttered,
The hopes I held unknown :
'Till, in the hour of trial,
Uprose the mighty train,
With strength and succour laden,
To bear the weight of pain.

Then, oh ! I fain would leave thee,
For now mine hours are few,
The hidden mine of treasure,
Whence all my strength I drew ;
Take thou the gift, my mother !
And, 'till thy path is trod,
Thy child's last token, cherish,
It is the book of God !

M. A. S. BARBER.

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

No. VII.

BABEL.—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE already touched upon the grand overthrow at Babel, when speaking of the war of the Titans ; but there are some points concerning it, upon which we could not then fully enter, and which I am anxious to lay before my readers.

The learned and ingenious Bryant has laboured indefatigably to prove that the whole legend of the Titans and giants applies solely to this important event ; but in this view I cannot agree, for reasons already stated. There are, however, one or two parts of the story which evidently relate to Babel ; and more especially the piling up of the mountains by the giants. “ Ossa upon Pelion,” does certainly seem to allude to the raising, one upon another, of the eight huge piles of masonry, which Herodotus states to have composed the tower of Babel ; a structure whose height varies, in different authors, from *four miles to five thousand*.

It will be observed that this accumulation of mountains, by the giants, is not prepared as an escape from the fury of a deluge, or as a defence from the burning bolts with which the rebels were

punished, but it is a wanton attempt to scale heaven, in order to attack the gods. It seems therefore to allude to a different period from either the celestial revolt or the great flood, and that can be no other than the catastrophe at Babel ; where the grand drama was opened by man's presumptuous confederation to build a tower and city, and to defy the Divine purpose of spreading far and wide over the various countries of the earth.

I am far, however, from insisting upon the relation of the gigantic war to the defeat at Babel, with that confidence which I feel bound to express as to the connexion between the slain gods and the promised Messiah, or that between the deluges of different lands and the great "flood of waters" in the days of Noah. And this more especially, because I think we have no proper warrant for applying the final destruction and punishment of the rebels to the Babelites in any way. We have before seen that the lightnings and thunders of Jove are most probably drawn from the flaming artillery of heaven, employed, or universally supposed to have been employed, against Satan and his rebellious crew ; and the final punishment in Tartarus, and "earth's deepest recess," is totally inapplicable to the multitude at Babel ; for we are told in scripture, that "they left off to build the city," being "scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth," not destroyed, nor imprisoned within it.

In fact, the overthrow of these impious and heaven-confounded men seems to have been a grand moral spectacle, not a physical, and far less an atmospheric one. Poets, painters, and tradition-makers have enriched the scene with thunderbolts,

“tempestuous winds,” and flames of fire; but the inspired narrative in Genesis ix. mentions none of these. It says, in a style of grand and severe simplicity, which man in vain attempts to improve, with his own additions of earthquakes, whirlwinds, and crashing ruins, that “the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded,” that he there “confounded their lip,” (often rendered language,) and that “they were scattered abroad from thence over the face of the whole earth,” and “left off to build the city.”

The exact means by which this miraculous dispersion was effected have been variously stated by ancient and modern authors; but as the scripture is here silent, while we have no distinct tradition of the event which can supply the deficiency, I will offer no elucidation of the point, and shall here close the series of scriptural doctrines and facts which are supported by Pagan mythology.

We have examined a sufficient number of antiquity's religions to prove that the grand outline, or rather the general features of each, are the same. We may sum them up as follows. Every nation believed in an eternal, omnipotent, creative God, who made the universe by his power, and from whom the other deities were emanations in various ways; that three among these deities sustained a close relationship to each other, the first being another name for the great first cause, the second a personification of divine wisdom, almost always in a female form, and the third being the son of the first, a divine hero, and usually the destroyer of a dragon or serpent, who descended into hell, and was himself slain, though victorious; or if the first of the trinity were

the slain deity, this third member of it was a resurrection of him; while other gods or godmen performed any parts of this character which might be omitted in the actions of this third deity, so that the whole was completed, as to the various exploits, though they might be achieved under different names: farther, that they believed in the rebellion, defeat, and subterraneous imprisonment of certain super-human intelligences, who had revolted from under the divine authority, a defeat in which all the inmates of heaven took part, but which was chiefly accomplished by the thunderbolts of the supreme god; that they believed in a former happy, virtuous, and deathless state of the world, under the government of the superior deity himself, which was terminated by the appearance or revolt of the evil principle; that this happy state was to be restored to earth by the sufferings, conflicts, and resurrection of the divine hero; that they believed (and that all heathen nations to this day do believe) in a great flood of waters, sent from heaven to punish man's wickedness, which swept over the whole world, and drowned all its inhabitants, excepting two or more, who, divinely warned, escaped with animals and food, in a boat or vessel, or on the top of a mountain; and finally, that there are some traces of their recording a great overthrow of impious giants, when they attempted to scale the walls of heaven, by piling mountains on each other.

I will ask any candid reader to cast an impartial glance at this system of theology, which I have proved, at length, to be tolerably complete in the Egyptian, Persian, Indian, Scandinavian, Greek, and other systems of religion; and I shall have no

fear in asking him, or her, whether it is not a clear and undeniable testimony, not only to the traditional origin of Pagan mythology, but reflectively to the truth of revelation.

If we find whole nations, in the days of the Pharaohs, Zoroaster, or Hesiod, believing, as past facts, those events and prophecies which the infidelity of our own and past days would reject as modern inventions, or fables of an interested priesthood, 'what shall we say to these things?' Surely we can say no other than that the scriptural word is not only witnessed as truth by the divine authority which inspired it, but that the very heathen who rejected, or were ignorant of it, as a written revelation, have all unconsciously borne the fullest and most unquestionable testimony to its declared truths, of a self-existing omnipotent Creator—the divine trinity in unity—the fall of the angels—the garden of Eden—the promise of a divine Redeemer—and that avenging flood of God's indignation which swept from the burdened earth at once the sins and the existence of its first dwellers.

X. Q.



IT is impossible that human nature can ever be above the need of Christianity. And if ever man has for a time fancied that he could do without it, it has soon appeared to him clothed in new youth and vigour, as the only cure for the human soul; and the degenerate nations have returned with new ardour to those ancient, simple, and powerful truths, which in the hour of their infatuation they despised.—*D'Aubigné*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

No. IV.

A PARISH HISTORY.

A BRIGHT newly-risen, or I might say, more properly, just rising sun, would probably have drawn me towards the cottage which was now the habitation of sorrow; (the word cottage, I must acknowledge, is not exactly Irish, but that of cabin does not seem to convey the idea appropriate to the abode of Kate Conolly.) I had however, as my friends said, unfortunately acquired English ways, and I feared to be thought intrusive. I had sometimes passed that road before the sun was high: for I was an early riser, and here rejoiced in the magnificence of mountains in the wildest part of wild Ireland, alone and fearless at the hour of four in the morning, when the grey clouds, sluggishly creeping up their sides, were whitening beneath the action of the king of day, and curling into distorted and fantastic shapes, seemed loth to depart from their beds below till he was up in his brightness,

‘ Laughing away the clouds as if in scorn,
And smiling as if earth contained no tomb.’

But to descend from this sublimity. I had sometimes, too, in my morning rambles, in very different scenery and circumstances, passed by Widow Con-

nolly's house and listened, unobserved, to the clear, happy voice of her grand-daughter, as she warbled some sweet melody of her country from the shed where she sat milking the cow, which was the old woman's pride, and might, if she were a good girl, be her own portion. Kate, like myself, was an early riser in her youth, and perhaps had joined me in a complaint against sleep, which I have known few in these sober times to utter,—that it robs us of the sensation of happiness—but the happiness we spoke of—that mild, delicious happiness, which early youth alone can possess—in our cases, sprung from the earth and to earth returned again.

At breakfast we found Nanny suffering from a violent head-ache; one of those complaints which, like the tooth-ache, sufferers are not sufficiently pitied for; I have generally some prescription ready to offer, and at present I prescribed my own remedy,—perfect seclusion in the most retired corner of the house; and finding there was now a plea for visiting Kate sufficient even for English reserve to act on, I proceeded to see her after breakfast.

The door stood open; and not receiving any answer to my tap at it, I stepped in. Although the day was very warm, the old widow was bent over the embers in the front of the wide hearth; her arms folded on her knees, and her body resting on them; beside her, on a low stool, was seated the man, to whom I already felt a strong aversion, O'Toole. Though neither of them appeared to notice my entrance, I felt assured they were quite conscious of it, and the speech which was intended to look like the continuation of a former dialogue, was in fact made purposely on my account.

‘True for you,’ she said, ‘it was just for that he did it, the Orange villain.’

Her companion either not understanding her object, or not caring to further it, abruptly looked round to me, and in consequence she too was obliged to notice my presence; and when I inquired for Kate, she sullenly pointed to a door, telling me she was ‘in there in the bed.’ I was not surprised at the intelligence, and soon saw the poor girl, looking very pale, but her eyes had a bright and excited look, which was not in accordance with her pallid complexion.

On seeing me, she stared for a moment as in utter surprise, and then looked away with a pained expression, saying only,

‘Is it *you*, ma’am?’

I made the answer which may be supposed appropriate to such an inquiry, the tone of which was strongly expressive of disappointment.

‘Oh! no, ma’am,’ Kate said in reply, ‘only if Miss Nanny had stepped over, or the minister himself, it would have been more natural like.’

I accounted for the former, but before I could say anything of the latter his stately figure passed the window.

Bending at the threshold he uncovered his head on entering it with the same air of grace and dignity as if he stepped into the presence of his bishop. The old woman rose and saluted him with a civility she had not shewn to me, but the man surlily kept his seat.

‘Can I see Kate, Mrs. Conolly?’ said the rector.

‘She is in the bed there, sir.’

‘Ill?’

‘Bad entirely.’

‘Dear! poor creature; I must not see her then, I suppose?’ he added, knowing that a visit to the sick, under any circumstances, is often an alleged interference with the priest’s prerogative.

‘Oh yes! yes!’ cried a weak voice from the inner room, ‘Please come in, sir; will you make him come in, ma’am?’

The rector immediately entered Kate’s room, from which, as I guessed she would prefer some private conversation, I withdrew. I stepped in the outer room, and the old woman, not deigning to notice me, threw back her stool to the wall, and re-seating herself went on as formerly.

‘Yes, yes—that was just it: it wasn’t the jealousy all out, so much as the religion he was against—the black-hearted creature—if poor Pat Delany hadn’t been of the true faith he might be alive to-day; but he is the blessed martyr now—the heavens be his bed!’

‘Well, Mrs. Conolly,’ said the man at the fire, ‘there is no use in talking of it now.’

‘No use, is it? ah, then, it’s likely I’ll let it be no use! I’ll talk of it, and talk of it, till I rise the country on the head of it! No use then,—we’ll see that! if there is law or justice to be had, the man that killed Pat Delany will be hung for it before this day three months comes round again.’

O’Toole rose up, and though she called to him he was gone in a moment. Feeling for the unhappy girl who was doomed to hear such speeches, for the apartments were scarcely divided, I said that she was very unwell, and ought not to have her mind disturbed.

‘Oh! then it’s she that has the distracted mind

this day, and it's she that is the unlucky girl entirely.' The old woman cried in an angry, more than sorrowful tone; and then lowering it, so as not to be at least distinctly heard in the next room, she added, 'A weary day it was for her and me that brought us among the black Protestants of the north.'

'Well, Mrs. Conolly, times of sorrow should soften all hearts, and remove these bitter feelings; death has been among us, and we should all be prepared for it; it is awful to enter on eternity unprepared.'

'I tell you what it is, ma'am,' she interrupted, in a very angry but suppressed voice, 'we are not of your way, and it's no good to come interloping among us; it's like we'd be kind and friendly ever and out to the minister and Miss Nanny, seeing they are fosterers; but that's no reason we'd be so with foreigners—it's all along of the English, and of them over there in Parlyment that we are the ruined people this day.'

Though I could scarcely help being amused at this sally, I saw it so utterly useless to talk to a person of this kind, that merely expressing a hope that her grand-daughter would be better and kept quiet, I went out and proceeded on my walk, marvelling how such a woman could be related to Kate Conolly.

Well, I must not make my story *too* long. The time of John Tennisson's trial drew on; it was one of almost absorbing interest at the rectory. On the morning it took place, the rector and Mr. Hastings mounted their horses at an early hour, to attend it; three or four hours earlier Kate Conolly rose for the same purpose, from a sleepless bed, and looking very unequal to such an expedition, opened the little casement and commenced the task of dressing; bowed down by sorrow

—sorrow that lies so witheringly on a young, untried spirit—it was not accomplished with the happy carelessness of former days, when her lark-like voice breathed out its gratulation to the glorious sun, looking up from the hill that fronted her house. Pale, sighing, trembling, and endeavouring to pray, the poor girl performed it, and turning a sickening eye from the little looking glass which perhaps had not always been so disregarded, she was stepping from the door when a neighbour, with whom she had from infancy been a special favourite, came up: this woman had suspected her intention, and arisen herself on that account, but she met her now with all those expressions of surprise which are common in cases where no surprise is felt.

‘Musha, then, Kate, agra! is this yourself? and what is it you are doing up at this hour, aroon! and you that kept the bed so long?’

‘Don’t you know, Peggy, that John is to be tried to-day, or did you forget it?’ asked Kate reproachfully.

‘Then it’s not myself could be after forgetting it, Kate dear, and he almost all one as yourself. But be advised by me for all that, and stay at home, astore, quiet and easy. Sure, your going can’t make one bit for or against him.’

‘I know that, Peggy, but I’ll go for all that, just to hear what he’ll say for himself.’

‘Ah, then, avick machree! what good will it do you if he speaks as fine as the parson himself, God bless him, if they hang him after all? And to be sure they’ll do that—the blood-thirsty villains!’ But

¹ I believe that under any circumstances few of the *real* Irish would allow that a person was *justly* condemned or executed. •

you'll hear the last of it yourself the very first, and that will be some satisfaction anyhow.'

'It won't be any satisfaction to me, Peggy,' said poor Kate, which again aroused Peggy Morrow's compassion.

'Ah, then, isn't it the unlucky that Rob is away with the cart since yester morn, carting hay for the squire, or sure it's not walking your lone you'd be.'

'I'm obliged to you, Peggy, but I don't mean to, walk all the way; one of the neighbours from'—— Kate seemed unable to articulate the name of the farm—preparations for taking possession of which had been the cause of all her misery; and she reiterated, 'One of the neighbours is going part of the road and will give me a lift.'

The rector had taken great pains to make out any circumstance which might appear in Tannisson's favour, but without success. One circumstance which in the confusion of his mind he seemed to have forgotten, he mentioned the day before his trial, which was, that after he parted from Delany he was joined by a man on horseback, who he believed was a priest, and who accompanied him nearly all the way to the village where he went. He could, however, give no description of the person, nor did he know whence he came; but he had had a good deal of conversation with him, had told him the business he was going about; but he had turned off by another road before they reached the village, and no clue could be obtained to find who he was.

Irish juries were not exactly constituted as they now in many instances are; but though political opinions might not have influenced the minds of the jury against Tannisson, the case was strongly made

out against him, and the known rancour which subsisted between the two parties to which the victim and the accused belonged, made it appear a not improbable occurrence.

Witnesses innumerable were ready to swear against him, and though the evidently vindictive feeling of the principal of these, O'Toole, operated rather as a caution in the reception of his testimony, it was not so with that of the people of the house, who proved the quarrel that had taken place, and the seemingly revengeful threats of the prisoner; and of others who saw them leave the town together, and proved the return of O'Toole, leaving them alone. It was to this house that the latter had returned with the tidings of Delany's death, and they naturally inquired instantly for his companion, on which a general exclamation was uttered that he was the murderer.

From the manner in which the body was found, it appeared that the death of the unhappy man had been caused by a sudden and unexpected blow: there was no appearance of any scuffle about the ground, which was moist from recent rain; a large discoloured mark on one temple had been left by the fatal blow, which was given by a heavy instrument. The body had been lifted from the spot where it fell, and dropped again nearly in the same place.

The prisoner had nothing to say in his defence, but persisted in a strenuous denial of the crime. After a long examination the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge, with evident emotion, pronounced sentence of death. The prisoner was deadly pale, but, before leaving the bar, summoned fortitude

to say, 'Gentlemen, you have done what you believe to be your duty, but I am innocent of the crime for which you condemn me.'

Painful though it must be to a feeling mind to hear such words, they are too common in Ireland, and indeed elsewhere, to produce any conviction of their truth; but though the opinion of others was not affected by them, a feeble voice with an affecting tone of gladness responded to them from among the court below—'My blessing on you, John Tennisson, for that saying.'

The prisoner grew still paler, and leaned nearly fainting against the rails, as his removal was protracted in consequence. The girl who had caused the emotion made her way towards him, while some water was procuring; she was herself in a state of excitement which gave her almost the appearance of insanity. Addressing the prisoner, she cried—'It's over, John; and now we'll both die easier than them that brings us to the grave. Brian O'Toole has a black heart this day: but no matter—there's a God in heaven still.'

'Don't spake so, Kate, don't spake so, dear,' said the poor man much agitated. 'God bless you, Kate, and He will.'

'John,' said the girl, 'they'll let me see you maybe once more; but no matter whether or no, we won't be long parted; I'll soon be after you—perhaps before you. It lightens my heart to think that: the weight isn't half so great here then.' She pressed her hand on her heart as she spoke, and then on her head. 'Nor here either; that wild bad pain, that is like burning fire in my head by day and night, sleeping or waking, it isn't half so bad, when I think that

the grass won't be green over you till the sod is over me.'

'Go home, go home,' cried the prisoner, as he was moved onward. 'God in heaven bless you; and some of you take her home. Kate, mavourneen, go home, and pray for me and for yourself.'

I never saw Nanny absolutely listless until this day; she wandered from one trifling occupation to another, and the extent of her walks was comprised within the space that existed between the French clock on the chimney-piece, and the window that afforded a view of the road looking to the town.

Late in the evening the rector with his guest returned, and entered the room with their hats on their heads and their whips in their hands: their appearance alone conveyed the nature of the tidings they had to give. The former was really unwell, and, after swallowing a glass of wine, was obliged to confess himself so, and to retire to his room, where, shortly after, his daughter was admitted to sit; and, in the absence of more pleasing companions, Mr. Hastings detailed the account of the trial which I have already given, with the addition that, after its termination, the rector, in compliance with the request of the condemned man, had sought for Kate, in order to see her conveyed home, but was informed that she had herself instantly done as he had wished, and proceeded on her way homewards by a shorter road.

A glimpse of our good rector became now a rarity, and, like other rare things, was more prized. We looked forward to his return from his daily visit to the county jail with greater interest than ladies doomed to the monotony of a retired country life

might feel, in anticipation of a circumstance which brought them the news of a borough town. Small, however, was the portion of news conveyed to us by these visits; one object caused them, and that one object monopolized the attention of him who made them. The condemned man was almost all he saw, all he thought of; the desire of leading him, now when the hopes of this life had given way, to entertain one sure and steadfast of the life to come, was the single one that seemed to engage his mind respecting him. This hope he cherished, in this he laboured, for the accomplishment of this he prayed—‘May he know Thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent,’ was the prayer which, even in the family, he almost constantly offered for poor Tannisson. When life was limited to a *certain day*, he thought all other engagements less imperative; that day—an awful one, even in an indifferent case to hear of—was rapidly approaching, when a fine setting sun induced me to ramble further than usual down a retired road, which, though it led to the town in question, was not much used by those who went there.

It was just the evening, and the hour of evening, which might fill the mind with soft, and pleasing, and saddening thoughts—just the evening and the hour, when the brightest and saddest periods of our existence flit around us, like prospects distance has mellowed.

Life is nearly made up of recollection and anticipation; but on such an evening and such an hour we live in the past more than in the future.

This would be a fair opportunity for introducing a fine description of setting suns and beautiful skies—of glowing scenery, and all of nature’s richness or

softness of beauty; to sketch a panoramic view, in which may be congregated all that is great and fair,

‘ In earth, or sea, or sky.’

but I must then be the creator of such loveliness, for none such was around the glebe. Yet when the sun was shining over the sides of the far-off hills, and brightening the large dismal lough with its flat, boggy, unplanted banks in front, and its mountainous screen behind—when the same sun, too, shone on the patches of green and secluded little dells, with their young scattered plantations of tall seedling ash and silver-stemmed birch, the feathery larch and dark proud-looking pine—then it altogether looked well enough, at least to well-accustomed eyes.

What an almost unequalled portrait of nature does ‘The Deserted Village’ convey. It never is tiresome by being well known, because it is natural. It presents itself, as it were, familiarly to the mind, when we seem to see and hear all the poet did. This evening I could not say,

‘ Sweet were the sounds when oft at evening’s close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose,’

for village there was none to send its murmur; but still my ear lacked not sounds which pleased it, because they were familiar to it in life’s young glowing morn—because they were associated with fresh and vigorous and joyous feelings. Oh! I pity those who cannot look back to a happy childhood—to the free unfettered day-spring of youth—dull schools, and weary lessons, and too early imposed griefs: there have been *some* who knew none of these. Life brings enough to vex one, and the world proves it may be the severest schoolmistress. Ah! it were

surely well to be more prepared for her lessons; yet it is *so* sweet to look back to some wild; joyous years, when we dreamed not that its smile or frown could be aught but indifferent to us. These sounds of evening's close were sweet, because they led me back to other scenes and years, and made my heart feel young again. There was the distant whistle of the labourer, and the sweeter whistle of the black-bird in the hedge; the merry voice of the corn-crake in the long grass—I love that discordant voice—and the soft sweet fall of the robin's plaintive song; the distant bark of dogs, and the mellowed sound of children's voices—a motley chorus it was—and another sound was shortly added, the sound of horses' feet.

I looked on, and saw the rector approaching me. The good man was riding very slowly; one hand was in his side; his head was turned away towards a chain of the hills, where the sun was setting. Cold indeed our sunsets are, but this was at least comparatively rich. I remarked his countenance as he came on, to be fuller than usual with serene and saddened composure. It reflected the complexion of his mind. He was passing me without observation: when I spoke he stopped, alighted, and led his horse, while we walked together on to the glebe.

‘Look,’ he said, pointing his whip to the west, ‘that beautiful sunset must be my apology for failing to notice a lady’s appearance, rare as it is on our country roads.’

‘If I am not mistaken,’ I replied, ‘there were some connecting thoughts in your mind between that sunset and a remoter object; you were not wholly engaged in gazing on *material* beauty.’

‘ Well, I believe you have got true discernment,’ he said, with a smile that had something of sadness in it. ‘ And what do you think was the connexion?’

‘ My discernment could never make out that.’

‘ The most seemingly inappropriate one—a condemned cell.’

The words fell on my ear like the death-peal amid sounds of revelry : all around us was life, and light, and joyousness, and the contrast brought to the mind was gloom, despair, death.

‘ When I came along here this morning,’ he continued, ‘ those hills were shrouded in fog, the clouds that had not dispersed after the night’s rain rested heavily on them ; now how bright, how clear they look ; the change reminded me of the prophecy—
“ At evening-time it shall be light.”’

I looked in his face, in expectation of more.

‘ I was drawing a comparison, in my own mind, between the scene I had left and that.’

‘ A contrast, you mean.’

‘ No, indeed, a comparison.’

‘ How? do you mean to say your doubts as to poor Tennyson are cleared up, and that he dies the death of the righteous?’

‘ I trust he will do so. I do not wish generally to express a conviction of his innocence, because it might have a bad effect on the poor people here, who are always prone to say every culprit is sacrificed unjustly. A Christian dare not to cover his sin, and could not deny guilt, and I do trust that poor John is now made such.’

‘ You had always a good opinion of him.’

‘ Yes, as an upright, well-meaning young man, intelligent and industrious above most others ; but

now,' he added, after a pause, and with a solemn look, 'like yon sun on the mists of night, I trust the Sun of Righteousness has arisen on his soul, and shone through nature's darkness; and the language of his heart, even from a condemned cell, is—He was made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in him.'

I have seldom seen anything of more elevated holiness, anything more like to the expression of a pure spirit joying over a sinner that repenteth, than was that of the rector's countenance in saying these words.

'I said to Tennyson,' he resumed, as the tone of his mind gradually lowered, 'that the ways of God are sometimes inexplicable; that in his case they appeared so, and that we must rest in submission to his will until that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.'

'There is, sir, a mystery in them as regards me,' he answered; 'but I should wish to believe that the end to be effected is the salvation of my soul.'

We walked on some minutes in silence, each occupied in reflection. The subject of mine was soon made apparent, by such enquiries as these—Why do the innocent suffer?—why are they happy who deal treacherously?—why does the unrighteous cause prevail? and why do slanders, and calumnies, and wrongs disturb the peace of the peaceable?

'My dear, fretful friend,' said the good man, 'the Atheist argues from the existence of moral evil the non-existence of God. By suffering a weak, unsteady mind to run into such a channel as yours has just now taken, man becomes that most unhappy of beings, a sceptic; nay, man would fathom the coun-

sels of Omnipotence. Because the prince of the power of the air appears evidently as the spirit that ruleth in this world, he disbelieves that he who ruleth on high is mightier. Because the righteous suffer and the wicked prosper, he forgets that this disordered life is but an atom detached as it were from the eternity of man's existence; that if the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they may be cut off for ever; that a day is coming when the earth shall be judged in righteousness, and every one receive according to that he hath done.'

As he concluded, we stood on the steps of the hall-door: Nanny was there waiting for us: she received the intimation of the prisoner's state of mind with greater emotion than I expected. She hid her face on her father's neck and wept. Simple-minded and happy girl! even from her birth trained in the paths of piety and peace, she found them ways of pleasantness, and joyed that others should walk therein. This world, peaceful and happy as it was to her, was regarded merely as the way to a better; and her heart, glowing with all the fresh, warm feelings of nature and youth, softened and sanctified by grace, overflowed with deep and grateful emotion to learn that there was hope for a soul drawing so near to that eternity, with constant reference to which she was taught to live.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

ABIGAIL.

No. II.

WHEN the tribes of Israel, wearied with their long wanderings of forty years in the wilderness, entered into that rest which Joshua gave, a rich and fruitful inheritance was reserved for the believing Caleb and for his seed after him; and it is in accordance with the declarations of the divine word, that we find one of his descendants long afterwards "living in prosperity:" for "a good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children. His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed: wealth and riches shall be in his house; his horn shall be exalted with honour." Among the individuals of a tribe celebrated for its pastoral wealth, few could boast of larger possessions than Nabal, the unworthy scion of a worthy stock. This man is introduced to our notice, at a time when the rudest and most ungracious of the sons of men usually appear to advantage; at a time of feasting and jollity, when the fulness of earthly good disposes to self-complacency, and by consequence to a display of good humour towards others; for they who own not the discipline of principle are ever the changelings of temperament, and in the day of merriment even fools can be courteous.

The herdsmen of Caleb were shearing his three

thousand sheep in Carmel, and a feast was held in his house "like the feast of a king." There was at this time, while Nabal was receiving his good things, an individual of his own tribe in utter destitution; driven away from the fields of his paternal inheritance, and from the duties of his calling, and forced to wander whithersoever he could find shelter for his head or food for his hunger. At the head of a tumultuous and lawless band, whose hearts, embittered by misery, had turned to gall within them, David had been enabled so far to influence his followers, that they had respected in their need the property of the rich descendant of the line of Judah; while, at the same time, the presence of this troop in his neighbourhood had served to defend Nabal from the predatory attacks of other nomade bands. Conscious that Nabal could not be ignorant either of the services he had rendered to him, or of his own urgent need, David sent messengers to remind him of these things, and to offer, by the contrast of his own indigent circumstances, an additional claim to the rich man's bounty. The nature of David's request was as reasonable as it was humble. He did not ask to participate in the delicacies provided for Nabal's household: he did not ask the unusual luxury of the slaughtered flesh, with which his servants were about to be regaled. He did not stipulate, but was content to receive the crumbs of Nabal's bounty in what way soever he should think proper to dispense them. "Say to him that liveth in prosperity, Give, I pray thee, whatsoever cometh to thine hand to thy son David." Had the love of God dwelt in Nabal's heart, he could not have borne to see a brother, a kinsman, hungry and destitute, and suffer him to go

away from his home of plenty unfilled : but this iron-hearted man, not content with the denial of David's request, added to his refusal words of contempt and mockery, reproaching David with the baseness of his condition, as though his own choice, and not the providential appointment of God, had made him an outcast and a runaway ; thus adding to the severe privations of his poverty the woundings of contempt and derision.

The spirit of Nabal is still rife amongst us, and his temper and conduct that of multitudes at the present hour. Riches increase, and their hearts are set upon them, and upon the luxurious and sensual gratifications which follow in the train of wealth. They are at ease in the land, and dwell safely, unmindful that the very security of their much-loved possessions, arises from their proximity to a poor and despised company, the subjects of a prince whose sovereignty is yet in abeyance, but of whose future universal sway the sure word of prophecy hath distinctly spoken. Not many great, not many noble make common cause with the Son of David, but like the fugitives in the cave of Adullam, the needy and the outcast form, for the most part, the subjects of his rule (1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2). There is the spiritual debtor on whom the law's just claims pressed heavily, and who, when he had nothing to pay, fled to the stronghold for refuge. There is the mourner for sin, who could find no other hand skilful enough to heal the broken-hearted : and there are the children of sorrow, whose days were embittered by affliction, and who, when constrained to confess themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth, turned to seek a better country. These, and such as these, alone are content to follow the foot-

steps of Him whose kingdom "cometh not with observation," but whom they one day hope to behold reigning triumphantly in Jerusalem. This little band, though still abiding in the wilderness, is continually augmenting in numbers and strength. Meantime no visible miracle sustains them; no dew of heaven falls around their encampments, bestrewing the arid soil with radiant pearl-drops, and ministering to mortal need the food of angels. No rock is smitten to supply their thirst; but their own hands must minister to their necessities, or they must be content to receive at the hands of strangers "such things as are given." But when supplication is made at the rich man's threshold by the messengers of the Son of David, "Give, I pray thee, to the captain of our host and to his servants, that his cause may prosper, and his kingdom come"—do they not often meet with denial, and with upbraiding also? "Shall I then take my silver and my gold, and give it to men whom I know not whence they be? Shall I subtract from my luxury to forward the wild designs of those who base their hopes on the vague uncertain declarations of ambiguous prophecies; who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and lavish a mine of wealth on a vain and fruitless chimera?" And so the rich man wraps himself in his raiment of purple, and sits down to fare luxuriously every day, leaving the cause of the Son of David to struggle on as best it may, unfostered by that mammon of unrighteousness which might well have befriended it. What matters it to him, that there are multitudes in the world's wide territory whose feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and who, looking to the land of light, eagerly exclaim, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps

are gone out." What matters it to him that there are millions perishing for lack of food, while he has enough and to spare of the bread of life, nay, while in indolent unconcern he neither gives God thanks for it himself, nor doles it out to the hungry. When the Saviour dwelt upon earth, and went about from city to city with the men of his counsel, who had "left houses, and brethren, and sisters, and father and mother," that they might proclaim the gospel of the kingdom; it is recorded of "*certain women*," (and some of them of no mean degree,) "that they ministered to him of their substance." And wherewith would the warriors of the cross at this day, who go forth to the help of the mighty in dark and desolate places, in the waste howling wilderness, and in the wild uncultured districts of the earth, find supply for their exigencies, did not God open the heart of many an Abigail, to bring with willing speed the offering that a churlish Nabal would withhold? Yes! it is gratifying to know, that like the wise-hearted women of old, "whose heart stirred them up in wisdom," the daughters of the Christian church have ever been foremost to offer for the service of the sanctuary; giving alms of such things as they have, and bringing down the divine blessing upon themselves and their household. "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints and do minister. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work, being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth thanksgiving to God. For the administra-

tion of this service, not only supplieth the wants of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God."

"So David's young men turned and went their way, and came and told him all these sayings." The heart of David swelled high within him at the unjust and contemptuous treatment he had received. He felt the wrong done him, and felt too that he had power to avenge it: he summoned four hundred of his followers around him, and called upon his Maker to witness that the blood of Nabal and his household should pay the forfeit of his scorn and covetousness before the dawning of another day.

"And is this thy voice" David? Is this the man who when false witnesses laid to his charge things that he knew not, and heaped upon him reproach for the sake of the God of Israel, humbled his soul with fasting, and prayed for those that despitefully used him, and persecuted him, as though it had been for a friend or a brother? How was it that he who had trodden the slippery paths of honour and did not slide; whose feet never stumbled while he walked the dark valley of affliction, should, after all, hurt his foot against a stone in the way—an obstacle so small and unperceived, that one moment he thought within himself he stood, and the next was laid prostrate? It was the very meanness of the injury done him which exasperated the more the generous and elevated soul of David. He had been driven out "from the inheritance of God," by the king whom he had faithfully served; he had been forcibly separated from the wife whom he had valourously won, and from the friend whose love to him "was wonderful, passing the love of women;" he had been hunted

“as a partridge in the mountains;” had seen all who favoured his cause fall victims to the persecuting hate of Saul; and yet he possessed his soul in peace; and no deed of retaliative violence stained his hand; no wrathful word escaped his lips: but now this little injustice on the part of Nabal, moves him to expressions of ungoverned rage, and to resolutions of deliberate murder; and he, who will not injure one hair of a tyrant’s head to gain a kingdom, will for the sake of a few loaves of barley-bread, devote a whole household to destruction. And this is human nature. In the greater trials of life, the soul contemplates their approach, and summons up its energies to meet them; the imagination finds solace in the greatness and importance of the objects involved, and becomes the willing adjunct of religion (if religion be there) in teaching the soul to bear its burden nobly. But in the petty disputes and contentions of human affairs, the mind is thrown off its guard, both by the suddenness and the littleness of its trials. Like the giant in the valley of Elah, it would guard itself carefully against the attacks of a more powerful adversary, but despises the small pebble, slung by a feeble hand, and so is wounded unto death. Where is the mind of any generosity which does not bear witness that it could, upon any *great* occasion, take joyfully the spoiling of its goods and wasting of its substance; while at the same time it is conscious of many a heart-burning on account of little over-reachings by which it was defrauded of its due; many a hasty word and retaliative deed for petty acts of injustice on the part of others with regard to its rights and privileges, or for scornful and humiliating epithets designed to throw contempt

upon personal character or circumstances? These are the trials of a Christian spirit and temper; and these will too often elicit the lurking evil of the heart, when a greater temptation, successfully encountered, might have left the believer in ignorance of what manner of spirit he was. But "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water," and had not Abigail been sent of God to allay the first risings of anger in his bosom, and keep him back from yielding to the suggestions of his own heart, David's hands might have been embrued with the blood of the innocent, and his soul clouded with that remorse for blood-guiltiness, which, in after years, tinged his whole life with bitterness.

There is something remarkable in the nature of the embassy whose well-timed interposition saved David from the commission of a great crime. When Saul the persecutor lay exposed to his mercy in the cave of Engedi, and some bade kill him, David needed no other intercessor than the pleadings of his own generous heart, strengthened by the spirit of grace within him, to induce forbearance and pity towards his defenceless enemy; but between his wrath and the affront that Nabal had put upon him, there needed a mediator, and that mediator was a woman. An incident this of striking import, and worthy of being well remembered by all who bear that name. In the great contentions and discords which aggravate the calamities of the sons of men, man must arbitrate with man, and some daysman must be found "to lay his hand upon both;" but in the thousand petty strifes which are of every day occurrence, who shall preserve the bond of charity unbroken, or skilfully adjust its severed threads when torn asunder, if the

daughters of men do not set themselves to the task with a watchfulness that never wearies, and a wisdom that never fails, because replenished daily from the fountain where strength is renewed, and the mine where the treasures of wisdom all lie hidden? Let not the possessor of the one talent deem it withal too mean a thing to be traded with to the glory of God and the well-being of humanity. That is a glorious declaration concerning God, that "he is strong and despiseth not any." He can work by mighty instruments, and shake the pillars of the earth till its broad foundations tremble; but he can also work by feeble means, and make the still small voice of mercy his most potent lever, to move forward the accomplishment of his gracious purposes. "He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in a house;" but in thus keeping together the discordant elements of social life, how often does he employ the weak and feeble members of the human family, to preserve by the all-attractive force of the seemingly unimportant atoms, the whole mass from dissolution. See then, ye stewards of the most High, to whose guardianship is more especially committed the bond of social peace, that ye be not found unfaithful to the trust! See that ye be not make-bates, fanning with the breath of calumny that fire which the "malice of demons has kindled." When you should have been workers together with God in restraining the fierceness of the wrath of man; but rather seek "that wisdom which cometh from above, which is first pure and then peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits; for the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

LYDIA.

SUNDAY EVENING RECREATION.

LAST Christmas I was invited to spend some time with the friend of my youth, in the country. We had been separated many years, and I had never seen her family since they were infants; consequently they were strangers to me, and most likely had forgotten the once lively old friend, who had gambolled with them in their happy season of childhood. My anxiety to see their dear mother, and to witness the result of her unwearied care of them, (for I knew she had educated them all under her own eye,) overcame my reluctance to enter again into society, though I was aware they lived in the closest retirement, and I soon found myself on the road to the picturesque parsonage. As I drove down the avenue, I could perceive, through the fine laurels, which formed round the house an eternal spring, my dear old friend on the steps, awaiting my arrival, surrounded by her lovely children. This pleasing sight reassured me, and I *felt* that I should not be looked upon as a *stranger*! After the first greetings were over, I was as much at my ease as if I had never lost sight of their happy faces. I soon found remembrance of me had been kept up in their innocent minds by their mother; for whoever was dear to her was never forgotten by them. Her joys were their joys—her woes their woes!

Mrs. Percy was married in early days to a clergy-

man, whose chief happiness was in the bosom of his family, and in exercising the numerous duties of his large parish. Her eldest daughter, Cecilia, a sweet, fair, gentle girl, (and as musical as her namesake,) was about twenty; her sister Agnes, equally placid and amiable, was seventeen; Arthur, a fine, tall, intelligent youth of sixteen, was at home for the vacation, whose studious habits foretel, with the blessing of God, that he will one day be an ornament to the clerical character. Gertrude comes next on the *tapis*, with noiseless step and retiring softness; her age thirteen, her talents precocious. 'Last, though not least beloved,' is Emilie, the lively, volatile, prime pet of the house: she reigns supreme favourite, and there was frequently a *grande* debate amongst her sisters when we drew round the fire after dinner, who should possess the little darling on their knees: she was nearly ten years old, but looked younger, as her rosy face was always decked with smiles. I often claimed the privilege of an *amie ancienne* to capture the bird, ere she nestled in the arms of her much-loved companions, knowing that they had never left the fostering care of their mother. I was not surprised at the progress they had made in the most useful branches of knowledge. 'The one thing needful' had formed the basis of everything they learnt; and although elegant accomplishments were not forgotten, they only held a secondary place in their catalogue of lessons.

The two elder sisters regularly attended every day to the instruction of the two young ones, and more attentive pupils could not be found: every hour was filled up, and I never saw grim *ennui* flap his sable wings over this well-regulated family. It would draw

me far beyond the limits of a letter were I to describe the week-day routine of occupations; I will therefore confine myself entirely to the observance of the Sabbath, being struck with the judicious arrangements and cheerful countenances, which marked that "day of holy rest."

The various occupations of the servants were so arranged on the Saturday, that no unnecessary work was done on the Sabbath, permitting them time to attend to their spiritual concerns, and of "assembling themselves together," in the temple of the Lord. The parsonage doors were locked, and every individual followed us through the shrubbery, which led into the church-yard; the text of "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" rushed forcibly into my mind, and I sincerely wished that all would "do likewise." The ancient gothic church was decked with holly and laurel branches, by my young friends, to commemorate the joyful day of Christmas.

After service, an early and easily-cooked dinner graced the board, and many were the portions placed upon saucers and plates for the sick poor, who looked forward to their daily treat with gratitude. The Sunday-school was next visited, and one of the party went round her district to distribute tracts. When the tea-things, at an early hour, were removed, and the juvenile group arranged round the table, various books covered it, and they attentively repeated what they had learnt during the day, viz. the Collect for the day—Bible and gospel history, hymns, catechism, &c., then a portion of the Bible, or other good book, was read aloud alternately. As there was still an hour to spare ere the servants were called to listen to Mr. Percy, who read and prayed with them, my little

Emmy exclaimed, 'Now, mamma, may we have the cards?' I looked up with surprise painted on my countenance; she immediately observed it, and said, 'Oh, my dear Mrs. Friend, do not imagine I mean common nasty cards, mamma's are *scriptural* cards, having a text on each, which we must find out in the Bible, and repeat to her; and we have other cards with a verse of a hymn on each; and others we have, which I will shew you.'

She was flying off, when Arthur arrested her, by saying—'I am sure we repeated those so often we had better exercise our ideas with something more difficult; suppose we teach Mrs. Friend our scriptural exercises, and perhaps, as they are mamma's invention, she may be pleased with them.' All readily acceded to his wish, for they looked up to their brother as to a superior being, and Emily now winged her way to procure the necessary assistants of pen, ink and paper. He promised to explain the plan to me as simply as he could, and I readily laid down my book, in order to be taught this new method of instruction, for the old as well as the young.

Each person was supplied with a slip of paper—a sheet being cut into eight pieces; we all drew out our pencils, and were soon ready for action.

ARTHUR.—'We must all write a question from scripture, then fold the paper down, so as to cover the writing; now we place them in the centre of the table, then mixing them together we draw out one each, but if you get your own question, you may change it.' We did so, and I inquired what was to be done next.

ARTHUR.—'Answer the question that you see written, and place it again on the table.'

This was speedily done, either by memory or referring to the Bible. They were again mixed together, and again drawn out.

ARTHUR.—‘ Now be so good as to make a comment upon each question and answer, and the whole will be completed.’

After due deliberation upon the subject, this too was performed, and when all had written their thoughts and folded them up they were placed before Arthur, who with a distinct and slow voice read them aloud; even little Emmy was not backward with her ideas, and I was astonished at the readiness of her replies,—such is the force of example. I was so pleased with the utility of this recreation, which exercises the memory on serious subjects, in an amusing manner, that I begged to be allowed to possess the manuscripts, for the edification of my numerous young friends, whom I have often seen weary and yawning over their unvaried task on Sunday evenings. And if this sketch is ever the means of drawing *one* to serious cheerfulness, I shall be content.

I will now give a few examples, and take my leave for the present.

Question 1.—Who were the Pharisees?

Answer.—A numerous sect amongst the Jews, who prided themselves upon outward observances, but had no care for the inner man.

Comment.—Few characters are more detestable than that of the hypocrite. Our blessed Saviour calls them “whited sepulchres,” and declares that publicans and sinners shall enter the kingdom of heaven before them. A warning to us, to avoid the imputation of hypocrisy, since we should rather seek praise of God than of man.

Question 2.—What chapter of the Bible are the beatitudes contained in ; and what is their number ?

Answer.—In the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, and there are nine.

Comment.—Our blessed Saviour's sermon on the mount is certainly a most beautiful, as well as encouraging part of the Testament, especially when our Lord, after blessing those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, says "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets before you." This is indeed consolatory, and should prove a balm to those Christians who have undergone trials and troubles in this present world without murmuring, at God's will.

Question 3.—What is that without which, if we possess every other virtue, we are nothing ?

Answer.—Charity. St. Paul saith, "Though I have all faith, without charity I am nothing ; though I bestow all my goods on the poor, it profiteth me nothing." He also says, that charity is much greater than faith or hope ; he admonished the Corinthians to follow after charity. Numerous are the passages in holy writ proving that charity is the greatest virtue.

Comment.—The real and true meaning of the word is often misunderstood, for many think that if they give much to the poor, they have fulfilled the duty, and call it charity, when, alas ! they will find how mistaken they have been. The only rule to guide us is the word contained in the Book of books, for numerous examples are there on this subject.

Question 4.—Where does our Saviour call himself the true vine, and what is the meaning of it ?

Answer.—In the 15th chapter of St. John, where he

says, "I am the True Vine, and my Father is the husbandman." Our blessed Lord calls himself "the vine," and his disciples "the branches." "Ye abide in me, and my words abide in you ; ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Comment.—The whole of the New Testament is full of these beautiful and poetical images, so well adapted to the understanding of those who wish to learn. When we think of Christ as "the Vine," or as the "good Shepherd," we are better able to understand the character of the Lord of life, who will pity his little flock, if they will take up his cross and follow him.

Question 5.—Who was Bartimeus?

Answer.—"A poor blind man who begged his bread,
And had not where to lay his head ;
But He who first created light
Restored the wretched man to sight."

Comment.—The miracle of this man being restored to sight is related in the 10th chapter of Mark. Though he was desired by the people to "hold his peace," he took no notice of the command, but "he cried the more a great deal." His faith, and that alone, gained him the favour of our Lord, who rewarded him with the precious gift of sight. He then arose and followed his best friend, in gratitude for what he had done unto him. Let us follow his example, and praise the Lord for his goodness daily.

Question 6.—What did our Saviour mean when he said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven?"

Answer.—By the rich man, he meant those who put all their trust in this world's goods, and who lay

up treasures on earth, "where moth and rust do corrupt," instead of heaven; it will be as difficult for them in such a case, as the simile of the camel and the needle.

Comment.—Do not suppose that because some men are rich, that they cannot be good; those who bestow their riches in a Christian-like spirit, and in the name of Jesus, considering the poor and needy, and not laying up their talents in a napkin, their riches will prove a benefit to others as well as to their own souls. And many examples we have in scripture to this effect.

Question 7.—What death did St. Stephen suffer?

Answer.—He was stoned to death. Acts vii.

Comment.—Although this holy man suffered so dreadfully, he died very happy, being full of faith, crying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." I fear, in this enlightened age, there are few who, like Stephen, would pray for forgiveness of their enemies; he was called the martyr, as he was the first of the disciples who was murdered.

Question 8.—What is the meaning of the name Jeremiah?

Answer.—It means "exaltation of the Lord."

Comment.—The Hebrews had names which all conveyed their own particular meaning, many being commanded by God, through his servants, and were well calculated to remind all of their heavenly Father.

AMICA.

NEGLECT OF ISRAEL.

THE following passage in a private letter from a friend—a truly converted Israelite—appeals so forcibly to every Christian feeling, that we cannot resist the inducement to lay it before our readers.

— What a glorious result might we not expect, did all who profess Christianity as their religion so feel for Israel! How great my sorrow is at seeing Christians so indifferent to this cause I have not power to describe; but the Lord knows that I have “great heaviness and continual sorrow” in my heart on this account. I do frequently check myself, when filled with a desire to bless and praise my Lord, and to rejoice at his great mercy to me. Ah! I feel confounded at such moments; for I ought to lay down in the dust and weep, and lament for the gross darkness that covers my people, and none to have pity on them. I feel that, if possible, I ought never to have joy in my heart, nor a smile on my countenance.

How did not my heart sink within me; and how sad did I not feel, when, on last Sabbath-day, I approached the Lord’s table, and when beholding great numbers of Christ’s people thronging up to the altar, and I found myself a *solitary Jew*! Ah! it was sweet and refreshing to come and feast upon the precious bread and wine prepared for them by Israel and Israel’s God. But are there no poor Israelitish wanderers, to whom, out of gratitude, they might have offered the crumbs that fell from their Master’s

table? Was that precious blood, of which they then partook, not shed for the Jew too? And can they accuse me of uncharitableness, when I say that *they* are to be blamed, that, amidst that throng around the Lord's table, there were not a hundred instead of one solitary member of the house of Israel? Oh, I know that to some such language appears harsh, but it is owing to a want of information on this subject.

I see the multitudes of Jews in all parts of the earth perishing for lack of knowledge. I feel convinced that if they heard Jesus preached to them faithfully, and Christianity practised in its purity, they *will* believe. "The gospel of Jesus is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first." This is God's word and will; but *unbelief* keeps us away from them: we do not trust to God's word, we wish to be *first convinced*, and when the Lord condescends to do even this, *even then* we refuse to act. Other hindrances come in our way—*suspicious* as to the *reality* of conversions. Oh! my dear sister, what will the end of these things be? The sure word of God says, "Israel *shall* be saved;" then have we not reason to tremble for those who have a name to live, who are called by the name of Christ, and yet refuse to do the will of God? Yea, verily. If the Lord, in his most mysterious providence, contrives to save the Jewish people, who are beloved for the fathers' sakes, will *those* escape who were *strictly charged* to seek their conversion, but who actually refused to obey this charge?

I could wish to bring this simple but searching question before the Christian world at large. May God in mercy look down upon both Jew and Gentile, and remember not their sins.

LETTER,

FROM FREDERICK MYCONIUS, PASTOR OF GOTHA, AND
THE HIGHLY VALUED FRIEND OF LUTHER,
TO ROSARIUS.

MY DEAR ROSARIUS,

I am again so ill as to keep my bed. Not only my voice but all my bodily powers are greatly reduced. Having been, on a former occasion, brought back from the borders of the grave, by the messages, the letters, and the prayers of our revered father Luther, I have now lived six years in weakness, and almost in a dying state. I discharged the duties of a living man, and performed, as well as I could, the services of the Lord's house, till the fourth Sunday in advent, when, finding the symptoms of my disease returning upon me, I exhorted the church, with the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and with all the ardour of which I was capable, to remove all hindrances and prepare the way of the Lord in their hearts. I afterwards fell sick, and now lie here silent and satiated with life, so as to wish rather to die than to live, when I can be of no use. I have written to our reverend father, Luther, who has been the person that has hitherto detained me, (and willingly I have been detained to serve the Lord, and assist him, instructing the church, as a mother, herself languid and fainting, admonishes her children,) that if I could,

and the Lord should give me strength, I should be willing to continue my services ; but as this seems unlikely, to beg that he would dismiss me with his parting blessing. I desire, however, that the will of the Lord, and not mine, may be done. All things depend on his will—sickness, weakness, recovery : and conformity with his will is our highest gain. Yet, if it might please him, Oh how gladly should I be dissolved, and be with Christ, rather than live here a dumb and useless burden. Through the complaint in my throat, I can scarcely take either meat or drink, yet I delight myself with the heavenly manna : and as I lay on my bed I have just been reading the Psalm, “ Wherefore do the heathen rage,” &c. and adoring the “ child given unto us.” Blessed be God, who so refreshes me in the midst of my pains that I quite forget that I am ill ! O Lord Jesus, what can we render unto thee ? what return can we make to thy wise and faithful servant, (Luther,) whom thou hast set over thy family, that by him thou mightest thus feed us with thy word ? Farewell, my dear Rosarius : and if you hear that I am committed to the grave, be assured that nothing is buried but my skin and bones, my sins, and the old man, that he may be perfectly delivered from the poison of the devil, from sin and death. But the inner man, who is renewed from day to day, who lives in Christ that “ loved me, and gave himself for me,” and with whom my life is “ hid in God,” that “ as he lives so should we live also,”—the new man, I say, shall never die, but shall enjoy the life of everlasting rest and peace, far from all the perturbations of this world. If ministers be removed, Christ will raise up pastors, doctors, apostles, for the in-

crease of his body the church, and will be ever with you.

Ah, Lord Jesus, preserve, govern, strengthen, deliver, and defend all thy faithful servants! Amen, and amen! Remember me to Cruciger and Eber. Pontanus, who visits me daily, salutes you. Fail not to write to me, and do not plead your many engagements. My complaints would have hindered me, if I would have suffered them, but I have risen in spite of them to write this; and now return to my bed. May pain and disease do whatever God hath bidden them! Let them not spare, for "in the midst of wrath he remembers mercy," and "with every temptation makes a way to escape."

Again, farewell.

From 'Scott's Continuation of Milner's Church History.'

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(WRITTEN IN 1828.)

WHEN from scattered lands afar
 Speeds the voice of rumoured war,
 Nations in conflicting pride
 Heaved like ocean's stormy tide ;
 When the solar splendours fail,
 And the crescent waxeth pale,
 And the powers that star-like reign
 Sink dishonoured to the plain,
 World ! do thou the signal dread !
 We exalt the drooping head ;
 We uplift th' expectant eye,
 Our redemption draweth nigh.

When the fig-tree shoots appear
 Men proclaim their summer near ;
 When the hearts of rebels fail
 We the coming Saviour hail.
 Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
 Listen to her longing vows,
 Listen to her widowed moan,
 Listen to creation's groan !
 Bid, oh bid the trumpet sound,
 Gather thine elect around ;
 Gird with saints thy flaming car,
 Summon them from climes afar,
 Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
 Call them from the marble tomb,

From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep, dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head ! thy members claim.

Where are they, whose proud disdain
Scorned Messiah's gentle reign ?
Lo, in seas of sulph'rous fire
Now they taste his tardy ire,
Fettered till th' appointed day,
When the world shall pass away.

Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord ;
Sheath again the conquering sword :
Where thy cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked thy dying groan,
King of nations ! plant thy throne :
Send thy law from Zion forth
Over all the willing earth ;
Earth, whose sabbath glories rise
Crowned with more than paradise !

Sacred be th'opposing veil—
Mortal sight and strength must fail :
Yet the day, the hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye ;
Be our souls in peace possess,
While we seek thy promised rest,
And from every heart and home
Breathe the prayer—O Jesus, come !
Haste to set thy people free ;
Come—creation groans for thee !

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Review of Books.

**HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION
OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, in Ger-
many, Switzerland, &c. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné,
President of the Theological School of Geneva, and
Member of the Société Evangelique. Vols. I. and II.
Walther.**

WE hardly expected, after so many years' delighted contemplation of this mighty work—the re-awakening of the nations to life from the dead—after becoming so familiar with the name, the acts, and the sentiments of Martin Luther, as to feel a glow of delight whenever he was spoken of, and to treasure up every stray leaf of his writings—we little thought it would be ours to open a book that should place before us these well-remembered things in all the freshness of novelty, and lead us to look on our actual acquaintance with Luther and his fellow-workers as only now commencing. Yet such is the effect produced by the narrative of Mons. Merle d'Aubigné. There is a

life, a soul in these pages that could only be imparted by a full participation of the author in the spirit which actuated the subjects of his biography; while the depth of feeling, force of expression, and vividness of description sustained throughout the volumes, carry the reader back three centuries, even into the midst of that mighty struggle compared with which our modern controversies are the veriest toying. The second volume leaves us at the foot of the Swiss mountains, where Zwingli wrestled in prayer with God, for the cause so inexpressibly sacred and dear to his soul: and never in the idlest days of our folly did we lay down a tale of exciting interest, with so eager a desire to resume and to finish the story. That a book on this subject so fascinating in style should have appeared to win the attention of Protestants, is matter of rejoicing; and we trust a widely-extended blessing will accompany it. We know not in what language it was originally written: a foreigner could scarcely exhibit such command of our own; and there is about it nothing of the stiffness of a translation. It is a noble story nobly told; a sacred subject most spiritually treated of. Alike to the judgment, the taste, and highest principle of the human mind, it commends itself; and we do trust it will operate as a trumpet-call, summoning our scattered forces to their post, and guiding them to the spiritual conflict that must again be waged in defence of Protestantism.

DISCOURSES UPON TRADITION AND EPISCOPACY. *Preached at the Temple Church, and published by request. By Christopher Benson, A.M., Master of the Temple. Second Edition. Parker.*

THE Benchers of the Inner Temple, who heard these discourses delivered, and requested their publication, deserve no thanks from the 'tractarians' of Oxford. Mr. Benson, moved with a desire to guard his flock from the seductive errors to which many of them must necessarily be exposed, preached four sermons on the following subjects:—I. The scriptures and the fathers; II. The true honour of the clergy; III. Christ's presence with his ministers; IV. The Apostolical origin of episcopacy. Among many admirable features that distinguish these truly eloquent discourses, no one can avoid being struck with the exemplary mildness, moderation, and brotherly love that pervade the whole. Mr. Benson has not used one expression calculated to give offence; but has attained to the rare excellency of shewing all honour to the men, while he exhibits in a blaze of pure light the deformity of their errors. Puseyism is such a provoking thing to deal with, that few indeed of its opponents can uphold this tone without compromising their cause. The calm, temperate dignity of Mr. Benson's style is beautiful; and there are passages not of unfrequent occurrence that would be called splendid, if placed beside the choicest selections from our very first-rate writers. Nothing can be finer than the picture drawn of the ministerial office; its cares, responsibilities, and due honour are so finely discriminated and sifted from the abuses

brought in by ignorant or designing men. We promise a rich feast, both literary and spiritual, to the readers of this pamphlet.

AN APOLOGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. *By John Jewell, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. Translated from the original Latin, by William Withers Ewbank, B.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge; Vicar of Grindon; and Sunday Evening Lecturer of Stockton-on-Tees.*

BISHOP JEWELL'S Apology, written within four years after the flames of Smithfield were quenched by the death of the savage Mary, is one of the choicest gems of our national church—one of the richest treasures of our national Christianity. The pious author was well exercised in controversy, by having to contend earnestly, for many a day, in defence of the faith against the most crafty and learned of its impugnors. Numerous translations have appeared, for the church never could afford to let the book lie on the shelf long together; and editions have been multiplied during the three past centuries. The present is a small neat volume; and the translator has succeeded in giving us this valuable treatise in such clear, energetic language as its venerable author would have desired. It is full of home truths, incontrovertible arguments, scriptural illustrations, and powerful appeals both to heart and conscience. Give us these old warriors in the fore-front of the battle, and we have no fear for the result.

A CHARGE *delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Calcutta, at the Visitation, on Friday, July 6, 1838.*
By Daniel Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan. Hatchards.

ANOTHER shot at our mistaken brethren, or rather at their mischievous system, sped over the ocean by the vigorous hand of Daniel Wilson, who, in the exercise of his episcopal functions in the East, has set a noble example to his united brethren all over the world. We had extracted largely from this weighty document, but are obliged to postpone the insertion till our next number, when we hope to lay before our readers a valuable quotation. It is well worth an attentive perusal throughout. The prospects of Christianity in the East are cheering.

THE LORD'S PRAYER: *contemplated as the expression of the primary Elements of Devoutness.* *By the Rev. Thomas Griffith, A.M., Minister of Ram's Episcopal Chapel, Homerton; Author of 'The Spiritual Life.'* Burns.

THE view taken of his subject by Mr. Griffith is a very spiritual and practical one, and it is by no means a supernumerary treatise where so many have already appeared. The union in one service of several portions, intended by their framers for different hours of worship, has burdened our public devotions with such repetitions of the Lord's prayer as to make it very desirable to renew the interest we ought to feel

in uttering that very sweet compendium of praise and supplication. This book is calculated to render such aid.

THE HAPPY CHRISTIAN ; or, *Piety the only Foundation of true and substantial Joy.* By J. B. Waterbury, Author of 'Advice to a Young Christian.' Religious Tract Society.

A NICE little treatise on a very cheering subject. It is written with a special view to usefulness among the young ; and with such an object we would place it in their hands.

DIALOGUE between a Popish Priest and an English Protestant ; wherein the principal Points and Arguments of both Religions are truly proposed and fully examined. By Matthew Poole, Author of 'The Synopsis Criticorum.' Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a famous old book ; one of the most witty, pungent, conclusive things ever written. The spirit and vivacity of the dialogue divest the controversy of all that would be considered dry and uninteresting, and carry the arguments home with more abiding effect than a weightier style would produce. We are under very great obligations to Matthew Poole for valuable aid afforded in frequent discussions with the shrewd Romanists of Ireland ; and we hail with sincere delight his appearance in a very

neat little pocket volume, with all the recommendations that we found so valuable when acquainted with him in his antique dress.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES, *illustrated with Sacred Poetry. Compiled by two Sabbath School Teachers; with Introductory Remarks by the Rev. John N. Woodroffe, M.A.* Hamilton and Co.

HERE is a great rarity—something new. Scripture references we have in abundance, and of poetical compilations an equally liberal allowance ; but here the two are united and arranged on a novel plan. For instance, the book is divided into heads, these again have subdivisions, and under each of the latter are ranged a few lines of references bearing directly on the subject; to which is appended a stanza, a hymn, or an extract from some larger poem. From the leading article—the divine inspiration of holy scripture—to the closing subject of Israel's restoration, Christ's millennial reign, and the final resurrection, this arrangement is adhered to. We cannot but warmly commend the zealous industry of these two Sunday school teachers, whom we happen to know, though personally a stranger to them, to be two young Irish ladies eminently fitted for the task. They have produced a very sweet volume, for which we thank them on behalf of parents and children, teachers and scholars, who will all find their work both useful and delightful.

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD *illustrated in the Life of Abraham. A Series of Discourses preached in St. George's Church, Everton. By the Rev. R. P. Buddicom, M. A. F. A. S. Minister of that Church, and late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. Two vols. Seeley and Burnside.*

THERE is much truth in the Author's prefatory remark, that each minister is liable to the disadvantage of having some favourite truths and topics which recur almost insensibly to his mind ; at first by the force of inclination, and afterwards by the power of habit ; until at length they become invested with an interest which absorbs all other ; thus hindering him from treading the circle of an enlarged and enlightened theology. This temptation to narrow the ground of his pulpit ministrations Mr. Buddicom thinks may be best met by entering on a wide field, commanding a very extensive view of *precepts, promises, and examples*. Accordingly he has made choice of Abraham's history, and has set forth the patriarch in every branch of his eventful course, in his typical, and above all in his spiritual relationship to the church in all ages. It is a noble subject, and the preacher has wrought it into a truly profitable study. The preciousness of that faith whereby Abraham was accounted righteous before God is the key-note of the whole piece ; and we think the publication of these discourses a ground of thankfulness on behalf of all who shall read them.

MR. MYERS has brought out a second edition, considerably enlarged, of his valuable book, 'Both One in Christ,' which we esteem it a very high honour to have been permitted to preface with some introductory pages. The Lord has signally blessed the former impression of the work, no less than the personal labours of this faithful Israelite among his brethren after the flesh. We greatly desire the circulation of the book.

THE Religious Tract Society have re-published, in one of their elegant diminutives, 'Hooker on Justification;' a standard work in the Christian church.

WE have been delighted with a sermon preached to the Chartists, by the Rev. Dr. Whittaker, at the parish church of Blackburn. These misguided men came, and gave him as a text the first six verses of James V. He took them, but added all the remainder of the chapter; and to a congregation of 4000 persons addressed a bold, faithful, affectionate discourse, which we hope will be remembered with gratitude by many who heard it, even when the fashion of this world shall have passed away.

THE PROTESTANT.

‘ Do you remember M‘Ghee’s speech at his last meeting in Exeter Hall?’

‘ Surely, uncle : it would not be easy to forget it.’

‘ You can recal his expressions with regard to the abiding effects of priestly domination among the wretched slaves of the confessional?’

‘ He represented it as leading in an especial manner to “perjury, intimidation, and sedition.”’

‘ You are right. In the month of April Mr. M‘Ghee exposed to our view the secret working of that infernal machine, which is hidden from common sight behind so many veils of artful concealment, that human ingenuity, unaided by divine teaching, could never prevail to uncover it. He exhibited the nature, the presumed object, and the obvious tendency of the complicated action incessantly carried on : he traced the governing wire from its first subtle connexion with the Propaganda in Rome, to its ulterior action, when impelling the bullet from the assassin’s tube behind some covering thicket in Ireland. He drew a picture, in relation to his poor demoralized country, the truth of which we, alas ! could well attest from personal knowledge : but to the mass of the public it was the bare assertion of a perhaps prejudiced witness, desirous to make good his own argument against a religion which he was

bound to oppose. Four months have elapsed, and England possesses, in the form of solemn deposition on oath before the highest tribunal of the land, a body of evidence bearing out to the fullest extent all that M'Ghee asserted; all that he implied; all that our worst apprehensions could have pictured of the probable results from that diabolical piece of machinery that we had been permitted to examine.'

'You allude to Lord Roden's committee?'

'Yes: I love to hear it called Lord Roden's committee. I love to hear the name of Lord Roden associated with the most important public service that has for many a long year been rendered to the church and country—to remember how cheerfully that Christian patriot sacrificed the long-cherished project of a missionary tour in other lands, fraught with anticipations of varied enjoyment, healthful, intellectual, spiritual—and with purposes of solid usefulness in a most encouraging sphere: how readily all were relinquished for the dearer privilege of fulfilling a laborious, wearisome, and most onerous task in a close-pent committee-room, in the hope of demonstrating by its works the fatal power of that engine of which M'Ghee unveiled the hidden machinery; and thus arresting the progress of his country's ruin.'

'And has he not succeeded, so far as the demonstration could go?'

'He has: never was assertion more triumphantly substantiated. Take M'Ghee's speech as the indictment set forth by leading counsel, and Lord Roden's committee as evidence in support of the prosecution, you have grounds for a conviction, such as no opposing testimony can ever shake. Popery is the criminal; and the Protestant government of this Protestant

land the guilty accessory both before and after every fact. Power to commit such crimes, connivance during the commission, and subsequent impunity, all are proved against the government. I date the first clause far back : I charge it upon former administrations, even from the first slackening of those restraining bonds by which, while declining to coerce the minds of men, all facilities for political mischief were placed beyond their reach. To them be the shame, and on them lie the guilt of having permitted this pile to be laid, and through a series of years to accumulate, which it was reserved for the present government to see kindled without one real effort to quench the torch, or to stay the spread of the rising conflagration.'

'What a fearful disclosure is that of the ribbon society ! Its organization appears complete throughout the land.'

'We all knew that long ago : the public knew, but could not remedy the evil : government knew, and would not.'

'It is hard to conceive, uncle, that they were really informed in a matter touching not only the lives of individuals, but the existence of England's authority there, yet permitted it to exist, and to grow unchecked.'

'It is one of those awful phenomena of our corrupt nature, to be accounted for only on the principle of that engrossing selfishness which directs, as it were, an inverted telescope towards every object likely to interfere with its own pursuits, at once diminishing its apparent magnitude and increasing its apparent distance. Rank, power, and emolument are seductive things : the man who holds them, sub-

ject to a political or other casual change, naturally bends a favouring look on what seems likely to strengthen and perpetuate his tenure. God, in just judgment, has permitted a party whom we guiltily received into the legislature from motives of unhalloed expediency, to acquire there a preponderance which, though numerically and morally they are the least of all parties, governs every division in the Lower House. This influential little clique lends itself to prop up the present administration, requiring as the price of its support a connivance at enormities such as have just now been divulged; and leaving us room only for the charitable hope that, by a process of self-deception, our governors are really so blinded as not to be fully conscious they have all along been lending themselves to a system of deliberate perjury, treason, and murder.'

'At all events, uncle, they can now plead such ignorance no longer.'

'Honestly they cannot: but by means of that inverted telescope they contrive to divest the facts of their present importance, and to overlook their inevitable consequences.'

'But they cannot prevent the people of this country from duly exercising the senses and the reason which God has given them.'

'That is the point: Even without the commentary of Lord Brougham's masterly speech, and aided only by such extracts from the evidence as have appeared in all the public prints, we must perforce become acquainted with the plain fact that a treasonable confederacy, which under some name or another has always existed among the Romish population of Ireland, and which it has ever been the policy equally

with the duty of all governments to stifle, has been allowed, within these few years, so to extend its bulk and perfect its system, as to overspread every part of the land. In its constitution this conspiracy is so essentially Popish, that it is proved no Protestant can be admitted a member: its avowed object is high treason; its appointed means an extensive massacre; its bond of union a fearful, sanguinary oath; its mode of procedure a general organization, embracing separate bodies of armed men, each acting under the control and instruction of a regularly appointed directory, and these again receiving their authority from, and guided in every movement by some undiscovered ruling power, the concealed main-spring of all the complicated but methodical movements of the vast machinery. It is incontestibly proved that many individuals among the police force are members of this formidable body; and that they have materially assisted their objects by imparting instruction in the most approved modes of military manœuvring, such as have been recently introduced among themselves—for, you know, my dear, that, unlike our own, the Irish police are armed, equipped, and accustomed to act as regular troops. It has been shewn that, on receiving the secret sign from a man whom in the exercise of his duty he was called on to capture for some murderous outrage, a policeman has been obliged, by his own treasonable oath, to contrive the criminal's escape from that justice of which he was also sworn to be a faithful officer. Here we see two oaths placed in direct opposition one to another; and that the man, a Romanist, felt not a moment's hesitation in deciding which was the more binding. He snapped as a

cobweb-thread the vow of fidelity to a Protestant sovereign and government, and, under the influence of "intimidation," he chose that form of "perjury" which embraced, defended, and propagated "sedition." What a commentary on M'Ghee's memorable words !'

' But how terrible is the idea that, in case of an insurrection, the loyal Protestants seeking protection from the individuals selected, appointed, and paid by government to afford that protection, must throw themselves into the hands of men sworn to exterminate them !'

' It was so in the rebellion of ninety-eight. The yeomanry were the main hope of the loyal inhabitants ; but when the sword was once drawn, those among them who were Romanists, to a man I believe, ranged themselves on the rebel side ; and in the scenes of horror that ensued they were foremost in the work of butchering ferocity.'

' And is all this forgotten now ?'

' It is not convenient that it should be remembered, my dear. Our rulers have pledged their parliamentary upholders in a cup of oblivion, as regards the past, and leave the future in their hands.'

' Who is supposed to be the principal head of this fearful conspiracy ?'

' That remains to be discovered. Some magistrates and stipendiary officers, who have succeeded in thus far unravelling the intricate web of Ribbonism, have used every effort to obtain a clue that might guide them to the central point, but in vain. O'Connell has even bragged of the fruitlessness of those endeavours, and exulted in the confidence that the discovery could never be made. This, however,

appears palpable even on the surface, that as the plot is wholly Romish in its character, objects, and instruments, it is among the Romish priesthood we must seek its originating and controlling head. There is in it every characteristic of jesuitical enterprise, skill, subtlety, activity, and infernal wickedness: and since at this moment the great game of papal resuscitation in England is obviously played by the experienced hands of that infamous society, we can hardly doubt their official importance in the Irish branch of the work.'

'I think Mr. M'Ghee has given us a satisfactory clue to that point, uncle.'

'Yes: the evidence on Lord Roden's committee, so far as it goes, substantiates to a tittle what M'Ghee advanced; and this sends us back with increased confidence to our first informant, prepared to credit the remainder of his testimony. The incident of the policeman, which I have just related, struck me very forcibly as shedding a clear light on the connecting links of that dreadful chain by which the Man of Sin holds captive every soul among his miserable bondsmen. Even such a chain is now being cast around multitudes of our English neighbours, who are privily seduced from the profession of a religion, the spiritual nature of which they have never realized, into the reception of that awful LIE, which God in righteous judgment sends them strong delusion to believe. Oh, it is an appalling prospect that we are compelled to look upon, and yet how little are the hearts of Protestants, rightly so called, moved to interpose in this matter!'

'Cannot the evidence be more widely circulated, uncle? Surely it would startle some from their slumber.'

‘ It is voluminous to a degree that almost forbids its circulation ; but here I have—and it cannot be too publicly made known that such a thing exists—a pamphlet, published by Hatchards, entitled, “ *A Summary Digest of the most material Portions of the Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the State of Ireland in respect to Crime, as relating to the Ribbon Society. With an Appendix, containing verbatim Extracts from the Evidence.*” These forty-seven pages contain the gist of the disclosures on this subject ; and I know not any thing of more near and fearful interest to the English Protestant than it comprises.’

‘ Well ; God be thanked for putting this honour on his dear servant, who seems to have struck a paralyzing blow at the enemy of his faith and nation. Surely there will now be a more vigorous effort made to unkennel the hidden fox of Rome, and to hunt him forth from the scenes he has too long polluted by his presence, and devastated by his remorseless ferocity !’

‘ I hope so : I am sure of it. The hand of the Lord is very manifest in so far bringing to light the hidden things of darkness ; and as he does nothing in vain, we shall see an important result. The present lord lieutenant of Ireland is pursuing a course wholly dissimilar from that of his unhappy predecessor, whose viceroyalty was the heaviest curse that has for many a year been inflicted on that injured land. Let us earnestly pray that divine light and direction may be vouchsafed to him who now holds the reins ; and that the machinations of evil men may so recoil on themselves as to humble them to repentance.’

‘ Why, uncle, many were foretelling that the session now nearly past was to seal the fate of poor Ireland, leaving her Protestantism in the very article of death.’

‘ Their predictions, happily, are not fulfilled. Ireland is not yet lost ; and I verily think she stands at this moment on higher and firmer ground than at any period to which my recollection can point.’

‘ What has become of the Municipal Bill that was to transfer her corporations, and all her civil powers, to the outstretched hands of O’Connell and company?’

‘ Given to the winds. Four times has the attempt been made to pass that infamous act : four times, by the mercy of God, it has wholly failed. The House of Lords amended it, as before ; and, as before, the Commons rejected their amendments. They greatly err who regard this interposition as a comparatively small matter : it is of incalculable moment ; and rightly did they judge who would have returned public thanks to God for the signal deliverance vouchsafed. They used every constitutional means to avert the blow ; they rallied round their Protestant institutions with a spirit worthy of the cause ; they spared no cost, no pains ; they were not to be daunted by the opposition of avowed foes, nor disheartened by the lukewarmness of pretended friends. They mustered, and the enemy threatened them ; they advanced, and were met by a host of mockers, who derided their fruitless toil : they persevered, and what is the result ? A complete triumph for the present ; and in order to insure its permanency, they ascribe to the Lord the glory of their deliverance, desiring to enter into his courts with thanksgiving, and into his gates with

praise. Such, you know, was the purpose of the Dublin corporation, had not the use of the church been refused by the ecclesiastical powers whose consent was necessary. It is a striking incident, and gives rise to painful reflections, that the Protestants of the Irish capital should be forbidden by heads of the Irish Protestant church, to render thanks unto the Most High for having confounded the devices of the anti-christian enemy. But He who accepts according to that a man hath, and not according to that which he hath not, will acknowledge the sincere desire thus publicly to glorify him, as though it had been done. Oh, for his mercy's sake in Christ Jesus may he still interpose, and fill the mouths of his trusting though persecuted people with that gloriously confiding boast, THE LORD IS OUR JUDGE, THE LORD IS OUR LAWGIVER, THE LORD IS OUR KING; HE WILL SAVE US!'

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1839.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

II.

ABOUT a mile distant from the widow's cottage, hard by the school, and not far from the village church, stood that truly national edifice, the workhouse. On the forenoon of this day, eventful to many a poor creature whose sole dependence was on the result of their delirations, a knot of functionaries assembled in a room set apart for transacting parish affairs, and very earnest were the looks of those engaged in the discussion. The churchwarden, a prudent, intelligent man; the overseer, the doctor, and two of the general committee were present. The clergyman had not yet made his appearance: and while suspending the special business of the day until he should arrive, they fell into the important subject of their respective duties.

OCTOBER, 1839. .

U

‘It cannot be doubted,’ said the churchwarden, ‘that each man has a twofold sphere of action: the one embracing his personal and family concerns, and the other extending so as to take in his relative duties to the community of which he is a member, and to the country of which he is a subject.’

‘Very just,’ responded one of the gentlemen; ‘and another undeniable proposition is, that the greater duty is the more imperative, and on all occasions where they clash, the inferior claim must yield to the superior.’

‘And which do you consider the greater?’ asked the doctor.

‘The one that takes the widest range, of course,’ replied the last speaker.

‘Yes,’ resumed the churchwarden; ‘and on this principle we must regulate our proceedings in all matters brought before us to-day. Private feeling may plead, personal interest may perhaps back that plea: but we sit here to administer the funds of the parish, whose representatives we are; and our object must be, to secure the greatest possible saving in all branches of our expenditure.’

‘Provided,’ remarked the doctor, ‘that in rendering justice to one class of our fellow-parishioners, we inflict no wrong on another, and perhaps the more numerous class.’

‘Meaning the paupers, I presume?’

‘Yes: though with us they do not constitute the majority—far from it, indeed—I conceive their interests are entrusted to us in at least as extensive and important a measure as those of the superior section.’

‘Excuse me, sir,’ said the overseer, ‘I don’t see

how that can be. Money, sir, money is surely the most important trust a man can have in his charge. That is, a layman,' he added, discerning from a window the clergyman's approach.

'A little practice in my line, Mr. Miles,' said the doctor, turning up a shrewd glance at the speaker, who stood near his chair, 'would convince you that, in most instances, health, limb, and life are of more value to a man than money itself.'

'The health, limbs, and lives of the parish could not be in better keeping than they are, sir,' answered the overseer, bowing low to the professional gentleman, whose half smile and shake of the head bespoke what he had sometimes been heard to declare in that room, of the inefficacy of all his drugs, combined with all his skill, to do justice to his charge; where common nutriment was wanting to support the mortal frame. However, the entrance of the clergyman, with the general movement that greeted his arrival, prevented further remark.

'I am late,' said Mr. Barlow; 'but this wide-spreading though trifling epidemic has thrown an accession of duty on my hands, in the visiting way.'

'It is trifling, sir,' eagerly responded the overseer; 'and your testimony to that fact is of value.'

'I merely meant to distinguish it from the formidable fever of last spring,' said the minister: 'nothing is trifling to the poor man whom it disables, while it lasts, from earning his daily bread.'

Two or three corroborative nods from the doctor rendered it advisable to the majority to drop this subject: for though the minority was small, usually consisting of these two individuals alone, they were so provokingly united in appealing to the evidence

of their daily personal experience, in confirmation of their no less provoking prejudices against what went by the name of parochial economy, and so quietly determined in pursuing their object, that they gave the board more trouble than even the paupers whose advocates they were. The clients were easily silenced, if not convinced, by certain summary modes of procedure, well understood by their relieving friends: but these gentlemen had a licence, arising even less from their offices than from their high character, and of it they frequently availed themselves, to the no small discomfiture of their brethren, and the occasional overthrow of their best schemes.

We are far from saying that in these schemes the framers were actuated by any other than a conscientious, though certainly an erroneous view of their duties. They held in trust the amount of a public, legal contribution, provided for a definite purpose; and this they considered that they must, as good stewards, husband to the uttermost. Had the contemplated outlay been one merely affecting the inanimate creation, this principle might perhaps have been worked out to the farthest stretch of their ingenuity; but when the question resolved itself into this—upon how scanty a quota of necessary sustenance might human life be supported, so as to avert from its object the climax of actual starvation; and to how minute a fraction might relief be diminished, so as not to lose the semblance of relief to those for whose special use the fund was set apart—then the calculators were necessarily in imminent peril of sacrificing on the shrine of supposed public duty, not only all the finer feelings of humanity, all the brotherly observances that man owes to man, but

also the obedience due from every professing follower of Christ to the explicit, unmistakeable command of his divine Master, "Do ye unto all men even as ye would they should do unto you."

Now, whatever militates against the scriptural law of love, is always found to be a hardening process. That such was the result of a persevering plan to grind the faces of the poor, though not originating in any natural propensity so to do, will be manifested but too plainly in the progress of this narrative. We are to follow a single family through vicissitudes that thousands of English families are perpetually encountering; and in the progress of our tale we will drop that part of the proceeding which had no direct reference to them, and pass on to the moment when, the result of this special meeting having been duly notified for the information of the distant vestry-clerk, preparatory to a board-day. Richard Green was called in, to bear the letter to its destination. The clergyman and doctor, having their hands full, departed as soon as the business was closed; but the rest of the party remained, consisting of the churchwarden, the overseer, and two others; of whom one, a Mr. Stratton, had earned the reputation of being the shrewdest man at foreseeing, and the most skilful at averting impending burdens from the parish, within the whole district. Indeed the eminence thus conceded to him became doubly injurious; for in his anxiety to act up to the character, he was led into paths of deception and cruelty, from which he would otherwise have shrank.

Richard, having made his bow, stood, cap in hand, awaiting his orders. A short whispering dialogue passed between the overseer and Mr. Stratton; at

the close of which the latter addressed him with much kindness. 'Well, my boy, I hear you are getting on with credit, and likely to make your way respectably in the world?'

Richard blushed, and bowed.

'The cottage that your father left is nicely kept: I often ride past, and notice the good repair of all about it. Does the widow Green manage still for you?'

'My grandmother, sir, has taken care of it, and of us too, ever since father died, seven years ago.'

'Indeed! a worthy old lady. And how many of you may there be?'

'Myself is the eldest, sir; and James, and Mary, and Willy; besides Helen Fleetwood.'

'She's an orphan, I think?'

'Quite, sir; and she has no friend in the world to care for her except granny—and us.'

'Humph! Where was she born?'

'In this parish, sir; and has always lived in it all her life,' answered Richard, with a vivacity that shewed he thought either Helen or the parish had somewhat to boast of in the circumstance.

'How old are you?' asked the overseer.

'Seventeen last July, and Helen is sixteen.'

'And James?'

'Thirteen: but being very sickly, you see, sir, he doesn't look so much. Mary is as tall as he, though she's but eleven; and Willy is just eight, if you please sir,' said Richard, who seemed highly gratified at being permitted thus to parade the objects dearest to his heart before the mental view of such fine gentlemen.

A pause ensued; marked by an interchange of

wise looks between the attentive auditors of this family chronology. Mr. Stratton then spoke.

‘Oh, by the way, Richard, you will be master of that cottage, won’t you?’

‘Granny will be mistress of it as long as she lives, and I live,’ replied the boy, colouring deeply with emotion.

‘Very good: I approve your feeling. And the lease is for ever, isn’t it?’

‘No, sir: for three lives.’

‘All stout and hearty, I hope?’

‘Two of them are gone,’ said the boy, ‘and Mr. Hewitt is the third.’

A sagacious nod from the overseer directed Mr. Stratton’s attention to this point, while he repeated, ‘George Hewitt of Oakfield—you know him.’

‘And the present landlord,’ pursued Stratton, ‘is Mr. Grey, of Ipswich?’

‘Yes, sir: we hope he’ll renew the lease, as the old landlord told father he’d certainly do if the lives ran out in his time.’

‘Well, Richard, be a good lad; you’ve a deal of information, I see, and may turn out a great credit to your family. Now take this letter to Mr. Hall, and be sure you wait for an answer, and deliver it here, to the governor, this evening. Do you mind?’

‘I will take care to do it, your honour:’ replied the lad; then pocketing the letter, he made his obeisance, and hastened away.

‘A nice, sharp fellow that,’ observed the churchwarden. ‘As to the place, it can never be his; but he will maintain himself respectably, I doubt not.’

‘I would rather not trust to that,’ said the overseer: ‘we have fellows as sharp as he on our hands,

picking oakum here in this workhouse. As to the family, they are as good as on the books already ; Hewitt's life is not worth a day's purchase ; Grey has promised—that is, I am sure he will find more profitable tenants than an old woman and a pack of children, who have it, besides, for next to nothing. So we may reckon on Goody Green, her girl, whose settlement is certainly here, and the whole batch of grand-children, including a sickly boy :—a rare discovery you have made for us, Mr. Stratton !' .

' I have sprung the game, to be sure : and now suppose I wing them all into another parish, what will you say ?'

' That it's the best of many good turns you have done us,' answered Miles, with a bow : ' and moreover that if any living man can do it, Mr. Stratton is the gentleman.'

' Well, take no notice ; time will shew.'

When evening came, it found the cottagers seated in their snug kitchen. The widow was busy at her wheel, Helen manufacturing a suit for Willy, out of one that had done good service to James ; Mary knitting ; James watching the simmerings of his supper, the ingredients for which cross Mr. Buckle had not neglected to supply ; and Willy, with no small satisfaction, reciting to Mrs. Barker a hymn that she had desired him to learn. Richard's arrival completed the party ; and the story of his interview with the great men and their condescending inquiries was eagerly listened to by all. ' How very kind of the gentlemen to take such an interest in us,' observed the widow, whose guileless character rendered her unsuspecting of evil. ' I wish old Buckle had been there,' cried Mary. ' Did they make any particular

inquiries about me?' demanded Mrs. Barker; and the toss of the head that ensued on hearing Richard's reluctant negative, bespoke a sense of offended dignity: while James remarked, 'I wonder you wern't too dashed to speak.'

Helen was silent: Richard had passed very delicately over the part relating to her, merely repeating the question as to her place of birth; but she felt a sort of boding uneasiness at heart, probably from her really reflective mind catching at the obvious tendency of the examination pursued. Mrs. Barker looked at her for a moment, and exclaimed, 'I shouldn't wonder'—then suddenly checking herself, shook her head, and finished by muttering in a mysterious tone a soliloquy not new from her lips: 'I know the ways of the parish pretty well.'

Prayer closed, as it had commenced, the peaceful and industrious day; and when the widow Green had paid a tiptoe visit to each simple couch, to ascertain that all was comfortable, with a special reference to that of the sickly boy, she knelt down alone, to commend anew herself and her precious charges to him who is the God of the widow, the Father of the fatherless, and who had promised that in answer to the prayer of faith he would guide her with his counsel here, and afterward receive her to glory.

Two months glided on, without any material change in the affairs of our cottagers: but the blasts of winter that stripped the trees of their few remaining leaves, and dashed the foam of ocean over the cliffs, bearing it even to the humble roofs that stood sheltered on their western side, proved too severe for Hewitt. He was given over; and every post might

be expected to convey the tidings that William Green's cottage had lapsed to the landlord. Many shared in the concern expressed by the neighbours for the result of an application which the kind clergyman had promised to make to the landlord; and in the discomfiture occasioned by the short reply, containing merely a reference to the agent, as being empowered to arrange all such matters in that quarter. This functionary being immediately, but privately applied to by Mr. Barlow, frankly told him that the rent thenceforth to be demanded was so entirely beyond the poor widow's means, that he had felt at liberty to promise a new lease to one who had closed with his terms. The clergyman wisely refrained from communicating this to the family, while as yet the life remained; but secretly busied himself in devising plans for their future support.

One Saturday morning, while the widow Green was occupied in scouring up her house, assisted by Helen, two gentlemen tapped at the door. On their entrance, Mr. Stratton was recognized: the other was a stranger. A respectful reception, and ready answers to some general enquiries having been given, the visitors seated themselves, Mr. Stratton insisting that the widow should do the same, and desiring Helen to continue her employment. He then proceeded:

'There is much kind feeling excited on your behalf, my good woman: matters look very unpromising as to your lease; and I suppose you are prepared for the worst.'

A slight quiver passed over the widow's lip, as she replied, 'I trust, sir, that He who orders all things for us, will give us grace to receive it thankfully at'

his hand : whether it may be what we call good, or what we call evil.'

'Very right : a truly religious person like you can never be cast down by a change in outward affairs ; particularly when, as you seem to say, what we call evil may turn out to be really for our good.'

'That is true enough,' said his companion, 'as many can testify.'

'This gentleman,' continued Mr. Stratton, 'is a friend of mine, passing through our place. He comes from a distant town where there are hundred of families, led by different circumstances to settle there, all of whom are now thankful enough for any event that helped to fix them in such a prosperous place.'

The widow glanced around her, and towards the pretty little window which commanded a wide prospect.

'I understand your feelings,' resumed her friend ; 'it is very hard to leave a spot we have been attached to for years, and break up old ties ; but, I doubt not, any tie would be easier for you to break than the one binding you to the children to whom you have been both mother and father, these many years.'

'It is true, sir,' answered the poor woman : 'the worst pain that ever smites me is when I think we may be parted and scattered abroad—and they so young !'

'And you in the decline of life, and likely soon to be wanting the comfort from them that they have found you so ready to impart,' added Mr. Stratton, looking towards Helen, who was leaning on the dresser with her face concealed.

'I do hope, I do trust,' cried the poor widow, while her tears burst forth, 'that it may please the

Lord, in his goodness, to order it so as not to part us yet.'

Mr. Stratton nodded to his companion, who, drawing his chair nearer to her, began: 'That is what we have been considering of, my good lady. You must know, the town where I live is one of the first places in England for furnishing good, healthful, profitable employment for industrious people, from those of your own age down to the small children, whose little nimble fingers get so expert at the easy tasks given to them, that if you happened to have a little boy even of seven years old, he would make a good round sum at the week's end by his own work—or play, you may almost call it.'

'What work may it be, sir?'

'Different sorts: you see we are great manufacturers, and have a vast deal of employment to give—so we had need, for the crowds who come begging for a share in it would distract us, if we had not. As it is, the numbers who are sent away make it a difficult thing to get; but I being able to influence the gentlemen, can always secure a person against disappointment, and get you all into a capital mill.'

'Is it the factories?' said the widow, starting.

'I don't wonder at your being surprised to hear you may be certain of employment,' replied the other; 'but depend on it I shan't deceive you.'

'I have heard much about the factories, sir, but little enough in their favour.'

'To be sure,' observed Mr. Stratton, laughing. 'Those who succeed settle there, and are too well engaged to run about gossiping; while the disappointed folks spread far and wide, proclaiming, like

the fox in the fable, how very sour are the grapes they could not reach.'

'That may be,' remarked the widow thoughtfully.

'It is, I assure you,' said the stranger. 'Those who are lucky enough to get fully engaged soon come to live like gentlemen. Good lodging, capital clothing, the best to eat, and plenty of it: kind neighbours, generous masters, skilful doctors'—

'And fine preachers,' added Mr. Stratton.

'Oh, for those that like fine preaching it is as good as London itself: lots of Bible Societies, missionary meetings, tract depositories,'—

'And schools?' asked the widow anxiously.

'Capital schools: day, evening and Sunday schools to no end.'

'We cannot stop long now,' observed Mr. Stratton. 'Think over what you have heard, but don't mention a word of it to anybody at present. In the first place, my friend would be exposed to so many applications he might not be able to serve you effectually; and in the next place, the life in the lease has not yet expired: so you have a chance still.'

'I will not mention it, sir; unless to Mr. Barlow, who is always my true friend.'

'Mr. Barlow! oh no, by no means: he is the best man alive, and your friend; but then he is other people's friend too. Come, I have good reason for desiring you to promise you won't name the matter to any body till we talk it over again.'

The widow promised; adding that she would answer for Helen too.

'Come here, Helen,' said the kind neighbour. 'Why you are grown quite a woman. Don't you think it would be a nice plan to stop with your

good old friend, instead of going out to all sorts of drudgery ?'

' Indeed, sir, I should not mind drudgery : but I could not part with *her*,' casting her tearful eyes towards the old lady.

' Nor need you,' said the stranger ; ' a strong healthy girl like you may earn enough, and easily, to keep her old hands both quiet and warm. Good bye to you.' And the gentlemen departed.

' Why did you not tell them, granny,' said Helen, when the visitors had left the cottage, ' that you had relations in the factories ?'

' It would have done no good, my dear ; and indeed I wanted to have their own account of the matter : for I often thought my daughter Wright had a little over-rated the comforts of the place, because she went against the judgment of her friends ; and she is one of those, Helen, who don't like to own they are disappointed.'

' But what a fine thing it must be, if all this is true.'

' It isn't all true, to my knowledge ; but the Parliament has been making new laws they say, and all for the benefit of the working people : so it may be truer than I thought at first. Well, we must wait, and see how things turn out, Helen. A higher hand than ours is overruling all for good.'

They resumed their employments ; and on the morrow the young people attended the Sunday school, with faces as cheerful and hearts as light as any in the village. Helen taught her class, Richard his, and the three children, as usual, gave perfect satisfaction to their instructors. From the school they went in modest order to the church, where the widow

Green was already in her place. They had proceeded but a few paces homeward, after the service, when a deep toll of the large bell struck them with a startling effect: they paused involuntarily.

‘Poor Hewitt!’ remarked a gentleman who was passing, ‘when did he die?’

‘I don’t know: I heard yesterday that he could not live many hours.’

Another step or two brought the party so painfully interested in these tidings within a few feet of the humble mound, over which a neat wooden grave-rail extended, bearing the names of William and Sarah Green and their departed children. It was almost too much for the widow: the cottage rose up before her, with all its sad and sweet associations; the past and the future blending with the present, in a way they had never done before. She leaned more heavily on her grandson’s arm; and as with affectionate sympathy he pressed hers closer to his side, a sob—a sound not often heard from her patient lips—burst forth, and then the natural weakness of humanity was conquered by a sweet recurrence to her mind of the words she had just before heard quoted in the pulpit: “Be still, and know that I am God.”

Nothing was said on the subject: Richard fully understood the extent of what had befallen them; but he was a boy alike of resolute spirit and of sanguine disposition. The burden that then hung on his arm was dear to him as his life; and in deep devotion of soul he entered on the new path of duty into which the funeral bell had ushered him, determining that while he had hands to work, neither the aged form beside him nor the youthful beings who followed their tread should know want or sorrow.

The untried path presented no obstacles to his inexperienced eye; and if Richard grieved over the loss of his little patrimony, still more did he rejoice in the conscious acquisition of what was indisputably his own—useful information, industrious habits, and an unblemished character.

At the cottage door they were met by Mrs. Barker, who, with a face where concern was most legibly pictured, took the widow's hand, saying, 'If I could save you from what's now likely to come upon you, by walking fifty miles on my bare feet, I'd set out this minute.'

'That you would, ma'am,' exclaimed more than one young voice; while the widow mildly said, 'I know I have a kind, true friend on earth as long as Mrs. Barker is there: but now will you please to defer all talk about these things till to-morrow. We must remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy; and for all the rest, "the Lord will provide."' "

No word of allusion to the event was heard during the remainder of the day; all was cheerfulness, though perhaps not so bright as at some other times. The lodger's studious attentions, her many little bustling kindnesses, and looks of anxious love, tended to keep the matter very distinctly present to their thoughts; and once or twice she so far forgot herself as to mutter expressions of admiration, the origin of which none could mistake, who knew the circumstances of the case.

'What a difference there is between Mrs. Barker and cross old Buckle!' whispered Mary to Helen. But the next morning, when the pail of milk was handed in, cross old Buckle spoke in tones so gentle, and stroked her head so kindly, and slipped so bright

a shilling into her hand, that Mary's opinion was quite staggered: tripping backward, as usual, in Helen's path, she exclaimed, 'I say, Helen, it is a good thing to be poor and in trouble: every body does be so kind to one then.'

Alas, poor Mary! she had much to learn.

C. E.



THE SMILES OF HOPE.

'The heart is a child—it's wishes are all hopes.'

TURKISH PROVERB.

THERE is an angel, who on airy wing,
From man's first hour, doth still his steps attend;
In smiles, in tears; in winter or in spring,
She flitteth near him, ready to befriend.

Bright is her aspect, sunny is her mien,
When hovering first around youth's path of flowers,
She lightly leadeth him, o'er swards of green,
Where o'er no tempest rolls, no storm-cloud lowers.

And onward ever doth she point, to where
Some spot shines forth, far brighter than the rest,
And still doth promise to return, and bear
The flower we prize, and place it in our breast.

OCTOBER, 1839.

X

Heedless she wantons on to seize the rose—
But ah ! too often in her haste, the thorn
She sees not, that around it ever grows,
And wounded falls, with maimed wing and torn.

And fluttering there—and striving to be free,
The wings which are her essence she destroys ;
Their plumes are scattered, and beneath the tree
Weeping sits HOPE her unattained joys.

But if ere yet she sinks in doubts and fears,
One ray of light by grace divine is given :
Anon she starts—and glistening through her tears,
‘ The thornless flowers,’ she cries, ‘ are those of
heaven !’

Then with some feathers lost, indeed, and plumes
Upon her light wing drooping, she returns ;
Sadly at first—but soon the light illumines
Her radiant brow, her heavenly frame soon burns.

Then doth she heavenward soar ; new strength—new
life
Urge her strong pinion in its upward flight,
And earth, albeit with choicest odours rife,
And rarest lines—no more attracts her sight.

Save where the hearts-ease or the pansy sweet
Allure her, and she crops their modest bloom,
(And where hope treads, they spring beneath her feet)
She plucks and strews the pathway to the tomb.

The certain tomb ; ’tis there she first doth light,
And smiling stands, and beckons from afar :

And when we faint—with radiant smile and bright,
She cheers us thence—our bright and morning star !

There doth she stand, distant, yet still in view,
And there her anchor from on high is given :
One hand points out the path—the straight—the true ;
The other upwards, with a smile, to heaven !

Oh hope has many a smile—each bright—each sweet ;
Bright is her early smile in childhood's bloom :
Sweet when she whispers—' Parting friends shall
meet ;'

But oh how heavenly ! smiling from the tomb.

L. H. J. T.



THERE are those poor misguided creatures, who carry the spirit of this objection so far as to insist that, because " our heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of, before we ask him ;" therefore there is no necessity for our troubling him with our petitions. How woefully hath Satan blinded their hearts, that they cannot see that our Saviour makes this very knowledge which God has of their wants, the very reason and ground for diligence and importunity in asking. " Your heavenly Father," saith the Lord Jesus, " knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him ; after this manner *therefore* pray ye."—*Rev. W. Cogswell.*

THE PATRIOT QUEEN.

OF all the female characters in the Old Testament, there is scarcely one more fitted for our admiring contemplation than that of the magnanimous Esther. She exhibits so many rare and valuable qualities, such opposite graces, and seemingly contradictory endowments, that the Christian lady can hardly fail to derive both delight and advantage from a minute observation of the various excellences of this lovely Jewish queen.

When we survey the scriptures as a whole, and observe how far the narrative parts exceed those of a didactic nature, it will appear to be the intention of our Great Teacher to instruct us by example rather than by precept. The word is thus described by St. James to act as a glass or mirror, wherein virtue and vice, good and evil, appear in their just proportions, clothed in their native beauty and deformity, so that the exceeding value of the one, and the no less real misery and mischief of the other, are in this manner demonstrated more satisfactorily than by the corrected definitions.

This consideration will serve as a sufficient apology for copying from the life, in our researches after excellence—not from dead rules or from an imaginary creature. The heroes and heroines of the novelist fail in subserving the purposes of true morality—and why? Because ‘these faultless monsters,’ although

decked in every possible and impossible perfection, are not in reality human beings; they do not act, and think, and feel, in difficult and trying situations, as we are conscious we should ourselves do, were we similarly circumstanced. Their actions may indeed wear a higher semblance of virtue; for it is easy to imagine something far better than human nature in its present state; but if they have not our conflicts and temptations, they cannot engage our sympathy, and as a necessary consequence they do not challenge our imitation.

In order, therefore, that a character may strongly interest the imagination and affect the heart, it seems in the highest degree requisite that it should be perfectly natural. Its loftiest flights and its sublimest features must be in strict keeping with human weakness, and even frailty, or we shall hail as a prodigy, and not as an exemplar, the rare and difficult perfections that are brought before our notice.

How beautifully are these things blended together in the character of the loyal Esther! When nobly risking her life for the good of her people, she is still a woman, weak, timid, and susceptible. We discover the steps by which she has been gradually led to perform an action so heroic. We see her fainting at the first sight of that dread sovereign, whose frown is irrevocable death; and we sympathize with her; we think that if placed in similar circumstances we should feel as she did, and we should desire to act like her. We perceive too, that it was her piety, her obedience to Mordecai, her love for her people, that prompted such noble self-devotedness. We thus learn the full value of these everyday virtues. We are encouraged to practise them likewise; we trust

they may one day lead us to the performance of actions great and good like hers.

But then Esther was beautiful, it may be said, and it was her external accomplishments, rather than the graces of her pure and heaven-directed spirit, that gave her so powerful an influence over the minds and destinies of her fellow-creatures. A candid perusal of her history will, however, by no means countenance such an assertion. The effect of her beauty is thus described by the inspired penman, in simple but expressive language: "And Esther *obtained favour* in the sight of all who looked upon her." We will compare this with Prov. iii. 3, 4. "Let not *mercy and truth* forsake thee, bind them about thy neck, write them upon the table of thine heart, so shalt thou *find favour* and good understanding in the sight of God and man." These then were the sacred spells by which she captivated the hearts of all beholders. Her soul, the temple of the living God, was the abode of majesty and sweetness, of truth and love; is it then surprising that these heavenly perfections should irradiate her countenance, and impart a secret lustre to her minutest actions?

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

O that woman, disregarding those meretricious ornaments which rather serve to disfigure than to embellish her real graces, would seek by simplicity, meekness, and every feminine virtue, to maintain her only just and permanent influence over the best affections of the heart!

It is quite evident that Esther attached very little importance to the advantages of dress and decora-

tion ; for when it was her turn to go before the king, she required nothing but what was usually appointed. Her best ornament was that of a meek and quiet spirit, not inordinately desirous of earthly honours ; this enabled her to leave her cause with heaven, prayerfully yet calmly, well knowing that “ the king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water, and that he turneth it whithersoever he will.”

But let us follow our heroine through the sequel of her history ; it will furnish us with fresh matter for admiring consideration. In her conduct to Ahasuerus she betrays a knowledge of the human heart, which, at her early age, could only have been acquired by the most diligent self-examination. A less dispassionate or reflecting spirit would have immediately opened her suit to that monarch, when he says to her with so much tenderness, “ What wilt thou, queen Esther ? and what is thy request ? it shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom.” But aware of the influence of Haman, and probably little acquainted with the personal character of one with whom she was nevertheless so closely connected, she prudently forbears to hazard her cause upon the assurance of one favourable moment, and invites the king and Haman to a banquet.

But wherefore Haman ? Why bestow this mark of favour upon the adversary of Mordecai and of the Jewish people ? Let it not be supposed that her intention in so doing proceeded from a crafty or insidious feeling, although the effect upon Haman’s mind proved fatally intoxicating. It was indeed nigh to impossible that she could anticipate such a result, while the event serves fully to explain as well as to

justify her conduct. She was going to inform the king of a conspiracy against her people, in which she was of necessity involved. Of this, Haman was the sole originator; it was surely, then, both equitable and generous to make her statement in presence of her adversary, that he might have the opportunity of repelling the accusation if unfounded.

The catastrophe, alike interesting and impressive, is too well known to all Bible readers, to require a particular description. We may perhaps be pardoned, however, for dwelling for a few moments upon Esther's attainder of her adversary, it is so characteristic of the simplicity, candour, and straight-forwardness of her mind. When Ahasuerus, highly incensed at finding the life of his beloved queen endangered, exclaims, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so? She replies in few, very few words, but with that moral courage which the love of truth can alone impart, "The adversary and the enemy is this wicked Haman." She attempts not by studied language or invective to augment the anger of the king, still she is not afraid to call things by their right names, and bestows on this bold bad man an epithet he so well deserves; for Esther knew nothing of the false charity or liberality, so fashionable in these enlightened times, which regards virtue and vice, good and evil, with equal complacency.

It will be seen, in the concluding chapters of the history, that Esther again appears uncalled before the king, and with tears entreats him "to put away the evil of Haman the Agagite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews." From which we may conclude that Ahasuerus, satisfied with execut-

ing judgment upon Haman, and bestowing upon Esther and Mordecai the highest proofs of his regard, had taken no steps for the security of the Jewish people, in whose welfare he could not be supposed to feel any very lively interest. An interval of more than two months elapsed between the first and second petition of Esther, so that the matter might seem to be set at rest; it could not be therefore without risk that she appeared again unsolicited before an arbitrary monarch, who might have conceived he had already shewn her sufficient favour.

Here, then, the ardent, the devoted patriotism of Esther shines forth with superior lustre. Herself perfectly secure, enjoying the highest honour and distinction in the court of a powerful sovereign, whose heart appears to have owned the full force of her attractions, she yet weeps over the apprehended calamities of her people, and can taste of no happiness but in their complete deliverance.

Illustrious lady! it was the largeness of thy heart that placed a diadem upon thy brow; and it was thy wisdom and thy meekness, thy piety and thy disinterestedness, that gave to it its real value! O surpassing glory of goodness, that imparts so high a lustre to all earthly grandeur, while it receives from it so little! May every Christian lady well reflect that the crown of righteousness she hopes one day to wear must sparkle with the self-same jewels that adorned the virtuous Esther; and may she, in lowly self-abasement, at the footstool of the Highest, implore the aid of that Almighty grace which can alone enable her to "think upon whatsoever things are pure, lovely, honest or of good report!"

J. D.

PUSEYISM.

(FROM A CHARGE DELIVERED BY THE BISHOP OF
CALCUTTA, 1838.)

IF I dwell, however, at some length on the reaction which these and a variety of other errors have produced—for a most fearful reaction, as I have intimated, has begun to flow in—it is for two reasons; because those who are now urging HUMAN TRADITION IN MATTERS OF RELIGION—true as some part of their statements may be—are manifestly preparing the way for all kinds of superstitions and departures from the simplicity of the gospel, resembling those of the church of Rome; and also because, being individuals of no ordinary learning and piety, and justly entitled to the highest respect in the stations of influence in which they move, their writings are likely to attract considerable attention amongst our young divines, and to be re-produced in an aggravated form, as most other impulses from home are, in this country. It is the last novelty of the day; and though it will probably soon begin to wear itself out, yet it may still create such extraordinary mischief in India, that I feel compelled, long as I have already detained you, not to withhold from you such remarks as occur to me in the way of respectful precaution.

It is to me, I confess, a matter of surprise and shame, that in the nineteenth century we should

really have the fundamental position of the whole system of Popery virtually re-asserted in the bosom of that very church, which was reformed so determinately three centuries since from this self-same evil, by the doctrine and labours and martyrdom of Cranmer and his noble fellow-sufferers.

What! are we to have all the fond tenets which formerly sprung from the traditions of men re-introduced, in however modified a form, amongst us? Are we to have a refined transubstantiation—the sacraments, and not faith, the chief means of salvation—a confused and uncertain mixture of the merits of Christ and inherent grace in the matter of justification—remission of sins, and the new creation of Christ Jesus, confined, or almost confined, to baptism—perpetual doubt of pardon to the penitent after that sacrament—the duty and advantage of self-imposed austerities—the innocency of prayers for the dead—and similar tenets and usages which generate “a spirit of bondage”—again asserted amongst us? And is the paramount authority of the inspired scriptures, and the doctrine of the grace of God in our justification by the alone merits of Jesus Christ which reposes on that authority, to be again weakened and obscured by such human superadditions; and a new edifice of ‘will-worship,’ and ‘voluntary humility,’ and the ‘rudiments of the world,’ as the apostle speaks, to be erected once more in the place of the simple gospel of a crucified Saviour?

My language is strong, my reverend brethren; but I think you will agree with me, that it is not too strong for the occasion. You shall judge for yourselves. I select as a specimen of the whole system,

and what forms its basis, so far as I can understand it from the various publications which have reached me, the following passage from the able, learned, and accomplished author of the *Sermon on Tradition*—for it is not necessary to disparage in the slightest degree the high endowments of the leaders in this new way.

‘With relation to the supreme authority of inspired scripture,’ says the Professor of Poetry, ‘it stands thus—Catholic tradition teaches revealed truth, scripture proves it; scripture is the document of faith, tradition the witness of it; the true creed is the Catholic interpretation of scripture, or scripturally-proved tradition; scripture by itself teaches mediately, and proves decisively; scripture and tradition taken together are the joint rule of faith.’

So, then, tradition is the primary, and holy scripture the secondary, teacher of divine truth; so then we are to search the inspired word of God, not as the one authoritative, adequate rule of faith, but as the document of what this tradition teaches; we are to study the scriptures, not in order to ascertain simply God’s revealed will, but to prove tradition by scriptural evidence; and the standard of revelation is no longer the Bible alone, that is, the inspired word of the Eternal God in its plain and obvious meaning, but ‘scripture and tradition taken together are the joint rule of faith.’

All this is surely sufficiently alarming; but it becomes incomparably more so, when we learn with what latitude the word tradition is understood. It includes, as we gather from the other repeated statements of the learned author, ‘unwritten as well as written’ traditions, ‘certain remains or fragments of the

treasure of apostolical doctrines and church rules ;² in other words, an oral law, ' independent of, and distinct from, the truths which are directly scriptural ;' which traditions are to be received ' apart from all scripture evidence, as traditionary or common laws ecclesiastical.' So that it appears that SCRIPTURE, AND UNWRITTEN AS WELL AS WRITTEN TRADITION, ARE, TAKEN TOGETHER, THE JOINT RULE OF FAITH.

I appeal to you, reverend brethren, whether we have not here a totally FALSE PRINCIPLE asserted as to the rule of faith. I appeal to you, whether the very reading of this statement is not enough to condemn it? I appeal to you, whether the blessed and all-perfect book of God is not thus depressed into a kind of attendant and expositor of tradition? I appeal to you, whether this is not to magnify the comments of men above the inspired words of the Holy Ghost? I appeal to you, whether this is not to make tradition an integral part of the canon of faith, and so to undermine the whole fabric of the reformation, or rather of ' the glorious gospel of the blessed God,' which that reformation vindicated and affirmed?

I am as far as possible from supposing that the various pious and learned authors, to whose sentiments, and especially one of them, I am alluding, have any such intention. I am sure they have not. But the tendency of the system is not in my view the less dangerous. Such will and must be, I think, the general effect of its diffusion amongst a multitude of young divinity students, with comparatively little experience, and too apt to follow the new theories of popular and distinguished persons.

And wherefore this deviation from our old Protestant doctrine and language; why this false principle; why this new school, as it were, of divinity? Ancient testimony in its proper place, who had undervalued? The dignity and grace of the sacraments, who had denied? The study of primitive antiquity, who had renounced? The witness of the early fathers, who had disparaged? Wherefore weaken, then, by pushing beyond its due bearing, the argument which all writers of credit in our church had delighted to acknowledge?

The testimony of the apostolical and primitive ages, for example, to the genuineness, authenticity, and divine inspiration of the canonical books of the New Testament, as of the Jewish church to those of the Old, who had called in question? Or who had doubted the incalculable importance of the witness of the universal ancient church at the council of Nice, to the broad fact of the faith of the whole Christian world, from the days of the apostles to that hour, in the mysteries of the adorable Trinity and of the Incarnation, as there rehearsed and recognised? Or who had called in question the other matters of fact which are strengthened by Christian antiquity, as the divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Lord's-day; the institution and perpetuity of the two, and only two Christian sacraments; the right of the infants of the faithful to the blessings of holy baptism; the apostolical usage of confirmation; the permanent separation of a body of men for sacred services; the duty of willing reverence from the people for them; the threefold rank of ministers in Christ's church; the use of liturgies; the observation of the festivals of our Lord's birth,

resurrection, ascension, and gift of the Holy Ghost; with similar points: to which may be added, their important negative testimony to the non-existence of any one of the peculiar doctrines and claims of the modern court and church of Rome. These and similar facts we rejoice to acknowledge, as fortified by pure and uncorrupted primitive tradition or testimony.

We rejoice also to receive, with our own Protestant reformed church, the universal witness of the Catholic fathers and ancient bishops, expressed in the three creeds, as a most important method of guarding the words of Revelation from the artful ambiguities of heretics, and as rules and terms of communion; just as we acknowledge our modern Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies for the same purpose. We rejoice again in tracing back almost the whole of our most sublime and scriptural Liturgy to a far higher period than the rise of Popery—to the primitive ages of the church in our own and every other Christian country. We thus admit, in its fullest sense, for its proper ends, the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis—*Quod semper, quod ab omnibus, quod ubique traditum est.*

And we receive such tradition for this one reason—because it deserves the name of JUST AND PROPER EVIDENCE. It is authentic testimony. It is a part of the materials from which even the external evidences of Christianity itself are derived. It furnishes the most powerful historical arguments in support of our faith. It is amongst the proofs of our holy religion.

But evidence is one thing; the rule of belief another. Not for one moment do we, on any or all

these grounds, confound the history and evidences of the divinely-inspired rule of faith, with that rule itself. Not for one moment do we place tradition on the same level with the all-perfect word of God. Not for one moment do we allow it any share in the standard of revealed truth. Scripture and tradition taken together are NOT, we venture to assert, "the joint rule of faith;" but "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith." And tradition is so far from being of co-ordinate authority, that even the ecclesiastical writers who approach the nearest to them, and are read in our churches, which not one of the fathers is, "for example of life, and instruction of manners;" are still, as being uninspired, not to be applied to establish any one doctrine of our religion.

Against this whole system, then, as proceeding upon A MOST FALSE AND DANGEROUS PRINCIPLE, and differing from the generally received Protestant doctrine, I beg, reverend brethren, most respectfully to caution you. I enter my solemn protest against the testimony of the fathers to any number of facts, being constituted a "joint rule of faith." I protest against their witness to the meaning of certain capital series of texts on the fundamental truths of the gospel being entitled to the reverence only due to the authoritative revelation itself. I protest against the salutary use made of the testimony of primitive writers by our church, as a safeguard against heresy and an expression of her view of the sense of the holy scriptures, being placed on a level with the blessed scriptures themselves—that is, I PROTEST AGAINST A

MERE RULE OF COMMUNION BEING MADE A RULE OF FAITH.

“Stand fast,” therefore, reverend brethren, “in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free,” if I may adapt to such a subject the admonition of the great apostle of the Gentiles, “and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.” Keep close, I affectionately entreat you, to the holy scriptures, according to your ordination vows. Venerate, study, magnify, consult, preach the revealed will of God, “not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.” Remember you have in the holy scriptures, as I venture to believe, the entire depositum fidei—*τὴν καλὴν παρακαταθήκην*—that same good and noble deposit of the faith which was committed to Timothy, to guard yourselves, and to hand down to the next age. Remember that the piety of a new way scarcely survives its first inventors, however able, devout, or well-intentioned they may be; but loses most of its redeeming qualities, and acquires dangerous ones at each remove. Remember that what is tradition impregnated with will-worship to-day, is superstition and spiritual death to-morrow. Remember how easy it is, through the corruption of the human heart, to rear on the same foundation of Christ Jesus, “wood, hay, stubble;” as well as “gold, silver, and precious stones.” Remember that this is amongst the very class of evils against which St. Paul so earnestly warns his young and pious bishops, Timothy and Titus—fables, genealogies, oppositions of false named science, logomachies, and other human inventions, which “minister questions rather than godly edifying, which is in faith.” Remember how insidiously, but surely, the

OCTOBER, 1839.

Y

traditions of men, if once laid as a foundation, or part-foundation of faith, "make void the word of God"—as the evils which were produced by the oral law of the Jews, by the commandments of men brought in by the Pharisees at the time of our Lord, and by that mass of traditions in the church of Rome under which the gospel has been buried and almost lost for twelve centuries, sufficiently prove. Remember, above all, that unauthorized, or over-urged human observances and traditions are always found to sap the foundation of a penitent sinner's hope in the alone satisfaction and atonement of Christ.

Yes; you may rely upon it, reverend brethren, that this "joint rule of faith" will never long consist with the simplicity of the gospel. I speak with fear and apprehension, lest I should in the least degree overstate the case. I suspect not—I repeat, I suspect not—the reverend and learned leaders of the least intention or idea of forwarding the process which I think is in fact going on. But the plague is begun. A FALSE PRINCIPLE IS ADMITTED IN THE RULE OF FAITH, AND IS ALREADY AT WORK.

Already an amplitude is given, as we have seen, to the word tradition, which may include anything and everything, and therefore justly awakens our increased alarm. Already texts of inspired scripture are weakened or contracted to the narrowest and most doubtful sense. Already are expressions dropped on the subject of the holy Eucharist to which our ears are unaccustomed. Already are the idolatries and abominations of the church of Rome spoken of in these very books and tracts of controversy, with far too much tenderness. Already are tradition and the church too prominently brought

forward, and Christ and the justification through his blood and the sanctification of his Spirit too little insisted on; whilst a feebler language is employed on these and other great doctrines of the gospel even when they are introduced. Already are some rather lowering intimations given, not intentionally I am sure, but conveying the impression to the ordinary reader, concerning our Articles and Homilies. Already are appeals made to documents which were superseded by the more purely evangelical formularies of our present Book of Common Prayer, with its Articles and Homilies, at the definitive settlement of our reformed church; and a desire not obscurely expressed that our reformation had retained more of the traditionary model.

All this is but too natural. The false principle will go on "eating as doth a cancer," if things proceed as they now do. The inspired word of God will be imperceptibly neglected; and the traditions of men will take its place. The church will supersede the Bible. The sacraments will hide the glory of Christ. Self-righteousness will conceal the righteousness of God. Traditions and fathers will occupy the first place, as we see in the sermons of the chief Roman Catholic authors of every age, and Christ come next or not at all; and a lowered tone of practical religion will come in.

The whole system, indeed, goes to generate, as I cannot but think, an inadequate and superficial and superstitious religion. The mere admissions of the inspiration and paramount authority of holy scripture will soon become a dead letter; due humiliation before God, under a sense of the unutterable evil of sin, will be less and less understood; a con-

viction of the need of the meritorious righteousness of the incarnate Saviour, as the alone ground of justification, will be only faintly inculcated; the operations of the Holy Ghost in creating man anew will be more and more forgotten; the nature of those good works which are acceptable to God in Christ will be lost sight of; and "another gospel" framed on the traditions of men will make way for an apostasy in our own church, as in that of Rome, unless, indeed, the evangelical piety, the reverence for holy scripture, the theological learning, and the forethought and fidelity of our divines of dignified station and established repute at home INTERPOSE BY DISTINCT CAUTIONS TO PREVENT IT—as they are beginning to interpose, and as I humbly trust they will still more decisively do; and as their signal success in the instance of the Neological theories a year or two since, may well encourage them to resolve on.

AGAINST the Romanist, the church of England confines the testimony of the ancients to the bare interpretation of scripture: rejecting all pretended tradition, whether written or oral, which purports to be an apostolical deposit, independent of and distinct from scripture, and which propounds a body of doctrines that scripture nowhere recognises, and nowhere teaches.—*Faber on Justification.*

THE PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued from page 151.)

THIS last thought moved me profoundly, and I fancied that the imposing and pure voice of this Christian, of this minister of truth, raised itself anew, upon this spot and before this same idol, where so often heretofore it had resounded, and that, filling the vallies with its truth-telling accents, it summoned the multitude to listen, and that it replied to the preacher in these terms :—

‘ Fool, I will say to thee with St. Paul, *Who hath bewitched thee so far, that thou puttest the flesh into the place of the Spirit?* and thy folly and thy darkness above the wisdom and the light of the powerful God ?

‘ I see thee : thou pleasest thyself with these words, which may be read over the entry of this temple, *Here is to be had the plenary remission of all sins ;* and thou wilt persuade this ignorant multitude of it, whose souls thou art about to murder, in telling them that it is only here, only in this temple built by men, that the God of mercies is to be met with.

‘ But, imprudent spirit, and altogether terrestrial, knowest thou not that whatever be the country which a soul inhabits, God encompasses it, as well as here ? Should it be in one place rather than in another, that he who hath made the heavens and the earth should be found near to the heart which seeks him ?

‘ Thinkest thou, then, new Samaritan, that it is

here that one must worship, *because that thy fathers worshipped there before thee?* What signifies this antiquity which flatters pride, if it be not but a superstition, but a lie?

‘Or rather, perhaps, thou art ignorant even to this point of the covenant of salvation, and of what the blood of the Son of God is worth, that thou countest this blood an unholy thing, in preferring to it or uniting to it the merits of creatures, or in associating to the work of the Saviour those of the Virgin or the angels, or the saints?

‘Soul yet ignorant of the gift of God! should it be useless books, long pilgrimages, offerings, images, the multitude of prayers, or the dress of the body, which should obtain the grace of God? Is it not to the heart that God looks? And Christ, who has offered himself once upon the cross, is he not the hostie and the victim which satisfies even to all eternity for the sins of all the faithful?

‘Thou speakest of the *immaculate conception* of the Virgin, of her *resurrection*, of her *assumption* into heaven, of her *power*, and of her *intercession*, to which thou joinest that of the saints and of angels, whom also thou wouldest to have adored, honoured, and invoked.

‘But how is it that thou hast not read the holy scriptures, or even so much as the authentic history of the church of God, before proclaiming these superstitions, these signal idolatries?

‘If thou hadst done so, wouldest thou not have known that an Athanasius and an Epiphanius reprove those who adore *other servants of God*; declare that adoration (of what sort soever it be) belongs neither to the saints, nor to the angels, nor to the

Virgin herself, but to God ; and that Augustine said that all catholic Christians serve none of the dead, but God alone ?

‘ But above all, wouldest thou have known (and may God grant you to believe it!) that the Word of the Eternal denounces even the smallest religious honour which man addresses to another than to God alone, though it be done even for God, in his intention? *Thou shalt worship, it says to thee, the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Ye shall fear only the Lord, ye shall serve only him, and ye shall swear only by his name. I am the Lord, saith he to thee ; and I will not give my glory to a graven image. Thou shalt not turn thyself towards an idol ; but thou shalt break it in pieces, and thou shalt demolish its altar.* This is what God saith unto thee.

‘ Thou wilt reply to me, I know, that these idols and these images do not represent false divinities, and that besides this homage which thou renderest unto the Virgin, to the angels and saints, is only an inferior worship ; but the supreme adoration, thou renderest it only to God alone.

‘ But who hath told thee that there are two sorts of adorations ? Where seest thou this in the bible ?

‘ I see, indeed, with the pagans of ancient Rome two or three degrees of adoration, according as the gods of these idolaters were *superior* or *inferior*. But the book of God reproves such a practice. But further (and be pleased to yield attention to it), it is of this very word, of *dulia*, as thou callest it, that it also makes use, to express that supreme adoration which is due unto the Eternal ; and you may see it in many places.

‘ Thus thou oughtest to know that one of these

primitive doctors whom thy church hears, is forced to acknowledge that this twofold kind of adoration of which thou speakest, has no support in scripture ; and that another doctor, not in less repute, confesses that this distinction has been altogether unknown to the apostolical fathers.

‘ Abjure it, then, for it is not in the word of the Lord. But what is there is thy condemnation. I see there, myself, two things which speak against thee : one, that thou oughtest *to add nothing to the words of the Lord, nor to take anything from them* ; the other, that there is there a commandment which expressly curses all the service of images. Hear it !

‘ THE CHURCH OF ROME CONCEALS FROM THE PEOPLE THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

‘ The Eternal has said with his own mouth : *Thou shalt not make any graven image, nor any representation of things which are on high in the heavens, nor here below upon the earth, nor in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not prostrate thyself before them, and thou shalt not serve them : for I am the Lord thy God, the mighty God, and jealous, punishing the iniquity of the fathers in the children, even unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shewing mercy even unto a thousand generations, to them that love me and that keep my commandments.*

‘ Answer, priest of the church of Rome ! What hast thou done with this commandment ? I see it no more, neither in the catechisms of the people, nor in the teachings of thy church.¹

¹ The translator has himself seen, in the Chapel Royal at Versailles, as restored and beautified since the restoration of the Bourbons, a table of stone, purporting to be a *fac simile* of the Decalogue, attached to one of the pillars, and near to the great altar, upon which there are cut, in Hebrew characters, just ~~nine~~ commandments, and

‘ The child who learns thy catechism has not even an idea of it ; he knows not that God has pronounced it. Let one ask of him, What is *the second commandment* ? he answers by reciting the *third*.

no more. The second is *entirely left out*, and no attempt whatever is made to divide the tenth into two ! It is given just as we have it—“ Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house,” &c.

So entirely do the Romish priesthood in France rely upon the profound ignorance upon the subject of religion, or the profound indifference of the generality of Frenchmen, including the court and the royal family.

The allegation of the shameless apologists for the apostate Roman church, with respect to this foul mutilation is, that this is all one sin, the worshipping another God and worshipping a graven image ; or at least that they differ the one from the other only in degree : and therefore the commandment concerning it can be but one.

But this is altogether false : the sins though frequently or most generally committed together, are essentially different in their kind. The first commandment forbids, not the turning from the true to a false *Supreme* God, (a thing which even the heathen never professed to do, or to contemplate,) but the having and adoring of strange *little* gods, before his face. This sin was first introduced into Israel by Ahab, who, together with his Sidonian wife, imported into his kingdom the worship of these Baalim, or “ lords many,” whom the Greeks afterwards distinguished by the name of Dæmons, or Dæmonia, (little demons.)

But the sin forbidden in the second commandment is the offering of *relation* worship to an idol, or image. By relation worship, in Roman Catholic divinity, is meant a worship that does not terminate in that image, or idol (for an image, and an idol, are all the same) but which ultimately refers to, and terminates in its real, or supposed archetype, the being, or spirit, which it is intended to represent. And the being, or spirit, whose symbol, or visible representation, the image, or idol, is intended to be, may be, and in the contemplation of the second commandment actually is no other than God himself. The children of Israel and Aaron intended no departure from the God of their fathers, who brought them out of the land of Egypt, when they made the calf ; and therefore when the idol was finished, Aaron made proclamation to that effect (as did Jeroboam afterwards) : and the maintainers of image-worship in the Christian church of the middle ages (at least at the first) did the same. The symbol, or idol, which they made, was that of the cherubic Man God upon the cross, the times of the worship of the cherubic calf, or ox, having gone out with the incarnation of the eternal word, and the shewing of him to the world.

The apology then for image-worship in the church of Rome being founded in an allegation which is manifestly untrue, is wholly vain,

‘ The man come to maturity is just as ignorant of it, and he has no suspicion even that he is transgressing the law of God, when he bows himself before an image.

and falls to the ground. It is true that the idolater *may* bow down before, and adore an image of that which is not God, but is only a creature—a saint, or an angel. And then the first and second commandment are both broken together, as they were by the heathen, when they worshipped the images of the *lesser* gods and goddesses.

But this is not necessary to constitute the sin of idolatry. Idolatry may, and does degenerate lower than the first step in that provoking sin which, blinding the eyes of them who are the subjects of it, must therefore be always deadly or damning in its effect. Yea, it may, and does descend even to the lowest degree in its kind, ending, as at last it does, at least with the vulgar, who are *the people*, in the worship of the image itself, as having a divinity residing in it, and being that very divinity.

But, I repeat it, he is an idolater in the proper sense of the word, and in the primary view of the second commandment, who uses an image, an idol, to aid him in his devotions, when professing to worship, and to worship alone, the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. It is not then necessary that the Virgin Mary should be worshipped, through an image representing her holding her son in her arms, or without her son, in order that idolatry should be committed: it is enough that *THAT* image should be set up, which we always see over the high altar in Roman Catholic churches, and that is no other than the visible representation of the human nature of Him who once suffered for our redemption, and in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

The children of Israel made a calf at Horeb: they “ sat down to eat and drink before the idol, and rose up to play.” And God, displeased at this, turned, (as Stephen reminded their children, Acts vii.) and gave them over to worship the host of heaven; and for these two sins committed together, the breach of the first commandment and of the second, he sent them in captivity to Babylon.

Here the worship of the host of heaven is spoken of as a greater and more degrading sin—as a greater *bathos* in apostacy; which, because of the sin of idolatry which they had committed before, and not repented of, God gave his people over to commit. But the material host of heaven, the sun, moon, and stars, or the spirits, which in heaven behold the face of God, are surely nobler objects of false worship, if false worship be to be committed, than a block, or a piece of metal, fashioned by art and man’s device. The sin of Ahab, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up, was greater than that of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. Idolatry, then, simply considered, cannot be (as the Papists vainly contend) the making an

‘Thou tellest him nothing more of it in thy discourses; and if your books speak of it, it is *en passant*, and as of an addition, now useless, to the first commandment, and which contains not another ordinance. Or rather, by an unheard-of interpretation, thou declarest that the menace which ends the second commandment is a clause which attaches itself to each of the ten!

‘I well know that thou wilt say to me, that, nevertheless thy church hath the ten commandments.

‘But first of all, by what name shall I call this alteration of the *seventh* (which thou callest the *sixth*), which forbids *adultery*, and which thou makest to forbid only *lust*? Then, in the second place, what shall I say of this division of the *tenth* into two, and in which is named, in the first place, *the coveting of one’s neighbour’s wife*, then, in the second place, *the coveting of his goods*?

‘Wouldest thou not have been aware, if thou hadst read scripture, that God hath given the tenth commandment in these terms: *Thou shalt not covet the house of thy neighbour. Thou shalt not covet the wife of thy neighbour, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour’s.*

image of a *false* God, and falling down and worshipping it: it consists mainly in caricaturing *Jehovah himself*, by likening him to something that he has created. See Deut. iv. 10—18.

Either, then, the church of Rome, in confounding together the first and second commandment, and taking away the second on pretence of its being but a part of the first, has shewn herself incapable of distinguishing between things that differ (which destroys her assumption of *infallibility*;) or else, in attempting to blot out one of the ten *words* of the holy law of the Lord, she confesses that she cannot stand to be judged by it; and that for this act of most awful sacrilege she has merited her sentence, to be blotted out, like Amalek of old, from under heaven.

‘Thou wouldest have known then, that from the wife of a neighbour to his man-servant, his maid-servant, &c. they constitute *his house*, that is to say, *his goods*, and that thus it is only by a boldness, or a subtlety, that God alone will judge that thou hast changed the order of the words of the Supreme, and that thou hast separated that which he has united.

‘But it is only *one abyss drawing on another abyss*, and that it was necessary in order that idols and images might enter into thy church, that the commandment which proscribes them, and which denounces the service of them, should first be taken away; and a hand which I dare not give a name to, has consummated this work.

‘But the word of God, for this is not less sure, although thou tearest off a portion of it—although *thou pleadest against it*, and that in shewing the idol which the workman has made with the rule and the square, as said the prophet, or that he has formed with the hammer, and that he has painted afterwards, or covered with gold, thou sayest: ‘Behold such a saint, behold the Virgin, behold Jesus, behold the Holy Spirit, and even behold the eternal Father.’ Yes, always this word of God cries unto thee: *Woe! woe unto the idolator! Thy image teacheth nothing but lies.*

‘And if thou sayest to me, in spite of that, that the Virgin Mary, the angels and the saints are worthy that they should be honoured; that the Virgin, especially, is far elevated above every creature, and that in serving her God is served by her. I demand of thee again, from whence knowest thou this?

‘I see, according to the scripture, that *all ages shall call her blessed*; and also I regard her as the

most honoured of women. But if she had been without sin, as thou sayest, why should she have spoken of *her Saviour*, and why should Jesus himself have reproved her as having committed a fault?

‘And so far am I from seeing the apostolic church admit of this *immaculate conception* of the Virgin, as thou callest it, it is not until the twelfth century that I see the feast of it originated; and even then I hear the Abbot of Clairvaux, the eloquent Bernard, elevate himself with indignation against this doctrine, ‘which has been,’ says he, ‘neither known in the custom of the church, nor approved by reason, nor recommended by ancient tradition.’

‘‘Honour the Virgin,’ said this sincere man, ‘but with judgment: she hath conceived of the Holy Ghost, but she hath not been conceived: she was a Virgin when she brought forth her son, but her mother was not one when she brought her forth.

‘‘How then will you call *holy* a conception which is not of the Holy Ghost, not to say that it is of sin?’

‘‘This blessed woman will dispense willingly with an honour which leads either to the knowing of sin, or to the introducing of a false holiness.’

‘See, priest of Rome, what thou wouldest have known, if thou hadst read were it only the history of thy church. And thou wouldest also have known that numerous doctors, and five popes in particular, have thought and spoken as the wise Abbot of Clairvaux; and that if, finally, the council of Basle decreed the *truth* of this *fable*, this council was rejected by many, and that a pope, at length, put an end to this dispute, in leaving every one free.

‘What signifies then this feast of *the conception*, which rests but upon a manifest error? And how

can he who fears the Eternal, impose upon the people a lie, under the pretence of serving God?

‘I will say of it to thee all at once, O master of human doctrines! respecting the *assumption* of the Virgin. Seek for it in scripture: it is not there. Speak of it to the apostolical fathers: they know nothing about it. Ask of history what is its origin: it will name to thee the reveries of a monk, after that the edict of an emperor. And it is thereupon that thou reliest, in order to make the people believe an idolatrous fable!

‘But I will say no more to thee concerning these fatal superstitions. That which afflicts me above all is to see thee despise Jesus and *deny his divinity*, in lowering his work to the littleness and to the incapacity of the work of man, of the work of a creature.

‘O thou that comprehendest not as yet neither the grace of the Father, nor the incarnation of the Son and the perfection of his work, nor the sovereign efficacy of the Holy Ghost! tell me what use wouldest thou have made of the meditation or the intercession of any creature that might be, or even of all creatures together, when it is God who hath saved, and when it is God who intercedes?

‘Hath not the Holy Ghost pronounced that he who, even under the pretext of humility, will render worship unto angels, intrudes himself into that which he is ignorant of, is vainly puffed up with the mind of his flesh, and, above all, that HE HOLDS NOT THE HEAD of the church, the Lord Jesus?

‘Thou speakest of a monarch of this world, and thou sayest that, as he is approached by ministers or subaltern officers, so the church approaches her

Father by the Son, and the Son by the Virgin, or by the angels, or by the saints.

‘ But why thinkest thou that God is *like unto a sinful man*, who is nothing but ignorance and weakness ?

‘ If this earthly monarch, of whom thou speakest, was infinite, and knew all the hearts of his subjects, would he not have known himself what passes at the bottom of mine, and were it necessary that he should learn it by another intelligence beside his own ?

‘ And is it not herein, precisely, that thou dishonourest the Lord Jesus, and that thou takest away from him either his omnipresence, or his omniscience, or his omnipotence, or his all-mercy, that is to say his DIVINITY ; for, if he wants any one of these attributes, is he God ?

‘ Finally, what have these souls to do whom thou deceivest, these poor sheep, without a shepherd, whom thou leadest to death,—what have they to do, tell it us, with the *merits* of the Virgin or of the saints, suppose even that they had it, since the Lord Jesus hath saved his church, since salvation is accomplished in him, since every soul which, *by Him, draws near to the Father is saved entirely* ?

‘ Is access unto the Father refused to the weakest, to the most obscure of these souls ? No, no ! quite the contrary, the scripture says to it, that *it has free access, by Jesus, unto the throne of mercies* !

‘ Or, is this soul held at a distance from the Saviour, so that it cannot approach him with perfect confidence ?

‘ *Come unto me*, saith the good Shepherd, *all ye who labour and are heavy laden* ! For, adds an apostle, *we have not an High Priest who cannot sympathise with our weaknesses : but we have Him who, having been*

tempted, like us, in all things, sin excepted, is well qualified to compassionate our infirmities. Let us go then with assurance unto the throne of grace, in order that we may be helped in need.

‘ Therefore I adjure thee before the Lord, who hath just heard thy words, that thou assemble anew this multitude; that thou open before it the holy Bible, and that by this word of truth thou draw these poor souls out of the nets of error, of superstition, and idolatry, in which thou hast entangled them.

‘ Become then a truth-teller, and say to them, that *there is no other Mediator between them and God*, (whether of redemption, or of intercession. O man, skilful in seducing! from whence hast thou derived this subtle distinction?) *than the Lord Jesus*; that there are no merits except in him alone, and that God alone hears our prayers; that the worship of angels is condemned by scripture; that the second commandment exists, and that it forbids and denounces idols and images, and all worship which can be rendered unto them; that these observances are those of paganism, engrafted in the church in times of darkness; and that thus, in order that God may be feared, in order that the Lord Jesus may be acknowledged as God the Saviour, and in order that the testimony of the Holy Spirit may be no more despised, these souls should repent of their criminal superstitions, break their idols, reject their vain reliques, cease to invoke creatures and the dead, and trust without reserve in the fulness of salvation which is in Jesus, and which every poor sinner possesses for ever by faith.

‘ Then, but only then, thou shalt see the life of

God, by the Holy Ghost, take the place in souls of the vain and fearful devotion of servitude. Then, instead of so many useless ordinances, which always conceal from the worshipper the presence of his God, *faith* shall be established in the heart, and by it holiness.

‘ Thus shall pagan customs be put an end to: this *holy water*, these *wax candles*, these *particular vestments*, these *processions*, these *feasts*, these *patrons*, these *oratories*, these *altars*, these *ex-vetos*, these *ringings of bells* or *sounds of trumpets*, these *agnus-deis*, these *blessed wafers*, these *rosaries*, and so many other practices, which all of them were those of Paganism, of which God has never thought, and which turn away from Jesus the carnal heart which they amuse, or which they send a wandering.’

Ah, reader, how could I have desired that these words were indeed pronounced by another priest of Einsidlen, by a second Zwingli, in the Abbey and the public place, and for many days? My feeble voice uttered some words here and there, and some souls, perhaps, were attentive to them. But what was it, in the face of such evils? What bursting forth of light was not needed to dissipate such profound darkness?

Here I finish my translation, and I think it unnecessary to add much more. I believe that your readers may rely on this being a faithful portrait of a scene witnessed, but a short time since, at the very place where, three hundred years ago, the light of the reformation began first to dawn upon Switzerland. And after having contemplated it, they will, I believe, think with me, that the Popery of the nineteenth century is the same with that of the six-

teenth ; or, if anything changed, it is only from bad to worse ; even as St. Paul, by the Holy Ghost, forewarns us, that, as the end approaches, “ evil men and seducers will only grow worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.”

It is melancholy to think that, in the neighbourhood of *Zurich*, the people among whom the light of the reformation once shone so brightly, should be found now sitting in that gross darkness and shadow of death, into which it appears that they have been suffered again to relapse. Alas ! the wretched system of German Neology, which for some time past has usurped the place, and the name, of Protestantism in the north of Switzerland, opposes a feeble barrier, or rather no barrier at all, against the encroachments of SATAN'S MASTERPIECE.

Nay, Popery, arraying himself with the *semblance* of Christianity, appears as light compared with the impieties which degenerate Lutheranism is now teaching.

Let us hope, however, that better days are coming. The election of *Dr. Strauss* to the chair of professor of divinity at Zurich, is, we see, protested against, and opposed by a considerable part of the population of that canton. This may lead to something good ; and seems to indicate that the reformed church of Zurich, although ready to die, has yet things that remain alive, and that shall be strengthened.

A revival has taken place at the other end of Switzerland, at Geneva, and in the canton of Vaud. Socinianism and formalism no longer riot there, as formerly. And, together with a revival of evangelical religion in southern Switzerland, the sword of controversy, which Rome can never stand, when

skilfully wielded, has been again unsheathed ; of which the work of Dr. Malan, from which I have made the above extract, is a sufficient evidence. In conclusion of this article, I request of you, my dear madam, to recommend as strongly as you can to your readers the Evangelical Society of Geneva, which contains a school of divinity, under the direction of such men as Merle d'Aubigné, &c., and which may be regarded as the nucleus of genuine Protestantism, for the evangelization of France, and of all parts of the world in which the French language is spoken.

I am now about to visit the Continent once more ; and should I meet with anything during my stay worth communicating, you shall hear from me again after my return.

I remain, my dear friend,

With the highest esteem, yours,

D.

P.S. I send you enclosed a copy of the *miraculous image* of the Virgin, which I bought at a stand on the Boulevards at Paris last year, and which may fairly be taken for a picture of Popery as it exists at present in France and upon the Continent.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

ABIGAIL.

No. III.

THERE was among the servants of Nabal one who had marked his master's unjust and impolitic conduct, and heard the insulting words which he had uttered before the messengers of David. This young man anticipated the results which would follow from the vengeance of an armed and hungry multitude. To have remonstrated with Nabal would have been worse than folly : it would have been to bring down that dull and cumbrous thing, the wrath of a fool. But anxiety for his own and his fellows' safety led him to devise means to avert the threatened mischief ; and that natural instinct which in times of difficulty leads to the wise and prudent for counsel and light, directed him to seek, at the hand of Abigail, deliverance from the danger that was impending over the whole household. He briefly stated the reception which the messengers of David had met with, and the injustice and imprudence his master had been guilty of, in withholding from the men who had rendered him essential services their well-earned gratuity, and the consequences which must be expected to follow if measures were not taken to prevent them.

‘A word to the wise is sufficient for them.’ The quick, intelligent mind of Abigail comprehended at once the whole bearing of the matter. She saw that not only her husband’s safety was endangered, but that the cause of God was also about to be dishonoured, by a deed which would have given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. With the recorded example of her great progenitor before her, who, when trembling for the safety of his household, sent a gift before him to allay the anger of his brother, she lost not a moment in preparing such a sumptuous and liberal offering as far outwent the modest demand of David.

Whilst her husband was feasting himself without fear, together with the other ungodly revellers of his household, she was busied in preparations for ensuring his safety; and when the cavalcade was in readiness to move onward, bearing the burden which her bounty had prepared, she herself closed the procession, and went fearlessly forth to meet the band of spoilers, taking with her words of wisdom which she knew would reach the heart of him who, however borne away by the sudden gusts of passion, yet desired to set God alway before him, and to have respect to all his commandments.

It was well for David that the measures which Abigail took were equally prompt and decisive. He and his men were already on the march to execute their bloody purpose, when they encountered the bearers of Abigail’s present, and immediately after herself also. The manner of Abigail’s approach was highly characteristic of her gracious and condescending behaviour. “When she saw David she hasted and lighted off the ass, and fell before David on her

feet, and bowed herself to the ground." The rich and beautiful wife of Nabal was, we may conclude, on that day of festivity "clothed with brodered work and covered with silk, decked also with ornaments, and perfect through comeliness;" and the sudden view of such an apparition accosting him in the attitude of an inferior, and in the posture of humble supplication, might well have served to arrest the chief of an enterprise, even more urgent than was that of David; but before he could cease to wonder at the vision, Abigail had commenced that address, which for the wisdom of its arrangement, the eloquence of its language, and the delicacy of its respectful allusions to David's circumstances, combined with the high tone of piety running through the whole, is almost without parallel, even, in the pages of scripture.

She first craved pardon for not having been herself present when the messengers of David arrived in Maon, and took the whole blame of Nabal's proceedings upon herself: "Upon me, my lord, upon me, let this iniquity be; but I, thine handmaid, saw not the young men of my lord whom thou didst send. I pray thee forgive the trespass of thine handmaid." The very word used to express her acknowledged failure in duty, carried with it a powerful extenuation of her fault, and was well understood by him to whom it was addressed—"forgive, I pray thee, the trespass of thine handmaid." The ritual of that law which enjoined the believer of old to love his neighbour as himself, had made provision for the incidental transgressions of that law which "was weak through the flesh," and had appointed the trespass-offering to be at once an acknowledgment of,

and atonement for, his wilful or involuntary sin. He whose lips had given utterance to the self-renouncing prayer, "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins," could not turn a deaf ear when a cry of like import was uttered by an offending brother, more especially when the fourfold restitution gave evidence of the sincerity of that brother's repentance. Already must the softened heart of David have relented; ere the skilful advocate of the guilty Nabal referred personally to him. In endeavouring to exculpate, as far as possible, the misconduct of her husband, she adroitly throws back some share of blame upon David himself. Why had he sought "to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" How could he expect a different mode of proceeding from one who was notorious for his "evil doings," and whose very name should have served to caution David against any unreasonable expectations of gratitude or liberality on his part? "Why should my lord regard this man of Belial, even Nabal, for as his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him: now let thine enemies, and they that seek evil to my Lord, be as Nabal:"—let the folly of all thy persecutors be as manifest as his is:—let thy enemies be all equally impotent to injure thee.

In how different a light must the whole transaction now have appeared to David from that in which he had beheld it in the morning, when viewed through the magnifying medium of his own anger. The skilful pleader seized this favourable moment, when the wisdom of her strong arguments must have produced a perceptible impression upon her listening auditor, to call forth his well-known devotional feelings towards that God whose providence alone had

kept him back from the exhibition of an act of folly, as much greater than that of Nabal as the crime which David would have perpetrated exceeded his in dye. Abigail takes it for granted, that David has already abandoned in his heart all thoughts of his meditated revenge; and passing over, with a delicacy and humility truly admirable, all mention of herself, even as the means under God of saving David from the commission of evil, she boldly and beautifully directs his thoughts at once to the clear azure, the unveiled throne¹ of the Great Controller of the deeds of men, and exclaims, "As the Lord liveth, the Lord hath withholden thee from coming to shed blood, and from avenging thyself with thine own hand."

Having now, as it seemed, secured to her offending husband forgiveness at the hands of David; and having ascribed his deliverance from danger, and David's preservation from sin, solely to Him to whose preventing grace alone the glory of that deliverance and preservation was due, she next invited attention to the richly laden beasts bearing the free-will offering of her bounty, and which, as it was intended to be, both of a propitiatory nature, and also expressive of gratitude for favours received, was aptly designated by her, "this blessing which thine handmaid hath brought:" and here again is exhibited another trait of that refined and high-wrought courtesy, which gives the finish as it were to the graces and virtues of Abigail. The present which she had to bestow, sumptuous and liberal as it was,

¹ No cloud is seen in Palestine during the months of May, June, July, and August. The period of this interview is denoted by Nabal's occupation.

is not referred to with the ostentation of munificence, but laid lowly at the feet of David, with a graceful insinuation on the part of the donor, that in her estimation it was not worthy of his acceptance, since not to himself but to his servants it is presented : “ And now this blessing which thine handmaid hath brought, let it be even given to the young men that walk at the feet of my Lord.”

Having thus meekly presented the fourfold restitution of her husband's trespass, she concludes with a few words of encouragement, calculated to strengthen David's trust in God, and such “ sweet counsel ” as must have distilled like dew upon the fainting head of him who, though oftentimes delivered from impending danger, could not altogether shake off the infirmities of human faith, and to whose harassed soul the unbelieving thought would sometimes present itself, “ I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul.” Not such is the view which Abigail had taken of David's desperate circumstances ; she staggered not at the divine declarations concerning him ; no, not though all apparent probabilities were against their fulfilment : not though the reins of Judah's dominion were then firmly grasped by Saul the Benjamite, encircled by a powerful and numerous clan of dependants and relatives, and supported by the state's best prop, the brave and pious Jonathan, the idol of the people, and the presumed successor to the throne. But, “ Hath He said and shall He not do it, hath He spoken and shall He not bring it to pass ? ” So reasoned Abigail ; and therefore she could say with confidence, “ The Lord will certainly make my lord a sure house, because my lord fighteth the battles of the Lord, and evil hath not been found in thee all thy

days." The reason assigned by Abigail as the motive of her confident belief in the ultimate supremacy of David, opens to us another proof of her deep acquaintance with, as well as faith in, the divine oracles. He who now occupied the throne, had not fought the battles of the Lord. When the tribes of Israel dwelt in Rephidim, Amalek, the persecuting child of a persecuting sire, met them by the way, and smote the hindmost among them, the feeble, faint, and weary ; "therefore the hand upon the throne of the Lord had sworn that the Lord would have war with Amalek from generation to generation, until the remembrance of Amalek was blotted out from under heaven." Saul, who should have been the willing instrument in the hand of God for the entire fulfilment of this decree, turned aside from the commandment delivered unto him, because his mind had not taken firm hold of the divine testimonies, and because "he loved the praise of men better than the praise of God." David, on the contrary, had been ever found ready to dare both danger and death for the honour of God and the safety of Israel, and thus the forfeiture of the one and the ascendancy of the other was sealed, according to the truth of the divine declarations.

In alluding to the persecution under which David was suffering, what admirable tact as well as piety does Abigail display in speaking of his persecutor. Not one railing word is uttered against him, his very name passed over, and the whole series of his aggravated offences against David summed up in this short and simple declaration—"Yet a man is risen to pursue thee and to seek thy soul." And why this tenderness towards a false and treacherous tyrant? Because Abigail knew that "it was written, thou

shall not speak evil of the ruler of thy people," and Saul, however stained with offences, was the anointed of the God of Judah, the king to whom David equally with herself owed allegiance, and the bands of whose divinely-constituted authority, no human power could unbind. A vulgar or irreligious mind would have sought to propitiate David, by heaping reproach upon the author of his calamities, but he to whom Abigail spake, was one who could well appreciate the delicacy and piety of this forbearance; and surely David must have felt his inmost soul braced to forbearance and long-suffering, while the beautiful image which Abigail made use of to express his continual safety, under the divine protection, took possession of his mind:—"but the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." When is the precious gem in safety? When it is locked up in the casket. When are the words of inspiration in no danger of being lost or forgotten? When they are enfolded in the well-engraven scroll. But the casket may be broken, the scroll may be defaced: not so that precious jewel for which an hiding-place has been opened in the very centre of the Life of life.

Who does not perceive, in the beautiful figure which Abigail employs to express her confidence in the personal safety and ultimate deliverance of David an apt illustration of the spiritual security and final preservation of those whom the Lord of glory is pleased to designate his "jewels?" What warrant has the Christian to deem himself in safety, when he knows that he has an enemy, ever seeking to destroy him, when snares without and tumults within threaten him with destruction every hour? It is not

that he has armour of proof wherewith to combat his spiritual enemy : it is not that a great cloud of witnesses are around him encouraging his efforts and espousing his cause. It is because the bosom of Almighty love has been opened to afford him a hiding-place : (John i. 18.) it is because his " life is hid with Christ in God : " and when his harassed soul yields to despondency, and in the prospect of snares and dangers on every side give utterance to the timorous cry, " I shall one day perish," then does a sweet still voice speak words of comfort to him, " because I live, ye shall live also—they shall never perish, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

And how shall the enemies of David be subdued before him? Shall he trust in his sword and bow, shall his own arm save? Not such is the conclusion to which Abigail arrives in predicting his ultimate deliverance ; " the souls of thine enemies then shall he sling out as out of the middle of a sling." Let not the servants of Jehovah be anxious to avenge themselves ; a day is coming, in which he will " render unto every man according to his work : " in which he will shew himself a God of judgment, and it shall be but a feeble exercise of his power to rid himself of his adversaries. David was but a stripling, unable to bear the weight of a warrior's accoutrements when he slew the giant son of Anak with a sling and a stone. As easily, as unexpectedly, and by means as apparently inadequate shall all the " workers of iniquity " be brought to destruction, when He cometh to judge the earth. When the guilt of the antediluvian world had reached its permitted maturity, it needed only a slight and single action of Deity to

bring down punishment on the ungodly. "He opened the windows of heaven," and "brought in a flood upon the world of the ungodly;" and when the commissioned angel shall come down from heaven to swear by him that liveth for ever that time shall be no more, it will require but one blast of the breath of his displeasure to melt the ponderous elements, and scatter the wrecks of the burning earth, like sparks from a blazing scroll.

Abigail concludes her address to David with an appeal to his natural feelings, so beautiful and touching that to comment upon it seems to take from its force and tenderness. "And it shall come to pass, when the Lord shall have done to my lord according to all the good that he hath spoken concerning thee, and shall have appointed thee ruler over Israel, that this shall be no grief unto thee, nor offence of heart unto my lord, either that thou hast shed blood causeless, or that my lord hath avenged himself: but when the Lord shall have dealt well with my lord, then remember thine handmaid:" remember the counsel I have given thee, and see if thine own blessed experience does not testify that with the merciful, God will shew himself merciful, and with the upright He will shew himself upright.

It was a master-stroke of wisdom on the part of Abigail to lead the mind of David on through the openings of futurity, and having placed him in prospective vision on the throne of Judah, to bid him look back upon the present hour in that calmness and alienation of heart with which men are wont to survey the buried past. As the full-grown man smiles at the baubles and gewgaws of infancy, so does the soul smile or sigh at the eagerness with which it

strove for its petty interests and fugitive possessions, when they have been swept away by another and a fuller tide in the stream of time. It is good in moments of irritation by some skilful device of wisdom to lead the fretted mind on to the contemplation of a period when the objects of its most vehement contest will be no more remembered than are the withered leaves of autumn when spring has clothed anew the rifled forests, or, if remembered, only as the fructifying causes of imperishable verdure when, by the agency of the Almighty Renovator, tribulation shall have worked patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. Wisely did Abigail set before David the ultimity of his lofty destiny, as a motive to induce the exercise of vigorous self-denying moderation at the present hour; and shall not the high calling of the children of God be urged upon them, as reason enough to stay the strife of passion, to forbear the vengeful purpose, to bless, not curse their enemies, to render good for evil, and patiently to await the time when all grievances shall be fairly and finally adjusted, not in the blind measure of human justice, but in the perfect balance of eternal equity. Daughters of Christianity! imitate the conduct of Abigail: set before the heirs of immortality the crown that awaits them, the kingdom that is prepared for them: speak to them that they be not chased and angered by the scourges and temptations of the wilderness; but bid faith look onward to the promised inheritance, and plead like her, "this shall be no grief unto you nor offence of heart, when the Lord shall have done all the good that he hath spoken concerning you, that when ye were reviled, ye reviled not again; when ye suffered, ye threatened not,

but committed yourselves to him that judgeth righteously, for vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

LYDIA.

LINES

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDERSTORM, Aug. 1834.

Spirit of storm ! Spirit of might !
Where art thou winging thy dreadful flight ?
' Over the valley and over the hill,
Over the city and desert still—
I have travelled forth on the whirlwind's blast,
And the nations shuddered as I rode past !
And away to my Master's throne I go,
To tell the deeds that are done below.'

Spirit of storm ! Spirit of fire !
What hath enkindled thy dreadful ire ?
I marked the wild glance of thy lightening eye,
Bursting in fire as thy pomp went by ;
I heard the deep voice of thy thunder tone
Muttering a threat as for evil done.
Spirit of storm ! Spirit of fire !
What hath enkindled thy dreadful ire ?
' Over the ocean and over the earth,
Ev'n as I said, I have journeyed forth ;
But wherever I and my train have been,
I have marked the fell track of despair and sin !

The shriek of the prey, the victim's groan,
 Have smote my ear as I journeyed on;
 But the proud oppressor's laugh of scorn
 Has louder than even that cry been borne.
 Man hath left off to walk with God,
 And his path o'er the earth is marked with blood;
 And the name that archangels scarce may say,
 Is (oh horror!) blasphemed by a thing of clay!
 The poor beasts groan, and all nature's cries
 To heaven for judgment and vengeance rise—

' Spirit of storm ! Spirit of power !
 When shall it be that judgment-hour ?'
 ' Mortal ! 'tis not for thee to pry
 In the secrets dark of infinity.
 It is hid from hell, it is hid from men,
 It is hidden, that hour, from angel ken;
 But the time is fixed, and the day is set,
 It will surely come though it tarry yet;
 And every day, as it journeys on,
 Hath brought thee more near than the former one !
 Mortal, that askest thus of me,
 Where, in that hour, shall *thy* soul be ?'

ELNIE



A SKETCH OF A SCIENCE.

THAT God made the world—is a proposition which none but an atheist will deny ; the very pagan freely asserts it.

That God dictated a book, wherein he gives his own account of the making of that world—is another proposition which only the infidel or the pagan will deny ; all other men agree to it.

That he who made a thing is the best qualified to describe such making, and cannot err in the description, if he be an infallible Being,—is a self-evident proposition, which will not be denied by any man whatsoever, unless he have taken leave of his reason.

There is, however, a certain science abroad among men, which professes to give a better account of the world's creation than the Infallible Creator himself has given. Whether it have taken leave of reason, or not, is not for me to decide ; but it determinately contradicts and puts aside God's own narrative of his own proceedings, and declares itself competent to give one much more philosophical, and more correct.

God declares, that “in **SIX DAYS** he made heaven and earth, the sea, and **ALL** that in them is ;” and this is not only related at length, in His history of the creation, but is succinctly and most emphatically repeated, as a reason for man's obedience, in that portion of his commands which is allowed to be of the most universal obligation. No, says The Science,

OCTOBER, 1839.

2 A

this is quite a mistake ; the world was made gradually, during 'long successions of ages,' quite indefinite ; or, at any rate, during 'six long periods' of many hundreds of years, and it is quite impossible that it could have been done in less time.

God says, that in one and the same day he created "grass, and the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit." Oh no, by no means, says The Science, that could not be ; for we have discovered that reeds, rushes and aquatic plants were the only vegetation in existence for some ages ; land plants, herbs, and trees were 'the growth of after periods.'

God says that "by MAN sin entered into the world, and DEATH by sin." No, says The Science, death took place long before man's existence ; we have discovered that there were 'long periods, during which animals lived, multiplied, and *died*,' before man was created at all.

God says that all the animals were created within two days of each other, and all were beautiful of their kind ; for when he saw them he pronounced them all to be "very good." Oh no, it could not be so, says The Science ; for huge, hideous, unshapely 'lizards and fish were the only animals existing on the earth' for some ages ; the more beautiful and 'higher forms of life' were 'gradually produced,' after the lapse of long periods, which constituted what we call 'the age of reptiles.'

God says, that once upon a time, and only once, some two thousand years after the creation, a deluge came "upon the face of the whole earth," and the "waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered," because "the fountains of the great

deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." As to that, says The Science, the convulsions of nature, which have occurred during 'the age of reptiles,' and other similar periods, while the earth was 'gradually preparing for human inhabitants,' are quite sufficient to account for those 'disruptions of the strata' which we find everywhere, without any deluge at all. Some of us, certainly, consider all these to have 'arisen from the action of water;' and if so, you may as well have half-a-dozen deluges as one. As for that deluge that Moses talks about, it is a great deal too recent to have produced these effects which we have discovered, so it is no great matter which way we take it.

God says that "ALL scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine," that is, for teaching or instruction. Perhaps, says The Science, it may be profitable 'to teach men morality;' but as for philosophy, it knows nothing about it—how should it? Our present days are the days of knowledge, and of 'the march of intellect;' the bible was written a long time ago, according to the ridiculous notions of those times. 'The semi-barbarians of Palestine, who wrote it,' could know nothing of real science; it is absurd to imagine such a thing. We know better, and we can tell you all about creation, and strata, and fossils, a hundred times more correctly than this obsolete book of Moses.

And this is MODERN GEOLOGY!

X. Q.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

I.

WE have found out a sweet retreat for the summer season, in shade and solitude, on the banks of the Boyne, which sends out a beautiful stream to supply a lake in front of our cottage. We have bow-windows to the ground, from whence the view is enchanting: I greatly enjoy the quiet scenery, unruffled water, rich foliage of trees standing alone in unrivalled luxuriance, and the deeper green of the more distant woods. We have sloping hills and rocks and rivers—every thing, in short, which can give beauty and brightness to the landscape, each feature of which you must arrange according to your own fertile imagination. Minute description is not my forte: I can never satisfy myself in any attempt to portray the eloquently-speaking combination of hills and dales—rippling rivers, rocks and mountains, &c. My sensations are unutterable, while I sit silently contemplating the wonders by which I am surrounded. In all this phenomena of nature I am taught to view the God of nature—none but a power, supreme could have planned it; none but a hand divine could have formed it, and none but Almighty, ever-living and overflowing Beneficence could dispense such innumerable blessings.

One object, the most delightful of all, I must not

omit—the lofty spire of the church pointing upwards, as if it would lead the thoughts to pierce through the clear canopy of heaven to the more magnificent brightness round about the throne of God.

Beyond the broad expanse of water, on a sloping eminence, stands the holy edifice, surrounded by the umbrageous foliage of well-grown trees. I love to see the temple dedicated to His praise who gives us “all things richly to enjoy.” “Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.” It is a cold, insensible heart indeed which continued and universal benevolence cannot warm.

“Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side: the pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing.” “It is a joyful and pleasant thing to be thankful.” The Lord takes pleasure in the prosperity of his saints. It is his will and wish that we should rejoice in the works of his hands: it can bring no harm to the soul to indulge in such reveries as they produce. I sit silently watching the stately swans, with head erect and round white bosom, sailing along the smooth surface, in proud superiority over the lesser denizens of the lake. The pretty, timid water hens, and the wild ducks which float for a moment, and again dip into their hiding-places amid the rushy margin; or, if unalarmed, they bask in the beams of the sunshine, where the trout springs upon its prey, and the wants of all are liberally provided for. No sportsman is here permitted to level his piece, nor fisherman to spread his net, that the harmless te-

nantry of the wood and water may revel out their little span in unmolested enjoyment.

In this peaceful retirement, where my time is neither occupied with household affairs, nor broken in upon by visitors, I hope to comply with my dear Emily's oft-repeated request, that I would search into Irish history, and let her have the fruits of my industry for the benefit of those dear children whose instruction is her first object in life.

You have neither time nor patience, you say, to wade through the dry volumes which you have met with, and which are very unsatisfactory, inasmuch as they are mingled with fabulous legends. You wish to have a separation made between truth and fable, that the ardent desire of your children to learn the early history of their native isle may be satisfied. The task is difficult, from the reason you assign, namely, the mystery and fable which must involve every attempt of the kind.

But is Ireland the only exception? In all which concerns the earliest history of the different nations what records are to be found, save those of holy writ, which bear the impress of truth? Very few indeed that can be depended upon: then let us be as indulgent to our own ancient records as we are to those of other countries.

In my account of Ireland, I shall glean from different histories such particulars as may instruct and amuse your children, without entering into details which I find impossible to connect.

In all which concerns the first introduction of Christianity, I shall chiefly confine myself to the accounts of Mr. Anderson and Henry Monck Mason, Esq., men of truth and candour, who may be relied on for

admitting nothing in their details which will not bear the strictest investigation.

Most of the old Irish books and manuscripts were destroyed by the incursions and devastations of different hordes of enemies ; yet many were rescued, and some have even been found in Ireland ; from whence, it is said, were derived the chief materials of Irish history. It is well ascertained that in the seventh and eighth centuries there were Irish missionaries in Ireland.

‘Before Ireland was inhabited by the Norwegians, there were men whom the Norwegians called *Papas*, and who professed the Christian religion, and are thought to have come by sea from the west ; for there were left by them Irish books, bells, and crooked staves, and several other things were found which seemed to indicate that they were west-men.’¹

In the fifth century of the Christian era Ireland was indisputably the most celebrated country in the western world for civilization and learning. At this period the western and southern parts of the Roman empire being overrun by the Goths, Vandals, Huns, Franks, and other barbarians, partly German, partly Scythic, all kinds of learning, wherever they came, they destroyed ; for which reason many of those who loved learning, and retirement from the noise and din of arms, took refuge in Ireland, a country which it was well known had never been under the Roman yoke, and therefore the barbarians made no attempt upon it. Ireland then stood alone, the seminary of literature, when all the western world had grown illiterate, barbarous, and rude. As the venerable

¹ *Antiquitat. Scando-Celt.*—See Moore’s History of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 3.

Bede has left on record, the Saxons flowed over to Ireland as to the mart of good literature; and it was a common expression, when any one went there, 'He is gone to Ireland to be bred:' as is this distich in the life of Fulgentius;—

*' Exemplo patrum commotas amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos Sophia mirabile claros.'*

All the Irish Chronicles tell us of four great universities in Ireland—Ardmagna, Cashil, Dundee-Cathghlas, and Lismore.

Both by Camden and Spencer it is asserted, that in Ireland the ancient Saxons or English first learned the art of forming letters in writing.

But if the Irish were celebrated for learning from the year of our Lord 432 until the year 820, when the heathen Danes and Norwegians first made inroads, much more ought their sanctity to be celebrated and admired. The many who devoted themselves to a religious life is almost beyond credibility.

St. Bernard, in his life of Malachias, relates that Ireland sent forth whole swarms of saints into other parts of the world.

Eric of Auxerre writeth thus to the emperor Charles the Bald: 'What shall I speak of Ireland, which, setting by the dangers of the sea, flitteth all of it well nigh with whole flocks of philosophers unto our shores? Of whom so many as are more skilful and learned than the rest, do voluntarily banish themselves to attend dutifully on the wise Solomon, and be at his command.'

The learned and ingenious antiquary Camden, in speaking of the Irish, says: 'This monastic profession was far different in those days from that of our

time; they desired to be, indeed, that which they were named to be; they were far from colourable dealing or dissembling; erred they in anything, it was through simplicity, not through lewdness, much less of wilful obstinacy. As for wealth, and those worldly things, they so highly contemned them; that they did not only seek for, but also refused the same, though they were offered unto them descended by inheritance.'

The same author says of the same people: 'In very late times, such as gave themselves to religion there, did mortifie their flesh even to a miracle, by watching, praying, and fasting.' And again he says: 'The Scottish monks in Ireland and Brittain highly excelled for their holiness and learning, and sent out whole flocks of most devout men into all parts of Europe, who were the first founders of Luxen Abbey in Burgundy, of Roby Abbey in Italy, of Witsburg Abbey in Frankland, of St. Gallus in Switzerland, of Malmesbury, Lindisfern, and many other monasteries in Brittain.'

Ireland was also full of riches. Both gold and silver mines were discovered in very early times, from which were made a profusion of golden chains, worn by the princes and champions; gold rings, silver shields, &c. &c.; besides numerous utensils, dedicated to religious purposes, all made of purest gold and silver. There were also cases made for relics and for books, of the same costly metals; and, together with their internal riches, the Irish gathered in much spoil from foreign countries, and by extensive trade with France, Spain, &c.

Cornelius Tacitus, in his Life of Agricola, mentions Ireland in reference to Great Britain: 'Melius

aditus portusque per commercia et negotiatores cogniti ;' which signifies, that the ports and harbours were better known by commerce and merchants than those of Britain.

When the Danes had possession of the country, they demanded an ounce of gold yearly for every Irish nose, which tax by the Irish was called Vinge Oir. After all that those foreigners plundered them of, in King Henry the Second's reign, Ireland still abounded with gold. As was said by Gerald of Wales: '*Aurem quoque quo abundat insula.*' And Hadrianus Junius: '*In Ireland are found veins of pure silver—*

*' Et puri argenti venas, quas terra refossis,
Visceribus manes imos viscera recludit.'*

Authentic Irish history is dated from the building of the palace of Emania, by King Kimboath. Its site was near to that of the city of Armagh. The princes of Ulster kept their court at this splendid palace, who from the period of its erection were called the kings of Emania. It was the residence of the knights of the Red Branch, celebrated in the songs of the bards and sennachies for their feats in a war between Connaught and Ulster of seven years' duration. One of these far-famed heroes, named Cuchullin, received the order of knighthood when only seven years old. At this time, in Ireland, it was no uncommon occurrence to confer the order of knighthood at this early age.

There are numerous remains of ancient raths, or hill-fortresses, which must have been the dwelling-places of the old Irish chiefs before the erection of cities.

These raths were constructed on some rising ground, of earth and hurdles, and were surrounded by a rampart.

There are many caverns and subterranean passages, which it is supposed were once the habitations of men. Many of these are divided into apartments, and lined with large flag-stones, comprising the walls, roofs, and floors. I have been all through one of these, at a place called Kavanagh-Garva-Gap, near the Forkhill mountains.¹

The regal palaces of Tara and Emania must have been of a different structure; but of their architectural merits little can be said in the oblivion which rests upon them.

The Irish wore a sort of petticoat called a fullin. Little, however, is known of their ancient habiliments; but numerous curious and costly ornaments, of the purest gold and silver, elaborately wrought, have been dug up in fields and bogs, where they must have lain for ages. Golden instruments, without alloy, have also been found, and are supposed to have been used in religious ceremonies.

Many swords and warlike weapons have been discovered, made of a mixed metal, chiefly copper, admitting of a very high polish, and of a temper to carry a sharp edge.

‘What makes these brazen swords such a valuable remnant to the Irish antiquarian is, they serve to corroborate the opinion that the Phenicians once had

¹ Ancient earthen works or mounds on the Curragh of Kildare. The larger rath might have been the dwelling-place of the chieftains, the smaller entrenchments their burial-place. In Ptolemy's Geography a number of ancient Irish cities are mentioned, some of them he calls illustrious.

footing in this kingdom.' *Campbell's Philosoph. Survey of the South of Ireland.*

'One circumstance as to the swords seems to be decisive: they are as exactly and as minutely, to every apparent mark, the same with the swords of Sir W. Hamilton's collection, now in the British Museum, as if they came out of the same armoury. The former found in the field of Cannæ are said to be Carthaginian; these, therefore, by parity of reasoning, may likewise be said to have been of the same people.' *Governor Pownal's Account of some Irish Antiquities to the Society of Antiquarians, 1774.*

'Those among them, who study ornament,' observes Solinus, in speaking of the warlike weapons of the ancient Irish, 'are in the habit of adorning the hilts of their swords with the teeth of sea animals, which they burnish to the whiteness of ivory; for the chief glory of these people lies in their arms.'

That Ireland was peopled by a colony of ancient Spaniards is a generally received opinion. There are many circumstances which corroborate the truth of the ancient records in this statement, and the Irish character still partakes of that which the Universal History gives of the ancient Spaniards. 'A brave, free, noble, and hospitable nation; possessed of all the virtues of the old Celts, and inheriting fewer of their vices than any other of their descendants.'

In Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology (Dublin edit.) a colony of Spaniards is mentioned, by the name of Scots or Scythians, settled in Ireland in the fourth age of the world.

In the accounts of the native Fileas, nearly the same record is transmitted to us.

The ancient philosophers or learned men of Ire-

land were called Fileas. These men, in their several departments, took in all the subjects of poetry, and became not only the directors of the public taste, but also of manners. The Irish monarchs were ever attended by their Fileas, Bards, and Croteries,¹ both in court and camp, from whom they received information, advice, and entertainment. A saying of one of these is transmitted to us. Teig Mac Darg, a Filea in the household of O'Brien of Thomond, reminded his patron of his own importance, or rather that of his profession: 'Though it be every man's duty to possess the ear of his sovereign with useful truths, yet it is more particularly the duty of the Filea, for to such alone it is that princes lend an ear.'

The account which these Fileas have left on record, of the earliest inhabitants of Ireland, is as follows:—

1. The Iberian Scots, bordering originally on the Euxine sea, were expelled their country; and, after various adventures, settled ultimately in Spain.

2. 'Kinea Scuit (the Scots) and the posterity of Eber Scot (Iberian Scythians) were a colony of Spaniards, who settled in Ireland about a thousand years before Christ.' *Vide Newton Chronol. Dublin Edit.*

3. 'The ancient Iberian Scots learned the use of letters from a celebrated Phenius, from whom they took the name of Phenii, or Phenicians.' *Strab. lib. 3. Univ. Hist. vol. xviii. p. 382.*

4. 'Niul, Bile, Sru, Asru, Tat and Ogarnan, were mighty in Egypt, and several other countries.' *Newton Chron. passim.*

¹ Musicians.

5. 'A great hero, famous in Egypt, obtained the name of Golamh and Nilea Espainne, i. e. the conqueror or hero of Spain.' *Ibid.*

6. 'Niul, Sru, Asru, &c. succeeded to Phenius, in teaching the use of arts and letters.'

7. 'The conquest of Spain, together with a great drought, forced the Iberian Scuits, or Scots, to fly into Ireland.'

With these accounts of the native Fileas, foreign testimonies agree.

Spain had the use of letters from the Greeks, and from the Phenicians, who occupied the sea-coast.

Newton quotes unquestionable authorities, in his account, that soon after the dispersion of the Phenicians, into the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the great Egyptian, Sesostris, began his conquests, subjected most part of the known earth, and Spain among the rest, which, according to Newton, was in the days of Solomon.

The arts, navigation, and letters, it is well known, were first introduced into Europe by the Phenicians; our ancient Irish bards celebrate Phenius as the instructor of their ancestors on the continent.

The Phenician alphabet is in part retained in the Irish Beth-luisnion.

The accounts of the Fileas, O'Connor extracted from Leaber Gabala, a writer of great antiquity.

The old political establishment of Ireland was divided amongst three classes.

1. The chiefs of the nobility, called kings.
2. Druids and Ollamhs.
3. Artificers and plebians.

In each class there were seven degrees or ranks,

each of them ordained by their respective obligations and immunities.

They had the power of electing their king out of a certain family, hence factions were formed; the prevalent party had carried it, and the losing party collected all their strength to set aside the newly-elected monarch, which was the reason why most of the princes died sword in hand.

One of their most famous kings, Tuathal the acceptable, after he had mounted the throne, established a new political constitution. He obtained a law for the exclusion of the other royal families from the throne, and engaged the nation, by solemn oath, to elect all their future monarchs out of his own race; and hoping to keep down the aristocratical spirit, he took tracts of land from each of the five provinces, and formed a sixth province, now called Meath. In his newly-erected province, all affairs of national importance were transacted under his own inspection. Every matter relative to religion was regulated at Tlachtga, in the county of East Meath. The remains of this sanctuary may still be traced near Drogheda, being the tumulus at New Grange, an account of which you will find in Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.

S. M.



SO QUIETLY AT HOME.

MINE be the tranquil days that glide,
Without a wish to roam,
Whilst sitting at our loved fire-side,
So quietly at home!

And mine the converse calm and sweet,
The looks so fondly given,
As round our household board we meet,
In the long hours of even.

And mine, from day to day, among
The loved ones, thus to hold
Our merry meetings, whilst we're young,
And cheerful when we're old.

And mine the smiles whose tender power,
Love's daily task repay,
Of homely duties, whilst the hours
In gladness pass away.

And mine with kindred hearts to share,
As morn and evening come,
With joyful hope our household prayer
So quietly at home!

M. A. S. BARBER.

Review of Books.

SERMONS, chiefly upon Chapter xvii. of St. John's Gospel; preached in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Nova Scotia. By William Cogswell, M. A. Curate of St. Paul's, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia. Hatchards.

DESIRING, as earnestly we do, that the gospel may be preached in all the world, the glad tidings of an Almighty Saviour declared to every creature, there is still a peculiar feeling excited in the heart, on behalf of those for whom a personal interest exists. We love to hear that the lamp of divine truth is lighted and held forth in the house of prayer where we have been accustomed to worship—that the sweet sound of salvation by Jesus is heard in the congregation among whom we were once numbered: and if the separating distance be vast, and a mighty ocean roll between, with no human prospect of our ever again revisiting the well-remembered spot, how deep a pathos belongs to the silent aspiration of a swelling

heart: "For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee!"

It has pleased God to place a faithful minister in that distant church, the cathedral we may call it, of our valuable Nova Scotian colony—a branch of our transatlantic empire, the value of which is now negatively known, as being wholly uninfluenced by the demon of rebellion: and of which the tried loyalty will become more conspicuously apparent as the crisis advances. We, of course, opened with great avidity this volume, and we again closed it after shedding tears of thankfulness over its many pages of sound doctrine, of warm, fervent, affectionate, heart-stirring expostulation, in which the author has been pleading with his beloved flock. Mr. Cogswell is ever mindful of what one of our elder divines has left on record—that Jesus Christ should always be the diamond breast-pin in the bosom of every sermon. He is truly so in these discourses: not a page but Christ is there in the fulness of his redemption, in all the gracious and glorious offices wherein God has made him unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. The style is particularly animated and energetic; the doctrine scripturally strong, and most carefully guarded from abuse. Under any circumstances, we should have placed this book among our treasures: coming, as it does, from a native Nova Scotian, holding the sacred office of Christ's ambassador to his own brethren after the flesh, it is doubly valuable. May it be made doubly useful, by assisting to nourish Christ's flock in this country, and by exciting a more affectionate interest for their brethren in that distant land.

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE PENTATEUCH; being a series of Questions on the Five Books of Moses, with References to Works in which Answers may be found: intended for the Higher Classes in Schools, and for Students in Divinity. By J. Thompson, M. A. St. John's College, Cambridge, and Second Master of the Blackheath Proprietary School. Houlston and Stoneman.

THE very important and rather difficult task of leading the higher classes of boys in our schools to a close acquaintance with scripture is one that must press strongly on the mind of every conscientious teacher. The plan of the school where Mr. Thompson holds the second place among the masters, is to furnish each of these boys with a few questions on the Saturday, the due answering of which furnishes a most interesting and profitable study for a Sabbath hour. We speak from actual observation of the diligent searching into the oracles of God induced by the requirement to answer some of these identical questions, on the part of one of Mr. Thompson's pupils. In general, the Bible, with Cruden's valuable quarto, and Scott's Commentary, or Brown's, was found sufficient for satisfactory replies: but for the benefit of the master, the author refers, in a useful appendix, to first rate authorities—chiefly Simeon, Horne, Gray and Jones. The questions in this volume are very full, and leading to a critical knowledge of the Pentateuch; and of course, through that master-key, referring to the whole Bible. We cordially recommend the book, as one of very great value.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM AT HOME. Houlston and Hughes.

TAKING an abrupt descending step from big boys to little girls, and feeling that the object is the same in both cases, we wish to introduce a very pretty little volume, written by a truly estimable lady, for the express purpose of overcoming some of "the many difficulties which obstruct first attempts in the acquisition of knowledge." The very first elements of history, geography, grammar, botany, &c. are here entered upon in the form of easy conversation, adapted to the infantine capacity. Young mothers and elder sisters will find it a great helper, where perplexity is often experienced in pursuing one of their most important and delightful tasks.

DELINEATIONS OF SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS, with notes and reflections. By Mrs. Fred. Montgomerie. And a Preface by the Rev. Henry H. Beamish, A. M. Minister of Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Bandon. Nisbet and Co.

MRS. MONTGOMERIE'S object is to induce the 'votaries of the world' to study the holy scriptures, even for the sake of their internal beauty, their elevated morality, &c. She combats the opinion of some who are hostile to recommending the perusal of the word of God on any but the right motive; on this point we have our own impressions, but do not deem it

necessary to enter upon the question of *How* a guilty and condemned sinner should be exhorted to take up the word that "shall judge him in the last day." This volume is well and vigorously written; the author hunts the caviller through many of his mazy windings with great point and spirit, and is evidently most anxious to bring souls to the Saviour. We certainly wish she had been more sparing in her tribute to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, so awfully perverted as that genius was to mock at sacred things, and to heap derision on the memory of God's suffering saints. We consider many of his works unfit for the shelves of a Christian parent's library; and therefore can dispense with any commendatory allusion to them: neither would we concede so much to worldly tastes, habits and reasonings as the work before us seems now and then to do. This is, however, matter of opinion. The notes are very copious, and very excellent.

HINTS towards the Improvement of Female Education, in a Brief Analysis of the System pursued in the Edinburgh New National Institution, 23, Charlotte-square. By Mrs. Furlong, an English Lady, Foundress and Directress of the Institution. With a commendatory Note by the Rev. Dr. Duff, late of Calcutta. Johnstone.

STRONGLY attached as we are to the principle and the practice of home education, as being in every way preferable to all other systems—prepared as we are to unfurl as a banner Cowper's thrilling Tyrocinium, and to combat beneath its folds—we yet feel

that, as parents *will* send their children from beneath the sheltering roof of home, and as, in some painful cases, it may be for the children's welfare, and to banish them from sights and sounds of evil, we must not make indiscriminate war even on boarding-schools, though infinitely preferring to them a rendezvous for daily instruction, where that advantage cannot be enjoyed at home. The institution of which Mrs. Furlong here gives a most interesting analysis, is of the latter description, but admitting also of boarders. We do not hesitate to pronounce it an invaluable acquisition to the ladies, and of course, thanks to the power of female influence, to the whole population of the good city of Edinburgh. We invite our readers to peruse this very excellent and interesting little volume. It will say more for itself than we can say for it.

SABBATH MUSINGS and *Every-day Scenes*. *By the Author of 'Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany,' 'The Lost Farm,' &c.* Seeley and Burnside.

THE readers of our Magazine are no strangers to the 'Musings' of M. F. D. Fresh and warm from her own kind heart, spontaneously free as the friendship that dictated the gift, they have so punctually made their appearance on our table, that no anxiety was suffered to exist as to the due filling of the number of pages usually occupied by our kind and dear young friend. Over mountain and bog, across river and sea, they have winged their flight to us; and now we feel a pride in seeing how handsome and substantial-looking a volume these sybil leaves make when

gathered together. It is superfluous to recommend what our readers are so well acquainted with ; but we must remark two characteristics of these papers : the scenes that they describe are all *real*, the feelings that they express are all *genuine*. We know enough both of the writer and subjects to guarantee this : and apart from the interest which, in every sense of the word, we have in these ' Musings,' we have always regarded them as among the choicest of the flowers that form our little monthly chaplet.

WE want to recommend to notice a very sweet piece of music, under the head of ' The Harp of Erin,' entitled ' The Pilgrim's Song.' Just as we were about to notice it, some touching particulars reached us, relating to a dear Christian lady, the sister of one of God's most valuable ministers, who was instantaneously called into the presence of her Lord, immediately after singing those beautiful stanzas. We reserve for our next number some memorial of the departed, connected with a fuller notice of the song ; of which the profits are intended to aid the work of Scriptural Instruction in Ireland. We will now only say, that it is well worth possessing. It is published by Cocks and Co.

THE PROTESTANT.

‘It is but the beginning of sorrows,’ said my uncle, as he pensively looked on a field of rich corn, beaten down by the torrents of rain that so darkly usurped the place of autumn’s wonted sunshine. ‘It is but the beginning of sorrows: nature weeping over one of earth’s fairest territories now doomed to destruction.’

‘I wish I could take a different view of the matter, dear uncle: but my thoughts are sad as your own.’

‘And that is sad indeed. Look where I will, “coming events cast their shadows before,” until the whole prospect is wrapped into a gloom as deep as that which preceded this transient gleam of sunshine, and which, to judge by yonder horizon, will in another hour blot the sky again with its ominous shade.’

‘We all discern the signs of the sky: how strange that the great bulk even of Bible-reading men cannot discern this time!’

‘Their blindness cannot long continue. We stand in a most awful position, such as threatens a general crash where all must perish save only the actual church of Christ, the company of the faithful, the spiritual house built on the Rock, and insured by the promise of Christ against the power of the gates of hell. As a humble believer in the Lord Jesus, I fear nothing: I feel my security, and rejoice in it: I know that nothing can separate me from the love of God

which is in Him—but my country, my noble, beautiful, happy native land—how can I look on and not weep with the prophetic Patriot for the hurt of the daughter of my people !’

In silence we pursued our walk, hastened homeward by the gathering clouds : at length I remarked, ‘The greatest aggravation of all these evils consists in the consciousness that there is yet a power lodged among us equal to the present emergency ; and what seems wanting is the will to exert that power.’

‘Even so : and the absence of such will is a fearful token of judicial blindness—a paralysis of the mind, threatening to prevail until the crisis shall be past, and nothing remain to us but the privilege, where God gives the grace, of suffering for the truth.’

‘Do you apprehend any evil effects from O’Connell’s address to the people of England ?’

‘That address is no more O’Connell’s than it is yours or mine. Every sentence was framed by some member of that wily body of which he is the tool. I regard it chiefly as a token of the growing confidence in their strong position that enables the apostate priesthood so far to throw off the mask and to reveal their unhallowed purposes. You are aware of that diabolical device of Satan known under the name of Socialism : a system that seems to stand in the extreme of contrast to the superstitions of Popery ; yet these extremes approximate so as to act in powerful concert ; for the object of their deadly attack is one—even the truth, as it is in Jesus—and they have also a tendency to swell each other’s ranks. For, while strong minds, proud in the energy of unsanctified reason are hurried by the degrading mummeries of popery into a junction with the bold blasphe-

mers of all religion, the more timid and sensitive are terrified by the daring abominations of the latter into a willingness to take shelter beneath the popish banner. I see the Antichrist of the last days rising into gigantic stature, and seeing him I tremble.'

'Uncle, when I glance at that part of the newspaper called the Court Circular, and run over the names that perpetually occur there, and class under their respective heads those who openly scorn all religious observances, and those who worship in the mass-house, I am struck with wonder and dismay.'

'And at the same time your heart bears witness to the success of a plan devised by Satan himself to hasten our ruin. That principle which from your cradle was inculcated both by example and by precept, to which the word of God subsequently was found to lend the sanction of divine authority, making it equally a duty as a delight—that principle, niece, your loyalty, seems like a tender flower beat upon by the storm, trembling and bending, and looking vainly round for something to shelter its head and to strengthen its root.'

'Dear uncle! Its root is fixed in the word of God—no Christian can be disloyal.'

'No, God forbid! The awful struggle of the present day consists in no small measure in the effort to place in a right view the relative position of royalty. There is no charm in the title, the functions, the prerogatives of sovereignty, to supply the lack of wise and faithful counsellors; and in a monarchy so limited and fenced about as ours is, the sagest, most experienced of mature men, would find his power and influence rendered abortive in good, were he denied the privilege of choosing such helpers in the

difficult work of governing a great empire. What, then, must be the disadvantages surrounding a youthful, inexperienced female, unsuspecting of the hollow-heartedness that lies couched beneath a mask, and so encircled by a cordon of deep deception, that nothing can reach her royal ear or eye until it have undergone the contaminating process of passing through that medium? Oh, surely the foul attempt to alienate from that young maiden the hearts of a loyal, prayerful people, should operate more powerfully in drawing those hearts closer to her, and redoubling those prayers on her behalf, than could the delightful spectacle of a court and cabinet the very reverse of what they now are.'

'I wish the case was so regarded, uncle; those evil persons have laboured to rob us of our Queen, and our Queen of her true subjects.'

'Ay: the diabolical plot at which all England stands aghast, was not planned, and matured, and executed, merely to wrest from an innocent lady her fair fame. It had an origin as dark and as deep as the profoundest dungeons of the Inquisition. If the secret was revealed, and the web of iniquity unravelled to its first-spun filament, you would find at its root the envenomed mark of Ignatius Loyola deeply branded. See how the noble, open-hearted brother of the victim has been foiled at every turn, met in his anxious search by an intangible mock, and baffled by such consummate finesse as never was found to exist save in the atmosphere of genuine Popery, refined by the superhuman subtlety of the Jesuit.'

'But to what end, uncle, was this conspiracy formed, and carried into effect?'

‘It never was carried into effect. The noble victim met it as they had never calculated she could possibly do, because cowardly guilt cannot even conceive the bold and beauteous bearing with which innocence can confront it. She broke through the accursed net, ere it could extend its fatal meshes beyond her own harmless head, and died in the struggle—but died a conqueror. By this dispensation the torn and trampled snare is held up, a warning to the country. But with the wickedness of the old serpent himself, its weavers make the unsightly ruin aid their purpose of bringing the sacred person of royalty into suspicion and contempt. If the real criminal were discovered it would go nigh to undo the mischief that has cost them such infinite toil to carry so far. They are checked, but not yet driven backward.’

‘Uncle, it reminds me of the terrible web spread by the giant-spider of South American woods, and which is sufficiently strong to entangle a small bird. In the present instance a dove has passed through on her heavenward flight, breaking the web, but inhaling death in an atmosphere poisoned by the baffled reptile who spun it.’

‘You have been censured for openly enrolling yourself among the partizans of a cause where the opposing minority, contemptible in numbers, are all-powerful in other respects.’

‘That cause, uncle, is the cause of my country, the cause of my queen, the cause of my religion. The powerful minority of whom you speak are ruining the country, degrading the sovereign, and labouring to destroy the Protestant faith.’

‘Indeed, if we look upon the recent appointments to places of high trust and power, we must needs

own the latter to be true. Not for any predilection on the part of those individuals for our religion more than another, or, I fear, for any religion more than for none at all, but just because the papacy has attained to a political position among us which renders their tenure of office dependent on its will. I am sick at heart when contemplating the scene.'

'Yet do not turn from it. There is one view of the matter worthy your notice, in order to spread the knowledge of an interesting fact as widely as possible.'

'Let us have it.'

'Most Englishmen, uncle, have a strong prejudice in favour of a certain document called Magna Charta.'

'Ay, and most English women, and English children too, I hope. Go on.'

'The rude Barons of Runnymede forced that charter from a reluctant king, and the pope was so shocked at the proceeding that he fulminated a bull, declaring the said charter null and void, and anathematizing those who procured, and who enforced its observance. Now, uncle, it is, alas! too certain that many who care not one straw for their Bibles, and who would go to mass as readily as to church or meeting, have a great value for Magna Charta, as the bulwark of their civil liberties: nay, they would die in defence of the privileges it secures to them. Ought we not to inform these people that the pope's bull remains in force to this day; and that in the estimation, yea the conscientious conviction of Messrs. Wyse, Shiel, O'Ferrall, my lords of Fingall and Surrey, and all other Romanists who have recently received appointments in government and in the palace—in the estimation of all these, and all of their

creed, this Magna Charta of ours is not only a dead letter, but a wicked, sinful, accursed thing, in no way binding upon them or others, but rather entailing temporal and eternal penalties on all who shall attempt to enforce its provisions when the time shall have arrived for recognising that religion which O'Connell so affectionately presses on us, which her Majesty's ministers so openly patronize, and which a great body of the people are disposed to regard as equally good with what they now profess.'

'The fact you mention is well known, but the propriety of explaining it among the humbler classes may not be so generally considered. It is one of those things that, properly brought forward, do much good in their place. Civil liberty is a precious boon: an Englishman is so familiarized with it, as his birth-right, that he no more calculates how he could exist without it than how he could breathe in an exhausted receiver. Yet most certain it is that every popish appointment, every instance of patronage extended to that wily apostacy is a direct step towards the rescinding of Magna Charta.'

'I wish our clergymen would declare it from the pulpit; particularly when the poor misguided Chartists are present. It is the more necessary, because, on a recent occasion at Norwich, an immense body of them, amounting to several thousands, attended the Popish chapel, by the priest's invitation, and were informed by him that all their grievances, real or imaginary, sprang out of the Reformation.'

'Alas, that the emissaries of Satan should be so much wiser in promoting their master's cause than the ministers of Christ! A fatal delusion rests on our pulpits generally, silencing the preacher's voice,

whenever God would prompt him to be faithful to his duty in that branch of it. We have dwelt so long in peace and security, that the sound of a trumpet was not heard among us, because no foe approached our walls: and now it is the idle dream of too many watchmen that God has rescinded his solemn command for a warning blast when the sword is seen to approach. They will find too late that none of his words shall fail.'

'It is a remarkable thing, uncle, this reluctance to stir up our hearts to a thankful appreciation of blessings, merely because they were so great and so public. The glory of our statute-book consists in its being framed according to the word of God; so that no man can by law be compelled to do any thing which that word has forbidden: and the same precious liberty leaves, yea enjoins every man to peruse his bible, and there to trace the model of such a subject as the state most cherishes and applauds. Now the first work of Popery is to legislate against the bible, to wrest it from man's grasp, and to compel him under the penalty of death to commit things expressly prohibited by the Most High. I cannot comprehend how it is that the ministers who would feel bound to make the cholera, or any other visitation on the national health a fruitful theme of solemn pulpit exhortation, regard as unseemly any allusion to the spiritual and political plague that would corrupt our laws, and crush our civil liberties as a means of destroying either the life of our bodies or the life of our souls.'

'They err greatly: they think only of the temple of their Zion, forgetful that her walls are also the Lord's, built by his direction, and guarded by his

command. Look at yonder sky: the clouds that erewhile appeared in small portions far apart, or slowly rising from the horizon, have imperceptibly neared each other, darkening as they spread the face of day, and even now beginning to pour forth the chilling stream. Happy for us that our cottage roof is now within a step or two, happier for those who while God's judgments are abroad upon the earth have a sure refuge nigh at hand—a chamber in the everlasting Rock, wherein they may enter and hide themselves until these calamities be overpast !'



THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

III.

AT the noon-tide hour, Mr. Stratton again appeared, with his friend ; and after expressing regret at the recent event, said, ' I am too much hurried to stop now : but to prove to you that the advice we gave is good, my friend has brought a pamphlet, printed and published, giving an account of the matter. Read it carefully, and keep your promise of saying nothing, till we see you again.'

Mrs. Green needed no inducement to read it carefully : she was wavering on a point of the deepest importance to her and hers ; and though clinging to a faint hope of the renewal, until she should hear from Mr. Barlow the result of his visit to the agent, she pondered as inevitable the alternative of dispersion, or migration to the factories. The pamphlet

NOVEMBER, 1839.

2 C

was soon read: it set forth in glowing colours the comfort, the abundance, the independence of those who engaged in the work, fully bearing out her informant in his largest statements. Could she reject such evidence! No, it would have seemed too much like spurning from her an advantage providentially placed within her grasp; and she only regretted, on seeing the clergyman approach, that she was not at liberty to communicate to him her bright prospects.

Mr. Barlow's entrance, however, recalled too vividly the comforts of past days, and awoke her too painfully to present difficulties, to be hailed without strong emotion. He took her hand with a look that prepared her for the worst, and said, 'Among all earthly changes, how increasingly precious is the word that assures the believer he has "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."' "

'It is, it is,' replied the widow, wringing her hands; 'but oh, sir, the four walls of this poor cottage have been a home on earth to me that I feel it hard to leave.'

'I know it: the hardest lesson we have to learn is that which convinces us we are strangers and sojourners—pilgrims seeking a better country. Gladly indeed should I have been the bearer of a message that would leave you yet awhile in this quiet retreat: but'—he hesitated.

'We must leave it, sir?'

'I urged the case strongly; I even ventured to promise an increase of rent on your part, but in vain: another applicant had secured the reversion. Let us now consider in what way we can promote your interests, and those of the dear children.'

‘Not yet, sir, if you please.’

In vain did the good clergyman remonstrate, telling her he must leave home for some days, and that every hour was precious: she repeated that she would talk it over with him when she saw him again. Reluctantly he quitted the subject; and after much good counsel and scriptural consolation under approaching trials, with fervent prayer, he rose to depart; but turning to the door, said, ‘Take a caution, Mrs. Green, from a sincere friend: I know you may be exposed to some inducements to venture on a hasty step before my return. Do not suffer yourself to be tempted, by any shew of advantage, into the manufacturing districts. Remember my words, and be wary.’

The widow longed to call him back, and to tell all; but her promise must be kept, and the opportunity was gone. In the evening, Mrs. Barker eagerly began on the same subject, and was not a little mortified at meeting a similar repulse. After many attempts at eliciting some information, she drew herself up, saying, ‘I might take offence at your being so close with an old friend; but no doubt you have your reasons. And I wish,’ she added with sudden vivacity, ‘I wish that old fox Stratton, who was about here, has not been setting some trap for you—p'rhaps the factories!’

The widow's countenance changed a little, and Helen coloured just because she hoped she should not colour at that moment.

‘Oh, I see how it is,’ cried the lodger triumphantly: ‘I was right; but surely, dame Green, you arn't such a simpleton as to be gulled by them who are only afraid you should be a burden

to them, coming, with this large family, on the parish.'

'The parish!' exclaimed Richard in the most angry tone that he had ever been known to utter.

'Ay, boy, the parish: don't you see, if any thing ailed your grandmother or the little ones, though you and Helen might be lucky enough to get a service, you couldn't maintain them; and what must it all come to but that? Oh, I haven't been a beadle's wife and his widow too, for nothing: I know something of the ways of the parish.'

'Mrs. Barker, ma'am,' said Richard, rising and standing as tall as he could, 'there is nobody, next to my grandmother, I respect so much as yourself, ma'am: but as long as this roof is over our heads, ay, and as long as these two hands have strength to dig, I do hope, ma'am, you will never hurt our feelings again, by speaking as if any of my family could go on the parish.' And out he walked with a swelling heart.

'As fine a boy as ever trod on shoe-leather,' observed Mrs. Barker: 'but he is not up to these things. And as for his two hands, and his digging—well, I'll say no more; only don't let yourself be fooled, Molly Green, by them that care less for you than for the saving of a farthing's worth of musty meal.'

This discussion produced its effect on the widow; but not such as was desired by her two disinterested advisers. The idea of becoming a parish pauper had scarcely occurred to her; but now the thing was presented in a nearer point of view than she could well bear to contemplate. It appeared likely enough that Mr. Stratton was actuated by the motives attributed

to him; but his friend was unconnected with the place; and then the pamphlet! *That* would not have been written and printed to deceive her. The contrast was strong: on the one hand pauperism, or, at the very best, a complete separation of the family: on the other, a home, lucrative employment, independence, respectability, all the advantages that schools for the children, and abundant spiritual privileges for them and herself could impart. Besides, her daughter had long been a resident in that very town; and would now, no doubt, be glad to renew the intercourse with a mother whom she had first disobeyed, then slighted, and reproached with undue partiality for William's family. It was too delightful a prospect to be relinquished: her resolution was formed; and on the very next day she announced it to her friend Mr. Stratton, who promised to see an agreement entered into with one of the first mill-owners in the town, and to make all requisite arrangements for their removal.

When Mr. Barlow returned, he found things too far gone for his interference. He therefore contented himself with rescuing Richard from the fate of the others, by providing him with a situation where he would enjoy means of improvement with the prospect of a good business if he proved diligent and painstaking; and with a heavy heart he bestowed his parting benediction on the assembled household the evening preceding their outset. The scene was so changed that a stranger would not have recognized Green's cottage, in the comfortless, bare walls of the all but deserted mansion. A sale had taken place that morning, comprising the whole of its simple furniture, save a few cherished articles of small intrinsic value,

committed to the care of a kind neighbour; and two flock beds, with their accompaniments of blankets and bedding, which the widow had agreed with the boatman to convey as luggage, for their passage was to be by canal. These lay closely packed, furnishing seats for the party, who were never, never more to assemble in that humble but beloved abode; and who might now be said to mourn each apart, over some secret sorrow with which a stranger could not intermeddle. There are seasons when the nearest, the dearest, the most trusted of bosom friends is comparatively a stranger: there are depths of feeling, and mazes of thought not to be explored by human eye; throbs of secret anguish beyond the alleviation of human sympathy. Alone man enters the world; alone he must launch forth upon eternity; and between the two periods there is many a moment when, despite himself, man is compelled to feel what it is to be utterly alone.

The young children had indulged in many delightful anticipations of the wonders that they were to behold in a great town; but these they had only whispered among themselves, since the little sale of household stuff commenced; for even Willy could enter somewhat into the struggle that was evidently trying the elder portion of the family. They had all felt the parting with Mrs. Barker; and some of her commiserating expressions, as she stroked their heads and patted their cheeks, had excited a misgiving that partially clouded their gay dreams with a vague foreboding of some unknown evil. James grew languid from fatigue; Mary had an uneasy apprehension of rivalry in the affection of her friends among new claimants, and all were deeply grieved at the

prospect of leaving Richard. His were feelings of no common poignancy; for, in persuading him to remain, seeking independence for himself in that rural district, Mr. Barlow had dropped some hints with respect to the injurious effect of factory employment on the health and characters of the rest, which, while they confirmed him in his path of duty, gave rise to more distressing apprehensions than the good minister would willingly have excited. He did not know how far the boy's mind had outgrown his years. Helen's indeed appeared an easier choice; for the only road that seemed open to her was one which kept her beside her benefactress, holding out a fair prospect of repaying to the family some part of her obligation; but her young heart had so entwined itself round the objects familiar from infancy, that the breaking up of the little establishment, the removal of each article as it passed into the hands of a purchaser, and the consciousness that in a few hours she must for ever quit that peaceful home, would have been a heavy grief, even had she not imbibed a secret dread of the untried experiment, and shrunk from what her own fancy, far as it fell below the reality, would picture of the noise, the confusion, and other painful contrasts of a large town.

But none suffered like the widow: she had her portion of what each around her felt, and with it a depressing apprehension that she had acted wrong in preferring the counsel of worldly advisers before that of her long-trying, pious friend. It is no uncommon case to seek direction in prayer, and then to act from the impulse of our own choice, without waiting for an answer. Of selfishness in any shape she stood acquitted, even in her own eyes; but not so of precipi-

tation. She was, in fact, one among many victims to a most nefarious device: the waste of human life in the factories, like that in the plantations of the west, occasions so pressing a demand for a supply of new labourers, that it gives rise to a traffic not very dissimilar from the slave trade. A brisk market is always open; and those who consider it a meritorious work to decrease the burdens of their respective parishes at any cost, are equally ready to recruit it with their paupers, as the natives of Madagascar of old were to sell their prisoners. Even where no such desire exists among parochial authorities, emissaries are employed, who, by means of such false representations as those contained in the pamphlet shewn to the widow, written and published for that express purpose, allure the industrious countryman from his healthful sphere, to perish, with his little ones, amid the noxious exhalations of those unnatural dens. It is no fiction that such books are circulated in districts remote from the scenes described in them; or that they often prevail when other means would not succeed.

But the die was cast, the cottage was dismantled, and the little party who sat grouped on the large bundle were to know their place within its walls no more. Evening was closing; a bright moon had surmounted the tops of the old elms that separated two adjoining fields, and looked in, as if for a farewell greeting, through the interstices of a woodbine, that had been carefully trained over the casement, and formed a graceful lattice. Mary broke the long silence.

‘Our poor honeysuckle! I do hope whoever gets the place will take care of the honeysuckle.’

‘ Ah,’ sighed Richard, ‘ many a pleasant hour I have passed, training and trimming that old plant. Some hand will cut it down before long.’

‘ Never mind,’ said James, ‘ I’ll have one just like it growing over our window at M. It will make us more happy.’

Tears sprang into Helen’s eyes at the contrast thus forced upon her of the future with the past. The widow felt it also, and remarked, ‘ We are not going to a place of ease and enjoyment, my dear ; but to labour for a living in a very different situation. The only thing we can promise ourselves there, of all that has made us so happy here, is the presence of God.’ Then clasping her hands, and looking up with a burst of tears, she exclaimed, “ If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence ! ”

‘ The answer to that prayer, granny,’ said Richard, ‘ is very gracious : “ My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.” Honeysuckles on the window there may not be ; but the sweet moonlight will come through, and remind you of what Mr. Barlow said last Sunday, when he preached on the light shining in a dark place. One thing, I am sure, you will carry away with you, that has helped more than anything else to make us happy here, and that is the old bible, granny.’ The boy turned away to hide his tears, overpowered by the thought that he must no more listen to the sacred book in the midst of those he loved so well.

The moonbeam, now broad and strong, fell upon them as they sat, and bathed them in its silvery light, passing through the pure clear atmosphere peculiar to a healthful sea-coast. They looked upon each other, and again to the fair orb, while the natural

thought so beautifully expressed by the poet seemed spontaneously to arise in their comparatively uncultivated minds, that it would be a sort of rallying point for their fond gaze, when widely severed in place and circumstance. After a silence of some minutes, the widow called on Helen to repeat the twenty-third psalm; and never had the preciousness of its soothing assurance so commended itself to their hearts as while in the low deliberate accents of deep feeling each clause fell from her quivering lip. They then kneeled down, and fervent, though broken by many sobs, was the prayer of that fond parent as she commended the children of her anxious love, together with herself, into the hands of Him who is a Father to the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, in his holy habitation. Oh, it is an awful thought that so many believing, confiding prayers of the poor destitute are recorded in the book of His remembrance, whose piercing eye is never for one moment averted from the hidden plannings of the mercenary deceiver's heart! Very terrible will be the day of public inquisition and divine retribution. God keeps silence now: the oppressor secretly flatters his own soul that the Lord is even such a one as himself; and the sufferer is tempted to ask "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?—is his promise come utterly to an end?" No: he hath appointed a day for the open vindication alike of his justice and his faithfulness—a day that both shall see, when, in the presence of men, of angels, and of devils, it shall be shewn that the Judge of all the earth doeth right.

The little family, so barbarously exiled from their industrious home, to avert a possible, a paltry burden from the parish books, and so craftily ensnared into

lingering destruction to swell the gains of a wealthy manufacturer, arose from their knees, exchanged one parting embrace in silence, under the subduing influence which they had just besought, and presently separated for the night. Richard, after accompanying the travellers to the doors of two neighbouring cottages, where beds were hospitably prepared for their few hours' rest, returned to fling himself upon the bundle, in the agony of a sorrow no longer to be repressed; and the moon had stolen her soft beam away from the little casement, ere the boy had wept himself to sleep.

We will not accompany the wanderers through every stage of their progress: an agreement had indeed been made with the barge-owner, to whose charge they were committed; but abundant opportunity was left for him to advance demands alike unexpected and unreasonable. It was a sad specimen of what they might look for among mercenary strangers; but even the imposition which pressed so heavily on their very slender purse was less galling than the coarse familiarity and contemptuous rudeness alternately exhibited towards them. Disrespect was new to the Widow Green: the independence both of her disposition and circumstances, together with her exemplary line of conduct towards the helpless young charges who shared her generous care, had imparted a moral elevation to her character, demanding and receiving the homage of a general deference from her equals, with more than common courtesy on the part of those above her. She was now to learn the value of an humbling dispensation; and in the pain inflicted by it she first discovered how needful it was. There are corruptions in every human heart

hidden even from the knowledge of its possessor, until particular circumstances are so ordered as to bring them forth to his view. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults," is the aspiration of many a Christian who little thinks what a startling process will commence in answer to his prayer.

Helen Fleetwood was a girl of delicate mind, such as is often found in our sequestered villages, under the guardianship of watchful prudence, more especially when influenced by early, simple piety. There was nothing in her character unusually elevated above the class to which she belonged ; but it owed something of its finer texture to the scenery of her native place, and its association with a tale of infant bereavement, of parental sorrow, that she indeed could scarcely remember, but which had often been related to her with touching pathos, though in homely phrase, by the fishermen's families around. By brooding on these, as she marked the rolling of the billows that had once engulfed her father, she acquired a more contemplative, and perhaps a more imaginative turn of thought than most of her young companions, while a modest reluctance to make her own concerns more prominent than was suitable for so humble a person habituated her to what Mary termed keeping her own counsel. Often did the curious, loquacious little girl devote her ingenuity to the task of discovering some of Helen's 'plots' for cutting out a pinafore to the best advantage in point of saving, or reclaiming some square foot of waste ground for a plantation of herbs. Helen, in truth, had no mystery about her : she was rather reserved ; but Mary was an indefatigable hunter after the marvellous, and not always to be convinced by

the evidence of her own senses, that she was capable of a mistake.

Whatever in Helen's character partook of noble and generous—and there was very much of both—was now brought into full exercise. She felt with poignancy the rudeness of various kinds to which she was, for the first time in her life, subjected ; and once or twice she was about to complain to her natural friend of the coarse language uttered in her hearing ; but a glance at the widow's care-worn countenance, with the consciousness that she was now scarcely less helpless than herself, silenced the girl. She only kept nearer to her side, and strove by talking in a louder and more cheerful tone than usual to withdraw the attention of her little party from many things unfit to hear. One of the men, struck by her conduct, swore she was an honest, good girl ; wished his little Sally might grow up like her, and restrained his comrades from further profanity and rude jesting. Helen secretly thanked the Giver of all wisdom for guiding her to such a course ; and prayed for a more abundant supply according to his precious promise, that to such as ask he will give liberally and upbraid not.

The passage was long, tedious, uncomfortable, and attended with serious loss to their finances ; but no remedy could be obtained ; and with a heavy heart the widow released her bedding from the master, who threatened to seize it, if his exorbitant demands were not satisfied. They left the barge, and all other feelings were soon absorbed in wonder at the size of the town, and the extreme length, narrowness, and filth of the street, or rather alley, where they were directed to find Mrs. Wright. Above all annoyances, the

oppressive weight of the atmosphere was felt and complained of by each ; but far more sickening was the air of the low court into which they turned previous to entering Mrs. Wright's abode.

They were kindly welcomed by this daughter of the Widow Green, who struck Helen as being altogether the most unlike her mother of any person she had beheld : as dissimilar, in fact, as the apartment they had entered was to the cottage they had left. Here, on dusky walls, stained with every variety of sombre discolouration, were stuck a number of the most tawdry prints, evidently quite fresh, and placed there for a particular display : the window, incapable as it was of admitting much light under the best circumstances, was rendered opaque by dirt, and festooned with cobwebs ; yet a struggle to look fine was manifest throughout the whole establishment, including the mistress, who, though she had not combed out her matted locks, had surmounted them with a cap of unusual form, decorated with showy ribbands. Of ornaments there was no lack, but of neatness, cleanliness, comfort, respectability, nothing relieved the eye : above all, it wanted cheerfulness.

After the first affectionate greeting, and some tears shed on the cheek of her long-absent daughter, the widow kindly enquired for the rest of her family.'

'The children won't be in till after dusk;' replied Mrs. Wright ; 'and as for their father he will come about the same time.'

Some arrangements were then made : an inner room, intolerably close to be sure, but rather cleaner than the other, was pointed out for their temporary use. Here they were to remain until a suitable lodging was found, after being installed in their new

situations. By the time their bedding was unpacked, and their personal neatness improved, after the fatiguing journey, evening was come ; and the village party returned to the parlour, as Mrs. Wright had called it, just as her family entered it from the street.

There was a pause—almost a movement of recoil on the widow's part, as this groupe of her grandchildren met her view ; while a hasty glance of involuntary comparison bespoke the mother's consciousness of a contrast such as words can but faintly pourtray. Stepping between them, she hastily remarked, ' It is well for the children that poor William fancied a country life ; for to be sure it does make them look more fresh and healthy, though town-bred young people may be ever so much genteeler.'

C. C.

REMEMBER that while the Bible is the " word of life," it is also, if unused, the instrument of death. The man who has a Bible can make no excuse if he is lost. A Bible in his house, but unopened, unread, or read without prayer, is a mighty machine undirected, which will recoil on its owner, and bring down upon him a more utter destruction. It is " the Sword of the Spirit," but it is a " two-edged sword ;" it cuts both ways : and if it cut not forward upon sin and Satan, it will cut backward upon the soul.—*Rev. T. Dale.*

AN INFALLIBLE GUIDE.

MADAM,

I read in the *Christian Lady's Magazine* some time ago, letters signed *Clericus Junior*, from which it appeared that the writer felt a difficulty which for a long period I also experienced—a difficulty occasioned by the demand to show an infallible guide which we acknowledge in religion, or follow one alleged to be infallible. I knew, at the period referred to, as well as I do now, that the doctrines of the church of Rome were different from those of the Bible, and on that account I would not receive them; but I was perplexed by the arguments of Challoner and Milner, and quite unable to answer them. A great change has, however, since taken place; the scriptures are now more read, and the principles of religion more generally understood, and able controversialists have been brought forward, who have exposed the sophistry of Rome; and it having been my lot to visit those quarters where most attention was paid to the subject, I believe I can show (and I shall feel happy if I can do so to the satisfaction of your correspondent) how we arrive at the following conclusions: First, that the guide offered by the church of Rome is not an infallible or even a uniform guide; and, secondly, that Protestants have a sure and infallible guide.

For, since it is a general council which Romanists

think infallible, what can any individual among them come at more than the decree of a council and the teaching of a priest of his communion? Now the priest has no power to guide any man's judgment, nor is it contended that he is infallible;¹ consequently, the inquirer may mistake the priest, or the priest may have mistaken his college teacher, or the college teacher may have misunderstood the decrees of councils;² so that even if the errors of those decrees were not discoverable, from their being inconsistent with each other and contradictory to the scriptures, still there would evidently be no infallible guide for the Romanist; for the priest cannot guide his judgment, nor can the college teacher guide the priest's judgment, nor can there be any certainty that he understands the decrees of councils aright.

But the Protestant relies on a sure and infallible guide, which, on the certainty of the promise of our Saviour himself, he knows will guide him to all truth. For the scriptures are infallible, admitted to be in-

¹ The Romish priests are taken young into their colleges, where they are instructed from books artfully composed, and their minds are filled with false opinions and prejudices: they are taught to argue in support of their peculiar tenets; they are sworn to maintain them, and are then sent out as teachers. No wonder they should shrink from the evidence of the scriptures, which show their fallibility as teachers.

² In the Latin language, in which all the bulls and decrees of the Romish church are written, there is no general rule for the discovery of the exact signification of words, as in Greek and Hebrew, in which tongues terms expressing complex ideas are usually derived from simple words. In Latin there is no single word which expresses *μετανοια*, repentance; penitence is used, which has a different and somewhat ambiguous meaning; and from this arises the error of penance being introduced into popish translations,—an interpretation which the Greek word would never bear.

fallible, and declared by the inspired writers themselves to be perfect and sufficient.

The scriptures are indeed infallible, but where is the infallible human guide?

The Divine Spirit is the only infallible Guide, as alone able to guide the judgment, and to supply all deficiencies. We know that church communion is necessary, and we acknowledge its benefits and its privileges, and its divine institution; but as every man is accountable for himself, we choose a church by the guide given us—the word of truth. By it we may know them; “If they speak not according to that word, it is because there is no light in them;” but if they do, we hear them with deference.

We have an infallible rule of faith—the scriptures, and an infallible Guide, omnipotent, and present to every one living; and we have the divine promise that whoever seeks that guidance will obtain it. Yet more, every true Christian must be so influenced. “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” If a Protestant is not led by this holy, infallible Guide, it is because he does not seek that guidance in an humble, prayerful, and faithful spirit. Converse with any who habitually read the bible with a devout mind, and in essentials they will be found to agree. It will perhaps be found that many who differ in non-essential things read the bible attentively, but these differences only shew that it is the subject of their thoughts, and they sometimes even produce good effects, by promoting inquiry and exertion; but those who differ in essential points of faith are in general either ignorant of the bible, or entertain a secret hostility to it in their hearts, and neglect the sacraments; for the scriptures are explicit

in everything essential to salvation. But among the members of the church of Rome a monstrous difference will be found; the nuns of St. Catherine, the monks of St. Francis, the murder-stained banditti of Italy, the merciless destroyers of Spain, the slave traders of Portugal, the ribbon-men of Ireland, are all devoted and acknowledged members of the church of Rome. Do they all speak one language? No; but they are united in constructing the great Babel, which they seek to raise unto heaven. Hence I conclude that the church of Rome is not even a uniform guide.

With the Socinian we can proceed to reason at once from scripture; but no one can provide against a perverted judgment or an obdurate heart: to change these is the prerogative of divine power. The Romanist's pretension to an infallible guide on earth, suggests to us the idea of finding one to present to the Socinian; but if we seek an infallible guide on earth, it will be separating ourselves from the infallible Guide from heaven. I think the way to reason with the Socinian, is to shew the whole tendency of the Old Testament doctrine, pointing to a Saviour both God and Man; and the whole design of the New Testament, to disclose a Saviour both God and Man, and thus to open to him the plan of salvation. The Lord satisfying justice, by taking the punishment of sin on himself, and thus binding his people to him by a law of love, whence follows a conformity to the divine will with brotherly affection for their neighbour, whereby they are impelled to all good works. There is no secret in the matter; let the Socinian humble himself, and seek truth in the appointed way, and he will find it.

But to return to the infallible guide on which Protestants are to place their dependence. Whether we reason, as Mr. Gregg did with the Romanist priest, Mr. Maguire, when he said, 'I have succession from the apostles and ordination as well as you; I can shew that the last popish archbishop of Dublin was a convert, and became the first Protestant archbishop. I can shew that in most of the other sees the like occurred, though this one fact is sufficient for my purpose. I can shew that our church was at first free, but afterwards enslaved to the bishop of Rome; and how can you say, that throwing off the newer doctrines of popery, and returning to the doctrines of the primitive church, does not strengthen and not weaken my credentials? For I can prove succession from the apostles, as you can; and I can prove identity of doctrine with the primitive churches, which you cannot:—'

Or whether we contend that the Christian priesthood is a spiritual priesthood, as prefigured by Melchizedec, who is spiritually described without father, without mother, not like the Jewish priesthood, but without order of descent—in fact that the whole Christian community, with the ministry, forms a priesthood, offering a spiritual sacrifice of prayer:—

In either case the Romanist can shew no such authority as the Protestant; for we have the scriptures, and an infallible guide to their essential truth. Churches, when faithful, have their office, regulating discipline, and supporting and disseminating truth; but truth can be applied to the heart only by divine aid, and churches are to be tried by scripture. The Galatians erred—the Corinthians erred, and St. Paul reproved them; and still the words of the apostle are

preserved, to correct churches, as well as to be a rule of faith for individuals. And so it was of old in the congregation of Israel; priests and people went astray, while the scripture was preserved by Providence to bring them back from error.

The Romanist says that we take the canonicity and authenticity of scripture on the authority of the church of Rome; but he is deceived. The authenticity and the inspiration of the Old Testament is proved by the wonderful providence which has preserved the Jews to be witnesses of both to this day; and the inspiration of the New Testament is proved by the miraculous manner in which it accomplishes and completes the Old. Then the Greek, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic churches preserved and acknowledge the same scriptures; as also the Albigenian churches, continually Protestant, which according to the confession of even Popish authorities themselves, existed from the time of the apostles, and extended into nearly every country; a people who lived justly before men, and believed rightly concerning God and all the articles contained in the creed. See Reiner. *contra Heret.* cap. iv. p. 54. So that the testimony to canonicity of any single communion, however extensive it may have been, is but a part of the evidence already referred to. But the strongest evidence of the inspiration of scripture yet remains; it is this—the scriptures approve themselves of divine origin to every just man's conscience.¹ Therefore

¹ As an instance of the scripture approving itself to a just man's conscience, I can name an individual of credit who can testify, that he being present where several individuals met to read the Irish Bible, one man, before leaving the room, took the book in both his hands, and laid it on his breast, and said, "There is something in this book

when Romanists assert that their church has divine guidance, we go to the testimony of the apostles; if it had divine guidance it would speak according to them. They may talk of the insecurity of trusting our private judgment; but there is no insecurity in using the understanding God has given us, in what is little more than distinguishing yes from no. I said before, the Romanist must use his private judgment to understand the instruction of a priest; and may we not use it to understand the scriptures, and that too when divine aid is promised? If we did not use our private judgment we could not understand anything; therefore it is absolutely necessary to use it; yet we are accountable to God for the manner in which we use it. We must use it not with self-confidence, but humbly, looking for divine guidance to reveal the truth to our minds, and to dispose our hearts for its reception; for after all, it is in the rebellious heart that the great obstacle to the reception of divine truth lies.

Having the scripture the acknowledged word of God, and having access to the guidance of the divine power, what papal authority can be put in competition with these? Is it the infallibility which asserts, that the rock mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, on which our Saviour said

which tells me it is the word of God, and I will never part with it—never—there is nothing on this earth that could induce me to do so.” This man afterwards proved his sincerity, for being assailed with violent language on many occasions by the Popish priest of his parish, and being pointed at as an object to be shunned by his neighbours, he left his native land, and went to America for the express purpose of being able to read the scriptures without fear of persecution. I can name the man, his parish, and several respectable persons who know the circumstance.

he would build his church was St. Peter, when St. Chrysostom, to whom Romanists address their prayers, asserts the contrary, and declares,¹ 'Not on Peter, for he did not build his church on the man, but on his faith?' Is it to this infallibility men should surrender themselves, when it disagrees with the very saints whom it requires people to adore?

The Romanist's last refuge is an appeal to miracles; but can we receive Romish tales, and reject those of the Mahomedans, Hindoos, and Greek church, which are equally or more wonderful? There are true miracles and false ones. Now since true miracles were performed to confirm divine truth, what shall we say to those which are produced to support an authority opposed to it? So that the law and the testimony is the only safe rule. Now let us come to this criterion, and try a popish doctrine. The gospel says, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." When we do all the good we can, it is only our duty, still we are unprofitable servants. But the church of Rome says, that people can do more good works than are necessary, and these works of supererogation are made available for the salvation of others, whereby mortals are supposed not only to redeem themselves, but to become redeemers; what Mr. Spencer boastfully calls vessels of over-abounding grace. Now is not this doctrine Antichristian?

¹ Πετρος, Peter, does not mean a rock, but a moveable stone; *πετρα* is the word which means the immoveable rock, and is the word used by our Saviour; so that the meaning runs thus—Our Saviour's divinity is the rock on which the Christian church is built, St. Peter, a stone used in the building.

There is an argument used by the Romanists to assail our church, which I shall here notice, because it is that on which they place the greatest reliance. 'Before the reformation,' say they, 'there were no Protestants; and to establish a new faith persons should have an especial mission.' Now this is sophistry: they assume that the reformers preached a new religion, when they did not preach one single new doctrine, not one single doctrine which was not preached by the apostles. Nor is it true that there was ever a time since the establishment of Christianity, that there were not witnesses who held the gospel faith, the faith of Protestants. The Albigenes and the Waldenses existed from the time of the apostles to the Reformation; there were many other witnesses, who were falsely designated heretics; and the Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and Coptic churches furnished many more. Why did Henry the Fourth, more than one hundred years before the Reformation, enact laws against Protestants, if there were none in England? Why was papal Rome at all times so active against those whom she called heretics; and how could so many thousands be destroyed for protesting against Popery, if there were no Protestants? She called them heretics, but she calls those as hard names now, whom we know to be exemplary Christians. We plainly see that in the days of persecution, the church, though so scattered, still preserved the faith; for the Romish writers themselves declare that the Reformers were the inheritors of the doctrines of the Waldenses. This very circumstance shews that the church was then the pillar and the ground of truth, as well as now, when it is highly favoured, and sends its evangelists

throughout the earth, and the scriptures to every man in his own language.

But, says the Romanist, the Lord gave a promise that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church : how then could the Christian church be for many centuries a persecuted and a scattered people ? Now this argument is so good a specimen of sophistical reasoning, that it will be worth while to examine it minutely. Let us see what is the meaning of the gates of hell prevailing against the church. The Romanist assumes that it means encroaching on it. Do gates ever rise and march against an adversary ? Hell is a place of eternal darkness, and gates are what confine and shut in ; consequently the gates of hell not prevailing against the church means, that the church should not be shut up in darkness for ever. The very circumstance of such a promise being given, implies that there should be an apparent danger of it, and the promise was given to support believers under discouraging appearances. If we add to this that a great apostacy was foretold, which was to exert its influence over great and small, rich and poor ; which was to make war on the saints and overcome them ; and which was to make Christianity fly into the wilderness, to remain in obscurity 1260 prophetic days ; and that when the church is described, in Revelations, under the image of the temple, the greater part was trampled under foot by the Gentiles, while the true church is represented by two witnesses alone, we see that the state of the church exactly fulfilled the prophecies of scripture.

Madam, I have extended these remarks much farther than was my intention when I commenced them ;

but I have done so from the persuasion, that if your correspondent adopted a similar line of argument, his opponents would soon feel that they have built their faith on the moveable stone, *περπας*, or what is human, and not on the immovable rock, *περπα*, which is the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have the honour to remain, Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

C.



CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.

OBSERVE the force and beauty of this declaration. The *root* of every attainment and the principle of spiritual fertility is 'Christ;' the *soil* in which that root is planted by faith, and in which it germinates, is 'in you;' the ascending *stem*, which rises from earth to heaven, under the influence of the Spirit, is 'hope;' the *fruit*, which will be displayed in rich luxuriance within the Paradise of God, blooming in the atmosphere of immortality, is 'glory;'—a glory which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive: for it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is?—*The Rev. Daniel Bagot at the Belfast Unitarian Discussion, page 187.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

No. V.

A PARISH HISTORY.

POOR Kate! it is time to hear something of her. After parting from Tenneson, she contrived to elude those who, in compliance with his request, would have conveyed her home; and stealing out of the town, crept along the road alone and miserable, while a sense of shame and disgrace, now for the first time weighing on her young and buoyant spirit, made her shrink from the idea of meeting even the eye of a friend.

She had not proceeded above two or three miles when illness and weakness rendered her unable to walk further. She drew the hood of her cloak over her head, and sitting down under the hedge, thought she had nothing to do but to die.

When a young woman is separated, even by ordinary occurrences, from the protection and companionship of friends, a feeling of desertion pervades the mind: the distance of ten miles from her 'own place' was like another region to the simple Kate. The circumstances in which she was, her illness and sorrow, made her feel forsaken and neglected by all the world. This was her *first* grief, and she thought, poor girl! that it must kill her.

My first grief I well remember; it was the death of a pet robin, aggravated by being caused by a favourite brother. How do a few years spent in this world change the nature as well as the subjects of our griefs! I have sometimes thought, that if I had the genius of Kirke White, I should have addressed an invocation to Indifference, instead of to Disappointment. The rector, however, would tell me I am wrong, for Indifference could not effect the purpose for which Disappointment is invoked.

Come, Disappointment, come,
Though from hope's summit hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou, severe, wert sent from heaven,
To wean me from the world,
To turn mine eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.'

But it is hard to bear disappointment when it comes, as it will, unsolicited. Never did a prayer arise from earth to heaven less in harmony with the natural breathings of the human heart, than that from the garden of Gethsemane, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!"

Wrapped up in her scarlet cloak, while the setting sun poured its last hot beams on her throbbing head, which was bent upon her knees, Kate had neither the desire nor ability for further exertion. The rumble of an approaching cart did not arouse her, nor even when it stopped did she look up.

'Musha, then, Kate, girl, is this yourself?' was the enquiry made by the man who descended from it, and tucking up a new long frieze coat, better adapted to a night in the polar regions than to one of our few lovely evenings of a now retiring summer,

against the heat of which, I suppose, like Kate's cloak, it was worn as a defence, stepped into the little ditch that ran along the hedge under which she sat, and stooping his face close to her's, succeeded in pulling up her head, and obtaining a glimpse of it.

'In troth, then, it's a shame for you, and sin too, to be making away with yourself in such a manner; its killed in no time you'll be if you take on so; and to think of your going your lone too, when there's not a neighbour in the country but would be proud to go with you.'

The voice of kindness never sounds rude to the unhappy. Some tears fell from Kate's closed eyes.

'Ah! then, will you rouse yourself, woman?' her exhorting friend continued, shaking her by the shoulder with energy sufficient to give effect to his words. 'Will you rouse yourself, and not be taking on so, maybe just about nothing at all after all; and its ashamed you ought to be to be treating yourself in such a manner.'

'I can't go on, Morrow,' said Kate, lifting the end of her apron to her eyes, which even Morrow had skill enough in such cases to interpret as a favourable symptom.

'I can't go on; my heart is quite gone; there's a pain about it and in my head, and it's better to leave me just to die where I am.'

'The never a one of myself will do that, Kate, a hagur; so just get up like a brave woman, and sit in the cart there, and I'll have you at home with your granny, quiet and easy, in no time.'

Desponding as she was, Kate was unable to resist the idea of being 'at home, quiet and easy;' the words sounded so soothingly, they had more effect

than all Morrow's energies. She got into the cart, but the motion and noise soon quite distracted her : she lay down in it, and Morrow, anxious to perform his promise, set off at full speed.

It made me shudder when I fancied the poor sufferer, under all the influence of approaching fever, being hurried along with noise and roughness, and a velocity which shewed the driver's desire to have her ' at home again with her own people.' The motion of the cart, as it rumbled on over hill and hollow, rough and smooth, with equal carelessness and speed, aggravated the pain of her head to a degree that was beyond endurance, and after several attempts to make her voice heard by its indefatigable driver, she sank down and became insensible, or nearly so, to further suffering.

She did not speak when they lifted her out ; and when she was laid on her bed, with her mouth partly open and eyeballs strained from pain and excitement, the people, with whom the house was speedily filled, surrounded it, so as to exclude the entrance of a breath of air from the poor girl they believed to be dying ; their cries and lamentations seemed to have no effect ; but the moans of her grandmother, who had been out on her arrival, and who, unamiable as she was, could not help loving such a girl as Kate, produced some sign of sensibility, and as the case did not then appear so hopeless, the usual restorative was immediately prescribed, and one of the assembly was despatched with a vial to the nearest house where ' a drop of spirits for a dying creature ' could be procured. This was speedily poured down her throat, and in such a state as hers soon produced the consequences that might be expected ; in a few hours

Kate was raving of prisons, and judges, and executions.

I believe that among the poor of Ireland, in cases of fever, the patient is often best, however barbarous it may seem to say so, when left houseless and friendless. Ignorance or mistaken kindness aggravate the disease, which is better left to nature. The cabin where a number of persons are huddled together is infected, the air within grows malignant, and that from without is excluded, through the fear of 'driving the cold to the creature's heart;' while with a view to drive it from it, whisky is frequently administered, until the heart they would warm becomes cold for ever.

I remember, years ago, when I was little more than a child, a fearful typhus fever was very prevalent in Ireland; and a young man in rather respectable circumstances, who with his mother was passing through our part of the country, was seized with it. As soon as the nature of the disease became apparent, the people of the house, (according to the above stated theory, I might say charitably,) put him out, and no one else would take him in. He got as far as an extensive wood which partly surrounded our house, where he lay down on a bed of leaves his mother heaped for him, and for six weeks the earth was his pillow and his covering the sky.

His fever at the commencement was of the most violent kind, and in the paroxysms of delirium he used to run through the wood, to our great terror; indeed we were kept prisoners in the house most of the time. No one would venture near him, no one but his mother: a mother seldom forsakes. We used to leave drink in his vicinity, which this worn

and spectre-like woman would come for, while we looked at her from a considerable distance, as at some fearful thing: yet there, lying out in the open air, without the means of procuring anything, injurious or otherwise, this patient of nature recovered. Jars of broth used then to be left to supply the place of the cooling drinks; and I well remember with what thrilling sensations of almost horror, when I had one day left a plate of meat and some drink for the poor mother in the usual place, I beheld the cadaverous face and emaciated figure of the 'poor man in the wood' stealing forward to take them in her stead, looking as like a risen tenant of the tombs as an inhabitant of earth.

He made signs to dispel my fears, and to express to me that his poor mother now occupied the bed she heaped for him; and day after day he came to take away her drinks, and crawl back to her, scarcely able to carry them. One day they remained untouched: he was seen hanging over the corpse of her who had tended him as none other would—as none other could have done; who had remained when all save his God had forsaken, and who had now perhaps been accorded the prayer of David, and died for her son. Her constitution, weakened by age and previous fatigue and suffering, sunk under the disease from which he recovered.

But now to return to my story.

It was the day before that whose setting sun was to be the last poor Tennisson was permitted to see, that Nanny and I once more entered the house where Kate Connolly still lay excessively ill.

The door of her room was open, and we were not a little surprised, as well as alarmed, on seeing the

only other occupant of the room. It was a man, whose haggard looks and dress conveyed such uneasy sensations as were not lessened by observing the aspect with which he regarded the sick girl.

Kate's eyes were closed. We had, in the plenitude of our assumed medical authority, dispensed with her wearing the thick cap which her grandmother had bound on her burning head with a thick cotton handkerchief; her hair was turned back from the temples, where the blue veins visibly throbbed with the same fever that flushed her thin and altered cheeks.

The man stood near to the door, his arm resting on a high chest, and his head bent upon his hand, on the knuckles of which his teeth appeared to press with energy sufficient to sink them in the flesh, while his eyes glared strangely on the spectacle before him.

Nanny caught my arm, pale as death and overcome with terror; but at the moment, and before our presence was perceived, a step approached the outer door, and Peggy Morrow came in, and set down a pitcher of water she had been fetching.

'Well, then, Brian O'Toole, what brings you here?' she said, turning round to him with a look of surprise and sternness; and even the action of her arms, as they fell by her sides, spoke a fearlessness that reassured us. 'The holy cross be about us,' she added, making its sign on her heart; 'are you coming like an evil spirit among us before your time?'

Astonished at her boldness, we looked apprehensively at the man, who, changing his attitude, attempted to move towards her, but was unable, early as the hour was, from intoxication.

‘Go your ways home, man,’ she said, authoritatively.

‘Oh! do not irritate him,’ Nanny whispered.

‘Don’t mind him, miss; don’t be a bit afraid, ladies,’ she whispered, ‘it’s an easy thing to get the upper hand of one that has a bad conscience.’

She went to the fire-place in the outer room, and while hanging a pan over it, she turned her honest countenance back to the man, who was now directly behind her, and continued. ‘Go your way home, Brian, and don’t come to look on them whose blood will be on your heart along with that that’s there already. Go your way home, I say, where the curse of an innocent man will be about your hearth day and night, and every time you stand upon it.’

The man’s words were so thick they were undistinguishable as he timidly shrunk from the house.

‘There he goes, the perjured thief!’ said Peggy, looking after him with an air of triumph.

‘You seem to suspect that man,’ I said, a suspicion at the same time crossing my own mind.

‘There’s no use speaking out, ma’am,’ she replied, changing her tone to one of doubt; ‘but people that know what’s what will think for all that. A wretched man he is sleeping or waking, since he swore away that poor boy’s life, and it’s worse and worse he gets as the day of his death comes on. Myself believes that he haunts him already, for he never sleeps unless he drinks himself asleep.’

We returned thoughtfully to the glebe, and related what past to the rector, who sighed, and said it was a wicked world. Whatever might be his thoughts or suspicions he kept them to himself. He appeared more thoughtful than usual at breakfast next day,

looked distressed, and enquired for Kate, saying he had been thinking of her in the night.

‘ You did not sleep then, papa?’ Nanny said, with a look of dissatisfaction.

‘ Not much, love; but, Nanny,’ the good man added, to turn her attention from himself, ‘ I have some directions to leave with you, as I intend to spend the greater part of to-day with poor Tennyson. You must spare her to me for a little,’ he said, looking at me.

‘ Oh! she can readily do that,’ Nanny replied; ‘ although,’ she continued, smiling at me, ‘ I do not think you seem quite—quite—so’——

‘ So what?’ I enquired, returning her smile; ‘ so good-for-nothing?’

‘ Oh no, not *that*, but so *indifferent* as you seemed when you first came to us.’

‘ Perhaps not,’ I rejoined, thinking to myself, who in such companionship could retain such a characteristic.

‘ I am not sure, Nanny,’ said the rector, ‘ that our friend particularly requires a remedy for indifference; but when you meet any one that does, pray refer them to the first Epistle of St. John. Come to my study, love.’

Our poor rector! I pitied him that evening on his return. He had taken leave of John Tennyson, and we had reason to believe it had been an affecting one, but he would not speak of it.

‘ Poor Kate! he seems to think more of her than of himself!’ he suddenly said, as he rose abruptly from the table where he had been sitting in silence, and walked to the window.

Nanny followed, and laid her hand on his arm with the words, ‘ Papa, you will be ill.’

‘ I cannot help it, my dear ; ’ and he drew his hand across his forehead. ‘ To *all* the decrees of an unerring Providence we ought to be fully acquiescent ; but our thoughts and views are so bounded by the things of sense and the limits of time, we regard the state of this disordered world, and forget that it is God’s prerogative to bring good out of evil ; that He, unseen, is working all things after the counsel of his own will.’

‘ A time will come, papa, when the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of our God.’

‘ Blessed time ! ’ said her father, his face brightening as he looked up to the now darkly-clouded sky, where a heavy storm was gathering. ‘ Yes, He will take his great power and reign, and in his time the righteous shall flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.’

This remark led into a discussion between the rector and me, while Nanny, glad to have her father’s mind engaged, was obliged to keep Mr. Hastings in good humour by talking to him herself.

While we were thus employed, the storm was increasing, and as the rain rattled against the closed window, the wind whistled in blasts round the blazing turf fire, which though autumn had not long commenced, both looked and felt agreeable. But though other conversation occupied us for some time, there is something so very melancholy in the moaning of a winter or a summer wind, that it always tends to awaken or recal to the mind thoughts and images consonant with its own character. Thus our minds after a while reverted to the painful subject that had before engrossed us—the condemned man—the miserable self-abandoned girl. A few more hours

would terminate the existence of the one; it were well, Mr. Hastings said, were it so with the other.

If existence terminated with the sorrows of time, the rector admitted it were so; but he believed that poor John Tennisson, though dying for a crime that shocked humanity, was better prepared to meet his end, and to appear before that Judge who is faithful and just.

‘But if he is guilty,’ I said, ‘how dreadful a hypocrite he must be.’

‘He is as innocent as I am,’ the rector exclaimed, as if suddenly thrown off his guard: it was the first time he had spoken so decidedly. ‘Would I could prove him so,’ he added, throwing aside his chair, and pacing the floor with greater expression of agitation than he usually shewed; twice pressing his hand on his forehead, he murmured half aloud, ‘Oh it is dreadful; how long shall the wicked triumph?’

We sat a few minutes in silent and distressing thought; then a rushing sound through the hall, as if the opening of the door had admitted the blast, drew our attention, and the rector stopping his walk, inquired if we had heard a knock, and before we could decisively answer, a little man, coated and booted, and dripping with rain, stepped into the room, and made a bow which brought his head very nearly in contact with his knees.

‘My good friend, where *have* you come from?’ the rector demanded, examining him from head to foot with pleased surprise.

‘I am come from a long, long journey, the first I have had since I was made a priest,’ was the reply, ‘and as the wind and rain incommoded both Dodger and myself, I thought I would just pay your reve-

rence a visit, and see if Miss Nanny Bawn could make me out a lodging for the night, and then, if the morning is fine, I can be off on my road to my own at Bog-hall with the first light.'

'For this night and as many more as you please, Mr. Irwin,' said Nanny, giving him her hand, 'unless Bog-hall has more charms than the glebe.'

'Its name warrants it; the charm of a good fire, of which you stand in need, my friend,' said her father, raising up his own, 'so take off your wet coat, and join us at this.'

While the little man withdrew to remove his well-saturated coat, and exchange his bespattered boots for a pair of the rector's slippers, I inquired was he a priest, for his appearance exactly agreed with my idea of the character.

'A Protestant curate,' the rector replied, 'and one of the most simple, sincere, extraordinary, excellent, and indefatigable creatures in existence. His unremitting exertions are devoted to the good of the desolate parish where he has lived and laboured, unknown and unnoticed, for more than twenty years. He lives in a house, little more than a cabin, belonging to a poor and aged widow, and by this means renders a condition comfortable, which would otherwise be deplorably destitute. This house, being situated on the side of a bleak, dreary bog, is known to us by the denomination of *Bog-hall*; but its tenant ranks in our estimation above many who dwell in ceiled houses, and lodge under cedar.'

When the curate came among us again, and had refreshed himself with some tea, he sat down in the vacant place opposite the fire, and putting a hand on each knee, raised his small but very expressive eyes

to the rector's daughter, with the comprehensive interrogatory, 'Well, Miss Nanny?'

'Well, Mr. Irwin?' Nanny responded, with a long-drawn sigh, and in a very absent manner.

'Hey-day!' he exclaimed, 'what is the matter?' and he glanced both at Mr. Hastings and me in a way that shewed he considered one or both of us implicated in producing a change in the spirits of the happy and contented Nanny Bawn.

She probably observed it as soon as we did, for she immediately said,

'I *am* in low spirits, Mr. Irwin.'

'Nothing has happened, I hope,' said the little man, becoming instantly serious, for Nanny's voice was truth.

'It is very true, Irwin,' said the rector, 'we are *all* much distressed. A melancholy affair has occurred in the parish.'

The details of this parish history were then given him. It was curious to watch the shades of interest deepening over his rather singular physiognomy as they proceeded.

'Tennisson,' he murmured, 'John Tennisson—at the fair of —, close to the higher cross roads.'

'Yes.'

'Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock?'

'Yes.'

'I can prove an alibi!'

The rector sprang forward, caught his arm, and stared in his face. His daughter burst into tears, clasped her hands, and cried, 'Thank God!' and then whispered to me with a face of wonder, 'What is an alibi?'

(To be concluded in the next number.)

LETTER FROM A MISOKYNIST.

DEAR MADAM,

LET not my address alarm you ; it denotes no ungentle feeling towards any member, however humble, of our own race. No ! it is directed against the foes of my pedestrian excursions, the enemies of my morning visits, the snarling, barking, growling, grumbling set, called dogs. I do not forget the old fable of the lion and the man, and will endeavour to say nothing of my canine antagonists, which is not warranted by justice and impartiality, while I detail the various causes of my dislike towards them.

First, you knock at a friend's door, and are answered, not by the maid, but a furious barking within, which continues incessantly, until the servant opens the door. You are then invited in, while this four-footed dragon stands guarding the bottom of the stair-case, resolutely expressing his opposition to your ascent. You perhaps have seen two or three papers in the shop-windows during your walk, cautioning the public, in gigantic letters, against MAD DOGS ! You therefore feel unwilling to enter into such a contest. ' Oh, he won't hurt you, ma'am,' says the maid. ' Down, Wasp, down, sir ! Here, Wasp ! ' And by this means Wasp is coaxed and scolded into the kitchen, and the door shut. Meanwhile you ascend the stairs, earnestly hoping, that the maid may not fail to be in waiting on your descent.

Secondly, you hear the arrival of a welcome friend announced. As soon as you have entered the room, before you have had time to greet your visitor, up starts her four-footed attendant, and flies at you in a fury of barking. 'Oh, pretty creature, it is only his way,' says the visitor, who obliges him to retreat under his own chair, whence, during the rest of the visit, he fills up the pauses of the conversation with a low growl, which you momentarily expect to give place to some more positive and violent token of his displeasure.

Nor is this all : for the sake of one's friends, one might perhaps be able to bear with their dogs, according to the old adage, 'Love me, love my dog ;' but one is apt to encounter these vexations in public, where there is no claim of friendship, to counter-balance the annoyance. Sitting quietly in an omnibus, you feel something touch your shoulder, and looking round, to see who your next neighbour is, you behold a disagreeable looking dog ! Now, as I am one of those who think politeness, or social courtesy, an essential duty of Christian women, I dare not object, or express my dislike by my looks—for that which is rude can hardly fail to be unchristianlike ; but I really do think that all ladies who have occasion to ride in an omnibus ought to leave their dogs at home, and to consider that there may be, in a public vehicle, other Misokynists besides myself.

I do not wish to detract from the merit of the dog, as a useful and valuable animal, but only to speak of those occasions when I think his company is ill-timed or misplaced. It reminds me of a beautiful Newfoundland dog, which belonged to a relative of ours. Neptune had fallen into the mistake of sup-

posing that every person who was bathing was being drowned, and that it was his duty to save them; consequently, whenever he happened to see any one enjoying a bath in the river, he plunged instantly into the water, seized, and dragged him to shore. Great was the consternation among the truant little bathers of the village, when the doctor, with his horse and dog, was seen approaching; they rushed in all directions to the banks, to be landed in safety, before Neptune should be in among them, exerting himself to save them, as he supposed, from a watery grave. Poor Neptune! such efforts in a better cause might have gained him a pension for life, and a respectable niche in animal biography. As it was, they only drew down upon him the fear and dislike of all the little boys of the village.

Now I certainly think that if we are to have dogs on the rug, dogs on the sofa, dogs under the table, and dogs in the omnibus, they ought to be well-taught, well-educated dogs, who should know when to bark, and when to be silent, and how to sit still in an omnibus, with becoming propriety.

Submitting this to the notice of all the possessors of canine attendants, whether they be of the long-eared, long-haired, short-tailed, black, brown or spotted race.

I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

A MISOKYNIST.

If Fido should object to the insertion of this paper in the Magazine, tell him the present company and all friends are always excepted.

[Having ascertained that Fido would make no objection, we decided on inserting the foregoing mani-

festos against his noble race. Sorry we are to breathe a hint in any way prejudicial to a correspondent, but the well-known fact of every dog being intuitively a physionomist would almost induce a conjecture unfavourable to the outward aspect of our worthy Misokynist. We have known instances of very excellent gentlemen who, having failed in attracting to their own persons the approving smiles of the fair, became, in the season of their sere and yellow leaf somewhat jealously disposed against the unconscious quadruped pets who seemed, in their estimation, to usurp the affectionate interest which might perchance have been their own. On the other hand, the sagacity of their canine rivals speedily detects a lack of good will, and perchance the presence of something quite the reverse of good-will towards themselves. Hence, the approach of a Misokynist of this class is rarely welcomed otherwise than as our correspondent has so feelingly portrayed it.

With regard to the Omnibus, our experience in that line of travelling has not been very extensive: we never remember to have met a dog in one of those contrivances. What transpires, however, from time to time, at the police offices would lead us to commend the prudence of a person who should place his or her pocket under a guardianship so vigilant and so sure as that of a dog. How far a general plan of canine education on the approved basis of modern liberality might tend to obviate our friend's objections, we are not prepared to decide, or to what peculiar path of utility it would be desirable to direct the energies of a philanthropic Newfoundlander, whose untutored instinct wastes them in lugging little boys out of the water. For our part, we would

readily subscribe to a fund for stationing a posse of these animated life-preservers at each end of every bridge in London, leaving it to their noble natures to act spontaneously in the many deplorable cases of wilful, no less than of involuntary submersion. An incident recurs to mind which took place some years back, very near our then residence ; and the recital of which may tend to soften the prejudices of any Misokynist.

A nurse-maid, with a fine infant in her arms, incautiously leaned over the parapet of Carlisle bridge, and the babe, taking a sudden bound, escaped from her grasp, falling at once into the Liffey beneath. No boat was immediately at hand ; but while the dreadful screams of the girl drew a crowd to the spot where she stood, a gallant Newfoundland dog, who was straying along the quay, plunged at once from the high pier, dived, siezed the infant, and, lifting it high above the level of the water, brought it safely up the steps to land. A throng of anxious spectators pressed to receive the rescued babe ; but no : the uneducated dog appeared to have only one clear idea, which was, that all ‘ treasure trove ’ belonged to the lord of *his* soil, and he accordingly trotted off with the poor baby suspended by its clothing from his capacious jaws, to deliver it up to his master. Every effort was used to induce him to alter his purpose ; but the ‘ no surrender ’ principle was proof alike against persuasion, menace and force. The child’s father had joined the throng, and it may be conceived with what intense anxiety he accompanied the noble animal, who bore his precious freight the distance of a street or two, until he reached the door of his own domicile, and there he paused. The

agitated parent plied the knocker ; the dog wagged his tail ; the door was opened, and in he stalked to his master's study into whose hands he delivered the infant, totally unhurt.

Now we cannot wish that the energies of this generous creature had been directed to any other purpose than that for which God bestowed them : one rescue from actual drowning would compensate, in most people's sight, for the scaring of a whole village of boys in their daily bath. Rarely, alas ! do we meet in this cold world with instances of zealous fidelity carried beyond bounds : when we do, though it be but in a dog, it yields a positive refreshment. Perhaps we take up the matter too seriously, but of all God's gifts in temporal mercies we have had most cause to acknowledge the preciousness of that instinctive attachment, sagacity, courage and self-devotedness of the canine race.

To conclude, we proffer to all Misokynists an infallible remedy for the antipathy to which our correspondent is subject ; let each keep a dog, making it his companion, and putting as much as possible its fine qualities to the test. He will find it so loving a creature, so submissively obedient, so incorruptibly honest, so forbearing, forgiving, and persevering in its attachment, so true to its trust, so vigilant in its guardianship, and, to a degree that few people are aware of, so sympathizing an observer of his sorrows, that while tracing the wonderful provision of divine wisdom and mercy in forming for him such a companion even among the beasts of the field, he will learn in an especial manner to remember it when uttering the praiseful ejaculation, " Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."]

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

ABIGAIL.

No. IV.

“WHAT man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him?” The Most High, whose prerogative alone it is to search the heart, has declared that every imagination of the thoughts of it is evil, and there is sufficient evidence within the scope of man’s perceptions to confirm the truth of this divine testimony. But the workings of the Spirit within the human tabernacle are concealed by a veil impenetrable to all eyes, save His only who brought into play that mysterious mechanism; and therefore it is, that man is so often baffled and confounded in his attempts to judge his fellows; and thus, the command of Jesus, “Judge not,” has in it, not only the force of a divine injunction, but the testimony of experience to prove how impracticable and injudicious is the endeavour to bring before a human tribunal the secret things which are known only to God. We know but in part, even with respect to those actions of the creature which appear to come within the legitimate cognizance of our senses. We hear the passionate word, and see the deed of violence, but we do not behold the remorse which fol-

lows ; we trace the progress of evil, and view the sinner in his downward course, with the marks of a condemned and reprobate nature thickening upon him ; the fearful plague-spots of the soul, warning the unwary from approach ; but we cannot follow throughout all that fatal progress the cleavings of the spiritual nature to its kindred dust. We cannot track the malignant agencies which were ever busy about the soul to stifle its native reachings onward to futurity, and to make present gratification suffice for its large desires—to lull it asleep on the lap of pleasure, and then leave it, bereft of that mysterious strength which had been before imparted, defenceless and alone, to grapple with its now too powerful foes. Oh ! how many a harsh judgment would be suspended, how many a word of censure would be retracted, were the eye permitted to gaze upon the fearful workings of the human heart—to behold its fierce and frequent conflicts, “ the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh,” to mark the first small glimmerings of that fire of remorse, which, unless quenched by the blood of sprinkling on this side eternity, will burn on with augmented force for ever, encircling the writhing spirit with a wreath of never-dying flame—to see the vexed, unquiet soul, finding no rest in the dry and sterile professions of earth ; entering into a reckless alliance with the spirit of gloom and discontent, of pride and obduracy, of rebellion, and stubbornness, and iniquity ! Oh ! if there be “ joy in heaven ” when one of the wilful human family melts in repentance, surely there may be something more than poetry in the assertion that “ angels weep ” over those things for which man has many a condemnatory verdict,

but few tears ! Where is the believer that has escaped "the pollution that is in the world," who will not give his individual testimony to the scripture truth, that "if the Lord had not been on his side," the deep and miry waves of sin, which drown men in destruction and perdition would have even overwhelmed his own soul ? Where is the man who, knowing the plague of his own heart, does not see in every sin committed, that which his own nature would have been capable of, had the restraining grace of God been withheld from him ? Where is the Christian who does not behold in the deformed portraiture of every open sinner the representation of what he himself might have become, had not God with every temptation made a way of escape for him ? It does not come within the limits of our reason to reconcile two points so apparently adverse as the prescience of God with the free agency of man ; but it does belong to a being conscious that he is "tied and bound with the chain of his sins," to ascribe his deliverance to the hand that sets the captive free—it does belong to him who is saved from the present and future penalties of a corrupt nature, and "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," to attribute all the glory of that salvation to God. The teaching of the Holy Spirit is seen in nothing so much as in the humiliation of soul which it produces, leading it to ascribe every achievement of virtue and obedience to Him "from whom alone all good works do proceed," and causing it to burst into thankfulness on every fresh escape from danger, giving glory to Him who alone hath wrought that great deliverance.

Such was the mind of David, when arrested in his

ruthless enterprise against the house of Nabal. Never does "the man after God's own heart" give clearer evidence of his spiritual adoption and sonship, than when at the head of his armed and vengeful followers he stood self-convicted and repentant at the ex-postulation of a feeble woman, and burst forth into thankful praise to that God whose over-ruling providence had sent this messenger of mercy to save his soul from sin. There is no hesitation as to the line of conduct which he ought to pursue—no debate as to whether it were safe to stay his men now that their minds were bent on spoil and violence: one glance at the Great First cause, saved a world of bewildering sophisms. "The Lord hath withholden thee," said the pious Abigail, "from coming to shed blood, and from avenging thyself with thine own hand," and the lips of David responded, "blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me."

It is not the seemingly accidental combination of circumstances on which the mind of the believer rests, when he finds himself suddenly checked in any course on which he had unwarily entered; it is neither to the strength or weakness, wisdom or folly of the instruments employed to turn him from his purpose, on which he looks; but to the unseen hand that builds a barrier before him, and fences his way, so that he cannot pass on to his hurt. The wild and trackless elements; the mute irrational creation; the friends or enemies of God may be the means employed to do him this service, and he sees the hand of God alike in all: but sweet indeed it is, when on the point of falling into one of the many pit-falls of the wilderness, we find that the arm which has been sent in mercy to uphold the sliding footstep is that of a

believing brother or sister. Then, as in the language of David, after having ascribed praise to God the Preserver, we can turn a grateful look on the human instrument, and say, "Blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou!"

We leave the humble and repentant David on his return to "sojourn in Mesech, and to dwell in the tents of Kedar," (1 Sam. xxv. i.)—to bear perchance with the scoffs and jeers of the ungodly among his followers, or to still the tumult of those who, when he "was for peace, made ready for battle"—while we follow Abigail on her homeward way, after having been dismissed with the fraternal benediction, "Go up in peace to thine house; see, I have hearkened to thy voice, and accepted thy person."

There are few perhaps who have not felt the response which the aspect of external nature gives back to the heart, whether in joy or grief, in gladness or depression; so that the same scene shall be made to speak a totally different language to the soul, when viewed under different states of feeling. As Abigail and her attendants retraced their road to Maon, divested of the anxieties and fears which had attended their onset, how perfectly in unison with the joyful yet chastened sense of that great deliverance must have been the bright yet calm decline of that eventful day. Before them were the wooded heights of Hachilah, bathed in the purple of evening, and towering majestically above all the plains of Maon, so lately the lurking-place of him from whom they had just parted; the scene of his last interview with the generous and devoted Jonathan, and of his memorable deliverance from the hand of Saul. (1 Samuel xxiii. 19, 26, 27.) If Abigail's companions were

like-minded with herself, (and from the circumstance of their being so entirely at her disposal it seems probable they were,) it would not have been in silence that they pursued their peaceful way through the solitary places of the wilderness. Their late wonderful preservation from danger—the trials and vicissitudes of David, who now, since the death of the holy Samuel, dared no more to linger even in the wilds and fastnesses of his native soil, but was become an exile in the lands of the heathen—the prophecies which had gone before concerning him, and the seeming improbability of their present fulfilment ; —pity for his misfortunes—admiration of his generosity, and gratitude for his forbearance ; these, and such like themes, would occupy the minds of the little party who had so courageously stood in the breach to effect the rescue of their companions. It was night when they reached Maon, and there, what a spectacle presented itself to the eyes of Abigail ! Her husband was “ very drunken ”—so utterly degraded below the level of reason, that she could not even communicate to him the joyful news of his own deliverance from a bloody and violent death. If ever the sight of another’s sin could lawfully move to anger, the present state of him whose mean and despicable conduct had been the cause of so much alarm and danger to the well-disposed among his household, might have excited this feeling ; and such it would have assuredly produced in the natural mind. But the heart of Abigail was disciplined by divine wisdom, and filled with that charity which “ beareth all things.” She did not break in upon the intemperate mirth of that unholy feast with keen reproaches or resentful expostulations. She “ kept

her mouth with a bridle, while the wicked were before her," and chose a more auspicious season to reason with her husband of "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come." In the lassitude and feebleness of body which succeeds the phrenzy of intoxication, in the bright purity of the morning light which scares away the foul and delusive visions that sport in the glare of the midnight revel, the warning voice of Abigail, speaking to her unhappy husband of mercy and of judgment, was heard, and her words were "with demonstration of the spirit and of power." If it was not so, whence the extraordinary effect which they produced, when Nabal's "heart died within him, and he became as a stone?" The mere escape from his late jeopardy would not have so affected this evil and obdurate man. Many have been dragged from the very jaws of destruction, and have risen up to curse anew their preservers; and to blaspheme the name of their God. Neither was Nabal's emotion a slight and transitory impression, leaving a record of alarm and dread upon the sandy heart, to be swept away by the next wave of temptation, for "the heart of Nabal became as a stone within him:" it died to all that had power to excite or ruffle it before. Whether his was that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance," or "the sorrow of the world which worketh death," cannot be gathered from the brief record which is afforded us of his last days on earth. It may be, that his eyes was now first opened to behold the folly of those who trust in "uncertain riches," who have "made gold their hope, and said to the fine gold, thou art my confidence." It may be, that in self-condemnation he now felt the woe pronounced on him "that

buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work:" and it may be, that in the short interval of ten days, which intervened between the terror of his arrest, and his being summoned to judgment, he sought and found mercy at the hands of Him who proclaimed himself to Israel, as "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, and forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin:" but a curtain is drawn around that death-bed, through which we cannot penetrate to discover whether "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness," or whether the pardoned and justified sinner "hath hope in his death." Enough, however, remains for warning, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness.

LYDIA.

THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.

“Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.”—Ps. ix. 7.

THERE are two distinct classes of human beings here below. Those who follow Jesus the King of glory, and those who follow Satan the prince of darkness. They are compared to the tares and the wheat growing up in the same field, under the same external advantages. The sun shines equally on the whole field. The dews of heaven fall upon it in the evening. The refreshing shower descends to water it in the day-time, but the wheat only is benefitted. The moistening shower nourishes it; the genial heat ripens it for the sickle and the barn; while the tares, black and dried up, altogether profitless, and good for nothing, are condemned to be tied up in bundles and cast into the burning. The comparison drawn by our Lord himself between this field and the world is most just and striking. Two classes of people walk their busy rounds: they have the same privileges, the same advantages, the same outward means. The churches are open to all: appointed ministers preach to all. The gospel is offered to all. But while some receive these blessings, others turn from them and choose for themselves a different way—a way of darkness and death. They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. They cannot

bear the light, therefore the sun shines for them in vain; they wither under its influence. The salutary visitations of God harden instead of soften them. They wilfully close their eyes, and harden their hearts with a fixed determination to follow the prince of darkness, even to the end, perversely enslaving themselves in a hard bondage, under a cruel task-master, who leads them captive at his will.

“The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.” Every step plunges them deeper in the thick mire. They know not how to extricate themselves, they do not wish to be extricated.

How different in its progress; how different in its termination, is “the path of the just, which, as a shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day!”—Prov. iv. 18, 19.

Jesus is a sun and shield to his flock, as well as a shepherd to guide them. In his light they shall see light. The sun does not more surely attract the full front of the sunflower than Jesus does his people to look stedfastly unto him. If they turn from him they must wither and droop, as the sunflower without the influence of the sun.

For a time they may be permitted to wander in cloudy ways, but they shall be brought back. With David each may say, “He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.” “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?” “O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.” Each believer in Jesus can look back upon a time when he was in gross darkness, and he knew it not. But

when the candle¹ of the Lord is lighted within him, he can perceive his former darkness, and joyfully acknowledges, "Once I was blind, but now I see."

"The people which sat in darkness saw great light: and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up." Matt. iv. 16.

Sat in darkness! "Sat in the region and shadow of death." This is the state of every natural man—unaffected, unmoved; he sits on the brink of a tremendous pit. In one moment he may plunge in, and be for ever tormented in unquenchable fire, amid wailing, and weeping, and gnashing of teeth. How merciful, then, is that light which shews him his situation, and the way to escape! He is led into that way, and is warned to avoid the contrary direction. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established." Prov. iv.

Who could have supposed that such a heavenly light should suddenly shine round about Paul while "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord?" Acts ix. 1—6. The moment he saw that light, all his murderous purposes were changed. Instead of being a persecutor, he became a follower of Jesus. "And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" The Lord vouchsafed this marvellous light to Paul, whom he foreknew and predestinated to a great work, even the building up of that church which he would, if he

¹ "For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness," Psalm xviii. 28.

could, have overthrown for ever. Thus to him was the promise fulfilled, "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Is. xlii. 16. From henceforward he could say, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light unto my paths." The light which shone in upon him enlightened his understanding to understand those scriptures which were heretofore a dead letter, a sealed book, in his hands; though, as was the Jewish custom, read, and revered, and studied with deep application, "but the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

It is not deep study nor scholastic learning which can reveal the truth, but the Spirit of God; "The Spirit which searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

From a persecutor, Paul became a saint, wholly separate from his former way of life and associates. He had no fellowship now with the works of darkness, and he exhorted others to do likewise. "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light; proving what is acceptable unto the Lord. And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Eph. v. 8, 10, 11.

When the Lord gives light, he wills that we communicate that light—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Believers in Jesus are called on to testify against

the works of darkness, that God may set his mark upon them—"And the Lord said unto him, Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." Ezek. ix. 4.

The tares and the wheat were suffered to grow together; the first were preserved for the sake of the last. Thus it has been, and thus it will be. The Lord will shelter his own before he suffers the shower of his vengeance to fall. The history of Lot exemplifies it. The little city of Zoar was his appointed place of refuge—"Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither." Gen. xix. 22.

The history of Noah exemplifies it:—Until the Lord shut him into the ark, he opened not the windows of heaven, nor broke up the great deep to pour out the deluge upon the world.

The leading of the children of Israel out of Egypt exemplifies it—"And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed, and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night." Ex. xiv. 19, 20. "Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation." "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. Fear and dread shall fall upon them: by the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone, till thy people pass over, which thou hast purchased. Thou shalt bring them in, and

plant them in the mountain of thy inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in ; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established. The Lord shall reign for ever. For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them ; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea." Ex. xv. 13—19.

Thus did the waters roll away from his people, which rolled back upon their enemies. That which brought safety to the one, brought destruction upon the other.

The same sickle which cut down the tares to be burned, cut down the wheat to be housed. If we are true believers in Jesus, what have we to fear? "What can man do unto us?" Has the Captain of our salvation lost the will or the power to save us? We dare not doubt his willingness, neither dare we doubt his power and his love. This is our strong consolation in the days of our pilgrimage. This is the anchor of our hope, sure and stedfast. This is our confidence in which we may rest. It is the way in which we walk in peace and safety, while "the whole world which lieth in wickedness" around us, is in commotion. And the contrast is great. The people of God are kept in perfect peace ; but "the wicked is like a troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Is. lvii. 20, 21.

S. M.

A FLOCK IN THE WILDERNESS.

WE need not apologise to our readers, though perhaps we should to the writer of the letter from which we have taken the liberty of making the following extracts without waiting for his permission. The subject must interest all: and some may be led to do more than merely wish God speed to our dear friend's noble project.

* * * * *

— ‘ This village was brought to my notice by my brother, who happened to be fishing in its neighbourhood last spring. On his return, he said that he had not been at any place of worship during his absence, as there was no church within his reach. He moreover added, that a Mr. R—— had offered £50 towards erecting a church, if any one would come and assist him. On hearing this, I accordingly wrote for further information respecting the place. I received in answer such an interesting detail of facts, that on my return from England, about a month since (where his letter was forwarded to me), I visited Roundstone. After a very long journey of 145 Irish miles, which I was obliged to perform without stopping, I reached in 25 hours Mr. R——’s house, distant from Galway 40 miles. After leaving Galway, the road, which is finely engineered, and in good order, leads the traveller over a heathy,

rocky, barren country, with the vast bogs and creeks of Lough Corrib stretching along the right, and before the eye as far as it can reach. There is nothing of interest to attract the sight, except the excessive dreariness of the scene. But when I entered Connemara, I found myself on a heathy table-land, out of which rose rocky heights, whose precipitous sides and pinnacled summits gave a character of grandeur to them which perhaps their elevation scarcely would warrant. Winding round the craggy points of these frowning mountains, I skirted the dark margin of many a cold and gloomy lake, whose shores were destitute of trees, and whose bosoms alone were broken by rocky islands, crowned with natural oak. Scarce a human habitation was to be seen. Sometimes groups of ragged children appeared, I knew not from whence, and ran after the car, which slowly winded among these dark hills. Many of them could read: most of them were returning from school, they said. I gave them some little books which I had with me. With eagerness they gathered round one another, forming a circle in the road; and I watched their demonstrations of joy, till another frowning rock hid them from my view.

‘ I have travelled through a great part of Ireland, but never did I see so *wild* a scene. I have beheld many grander defiles, many more beautiful views; but the desolation, the solemnity of the prospect, broken by these mountains heaped into fantastic confusion, and rising abruptly either from the barren expanse of heath or the dark forms of the lakes at their bases, I never before witnessed. Mercifully did God comfort and support me. By my side sat a Galway fisherman, a young Scotchman (I perceived

him to be by his voice). He happened to be going on business for the company to which he belonged, not to C——, where the mail car was going, but to Roundstone. He had been in Mr. R——'s employment for two years; he knew him well; the place, its population, their callings, &c. He seemed to be one whom the Lord had taught. He gave me much information about the place, and cheered my desponding heart. He was a Presbyterian: with regret, but by command, he had left Galway on this day (Saturday); he was to spend the Sabbath where he would not hear (he thought) the sound of the gospel proclaimed—where the Lord's vineyard remained untilled. I told him what I had come for; his eyes brightened: thus were we made mutual comforters to one another. My weak heart, my weak body, needed strength; it was desponding, but the Lord raised me up.

But I must hasten on. Mr. R—— received me very kindly. He is a very intelligent, clever, zealous man. We discussed my plan, and I soon retired, to thank the Lord for his mercies, and to refresh myself by repose, and thus prepare for the Sabbath. The Sabbath came—a wild, stormy, rainy day, like its predecessor. Mr. R—— told me that they always meet together to read the Liturgy, and join in prayer and praise for mutual edification, and asked me, would I assist them? I complied with his request, and at twelve o'clock we repaired to an upper room in a small house, lately occupied as an inn, but now untenanted. Here, notwithstanding the wetness and wildness of the day, there was a nice little congregation assembled. They did not expect any one, so my presence was a surprise. I read the

morning service, and we sang three times. The attention of this little company was great indeed. We met again in the evening, and certainly my heart was filled with praise to the Good Shepherd who had guarded these few stray sheep in the wilderness. Delighted were they when I told them that I thought the time was not far distant when a house would be built for the glory of the Lord, and when a minister should be appointed over them to guide them to the feet of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for sinners.

‘The next day I visited some of the members of the little flock ; and by a lady was taken to a poor cabin, where I found, lying on a wretched bed, a young woman, apparently in great suffering and weakness. She is the daughter of a Protestant woman by birth, but who conformed to the religion of her husband shortly after marriage ; the children were brought up Roman Catholics, following their father’s creed. The young woman of whom I am writing went to service to an English lady, I believe an officer’s widow, who invited her to family prayer ; she attended ; her heart was touched, and “Kitty” became anxious to hear more and more of Him who had poured out his blood a ransom for her. But the lady left the county, and “Kitty” sought another situation. She was again in service, but in a family which did not care for her soul. She therefore left them, and engaged with the wife of a clergyman as child’s maid. Her little charge, a young girl, died. She grieved greatly for her. The Lord was teaching her, and preparing her to confess him publicly before men ; as yet she had not done so. At length

she could no longer refrain from shewing to the world that she would follow her Lord. She now attended Protestant service when performed at Roundstone, and met with insult and persecution. But her mind was fixed on God, and she feared not the wrath of man. One day, in returning from drawing water, she was waylaid by a man, and so dreadfully beaten (she believes with stones in his fists), that she was not expected to live. But for near four years has the Lord left her upon her bed of pain, to declare that his compassions fail not, and that mercy and truth have followed throughout her life. She can forgive her enemies, and pray for her persecutors. How earnestly did I long that she had the consolations of a minister's visits! May the Lord feed her, and comfort her with the comfort which he reveals only to his children?'

The day following this Sabbath in the wilderness, one of the little flock put into our friend's hand these simple and appropriate stanzas:—

' Amidst the wilds of Erin's isle
A feeble flock were left to stray;
No pastor cheered them with his smile,
Within no temple's sacred aisle
Could these poor wanderers pray!

Their mountains form'd a barrier rude,
O'er which few cared to roam;
And seldom travellers dared intrude
Where wretchedness and famine sued,
'Midst rocks and billows' foam.

At length a pitying stranger came,
Inspired with holy love :
Blest be that gentle Christian's name,
Blest he who gave the sacred flame,
Our heavenly Friend above !

No longer feeble, faint, and few,
Without a home or guide !
God's courts shall soon our strength renew,
A kind and faithful pastor too
His mercy shall provide.

But He thro' whom these gifts were sent,
Oh ! may his path be bright ;
In " Jesu's name " still eloquent,
Willing to spend and still be spent,
Be his " a shining light ! "

Memorials¹ of his visit here
Our grateful hearts shall prize ;
And when our temple's walls appear,
Within its courts, deep and sincere,
Shall prayers for *him* arise !

Roundstone, Cunnemara, Sept. 2, 1839.

1 Books given by W. P.

NOTES ON GENESIS.

THESE notes, written for the use of an only son, then in childhood, were undertaken under the impression that religious writers in general are too much guided by authority; and in the consequent desire to derive every idea solely and exclusively from the word of God. Commentators, of course, have not been consulted; and hence it is probable that some ideas may be here put forth with hesitation as original, when perhaps they have been generally received, or perhaps examined and rejected.

GENESIS—CHAP. I.

Some philosophers have taken upon themselves to contradict the account Moses gives of the creation, because they calculate that it is impossible that the elements and heavenly bodies were created in the order of succession he assigns to them. However just may appear the arguments on which this opinion is founded, I hope my beloved child already knows which to prefer—the word of God or the vain reasonings of man. And that the Bible is the word of God is established by evidences too strong to be shaken by arguments and assertions which have again and again been brought forward in different forms, and have as often been ably refuted. Some objections have been urged against its authority, which betray the weakness of the cause they are

intended to support, being such as I hope you would even now be able to answer satisfactorily, and most of them arising from the habit too many people allow themselves of reading the Bible in detached parts, instead of studying it as one connected whole, by which means they lose the opportunity of perceiving the mutual dependence of one part on another, which would explain and illustrate all. Whenever any objection you meet with excites a doubt in your mind, I entreat you, with all the earnestness of a mother's love, to consult some pious, sensible Christian, who will be able to direct you to such arguments or books as are calculated to remove it. As to the objection here alluded to, Moses is giving an account of the creation of this world, and not of the universe at large, so that whatever bodies might have previously existed were created, with respect to this world, only when they became visible to and connected with it.

1, 2. It appears that the earth was created before (we have no means of judging how long before) "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and commenced fitting up the world for its intended inhabitants.

3. Light existed before it was rendered visible to this world in a compact form or body. 16. Thus Christ was the Light of the world before he made himself known to it in a bodily substance, or in a clear and distinct Revelation. John i. 5—10.

11, 12. This law of nature which we find so universal in the material creation is by no means confined to it. Every thing in the moral world, the invisible, but strongly-felt course of causes and effects is marked by the same invariable rule, each producing "seed after its kind." The cause, in every instance,

produces some correspondent effect which, in its turn, becomes a cause, and re-produces an effect which, again becoming a cause, carries on the chain to eternity. Thus, love of any object produces a desire to obtain it; the indulgence of that desire produces a desire of more indulgence; continued indulgence produces habit; habit, by degrees, wears out the sense of enjoyment; a higher indulgence of the same passion is sought, begins the same round again, and thus goes on *ad infinitum*. Whether the desire be for the gratification of ambition, avarice, pride, vanity, revenge, sensuality, or any other that can be named, this round of producing and re-producing cause and effect will invariably be found to be the natural course of things. This was the source of the tears of Alexander, when, having conquered the world, he wept that he had no more worlds to conquer. This observation goes much deeper than may at first appear, since in it are involved considerations of the highest importance. First: We should here see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. If every deviation from right, may, like a path which at first gently sloping from another, leads to an opposite direction, thus lead us to destruction of which the first few steps afford no warning, how narrowly should we watch every erroneous idea, every wrong desire, every minute seed of any thing that might, in its fullest development, tend to evil. Secondly: We should learn to judge things, as our Lord directs, by their fruits. The seed may be almost imperceptibly small, its evil nature may sometimes escape even the quick eye of holy watchfulness, but "by its fruits ye shall know it." If any action or word, however trivial, naturally tends to stir up evil in your own breast, or that of another,

it either is, or it springs from, evil seed. Depend upon it, good seed will, in one form or another,—for every seed has its own body,—produce good, and every evil seed will produce evil and only evil continually. Thirdly: Whenever this chain of cause and effect is broken in our favour, and it never was, and never will be broken to our injury, though our short-sighted view may sometimes apprehend it is, we should see and acknowledge the interposition of divine mercy. Let any man, capable of thought, (for multitudes have by neglect lost the power of any thought deserving the name); let any man, capable of thought, look backward and look inward, and he must acknowledge that if the chain of sin, which circumstances have woven around him, has been broken, it has been by some cause which he could not command. Some event, some casualty, as it is called, has perhaps given a new turn to his mind, or to the course of events; or some impression has forced itself, unsought for, on his mind, but always something not the natural fruit of the course he has been pursuing. Fourthly: If man be thus woven round and round in chains he cannot break, we should hence learn the necessity of a Saviour, even such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ, who was, from the beginning, the Word, by which all things were created, and “by whom all things do consist;” since none but He who planned the course of nature, who holds in His hands the beginning and the ending, the spring and the result of all things and all events, can break, or turn aside the course He first ordained; which course, while man adhered to God and good, was an immutable security to him of never-ending, ever-growing good; and which is so still to all of

the fallen race, who embrace the Saviour, the only means offered to repair, or in the nature of things capable of repairing, the mischiefs incurred by his departure from them.

14—20. In the fourth day of the world the sun appeared : in the fourth millennium the Sun of Righteousness appeared, and God, the Light of the world, was made manifest in the flesh.

26. I have been told that in this, and some other places, there is in the original language an intermixture of the plural and singular, by which an idea of more Persons than one in the Deity is conveyed. Of this and of all other remarks respecting the original languages of scripture, I hope you will one day be competent to judge for yourself ; of all my observations of every kind I hope you will endeavour to judge by the only unerring rule, their agreement with the word of God. It is natural you should read, with partial tenderness, the opinions of a fond mother, written for your use ; but this partiality must not influence your judgment on matters of religion, or you will be in danger of building your faith on my word, and not on the word of God.

27. God created man in His own image—impressed on him a similitude of His own natural and moral powers. While man walked with God, those powers were necessarily filled with good from the only Source of good. But when, by disobedience, he turned away from God, all the good with which he had been filled was necessarily withdrawn, as your image is withdrawn from a mirror when it is turned away from you.

30. Every green herb is given for meat, consequently there were none noxious in their first crea-

tion. While man was innocent all was pure and innocent around him. Ferocious and venomous animals are attributed to the power of the enemy. Luke x, 19.

M.

POMPEII.

O THOU ! whose guilt—to other realms a sign—
Heaven would not scorch to dust, nor earth entomb ;
Fated once more 'neath conscious suns to shine,
Thy courts waked up from centuries of gloom ;
That man may scan what stirred the Wrath divine.
Thy rest to break 'ere summon'd to thy doom !
Is not thy Maker just ? Shall vice in vain
Outrage his will, unchecked from age to age ?
Woe's me ! He speaks, and ruin pours like rain,
Kindling a flame nor tears nor prayers assuage ;
And on this shore, and on His Jordan's plain,
Are signs : *He hath his will; and sin its wage?*
O'er the sunk cities rolls the Dead Sea's wave,
And here, 'mid desert shrines, behold Pompeii's grave!

Latrobe's 'Solace of Song.'

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

II.

IRELAND's first name, in the native language, was *Inis na bhfiodkbhuidhe*, which signifies *The Woody Isle*. It was also called *Inis Alga*, *The Noble Isle*, and was inhabited by a race of people called *Firbolgs*, which claimed the same descent as the *Scythians* or *Gadelians*, originally from *Magog*, the son of *Japhet*.

This wandering tribe (the sons of *Nemedius*) were driven from their former settlement in Greece by harsh treatment. In order to keep down their growing power, they were compelled to carry earth in leathern bags from the vallies to the tops of the highest mountains and craggy rocks, that those places which nature had made bare and barren might become fertile. From this employment their name is derived. *Fir* signifies men; *Bolg*, bag. Ireland became their refuge, and resting-place from hard labours and tyranny, until they were again made to feel that they had 'no abiding city here.' New settlers arrived from Greece, by whom these older inhabitants were overcome, and mostly slain. Of these the ancient records state—

'A hundred and ninety-seven years complete
The Tuatha de Danaus, a famous colony,
The Irish sceptre sway'd.'

I shall give you their history in Keating's lines:

' The Tuatha de Danaus,
By force of potent spells and wicked magic,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Could set the ministers of hell at work,
And raise a slaughtered army from the earth,
And make them live, and breathe, and fight again.
Few could their arts withstand, or charms unbind;
These sorcerers long time in Greece had felt
The smart of slavery, till sore oppressed,
And brought in bondage, the bold Sarbhainel,
Son of Nemedius, son of Adnomhoin,
Resolved no longer to endure the yoke
Of servitude; a fleet prepared, and wandering
Long time from sea to sea, at length arrived,
With all his followers, on the coast of Norway.
The kind Norwegians received the strangers,
And hospitably lodged them from the cold;
But, when they saw their necromantic art,
How they had fiends and spectres at command,
And from the tombs could call the stalking ghosts,
And mutter words, and summon hideous forms
From hell, and from the bottom of the deep,
They thought them gods, and not of mortal race,
And gave them cities, and ador'd their learning,
And begg'd them to communicate their art,
And teach the Danish youth their mysteries.
The towns wherein they taught their magic skill,
Were Falias, Finias, Murias, Gorias.
Four men, well read in hellish wickedness,
Moirfhias the chief, a wizard of renown,
And subtle Erus, Arias skill'd in charms,
And Semias fam'd for spells—these four presided
In the four towns, to educate the youth.
At length these strolling necromancers sail'd
From Norway, and lauded on the northern shore
Of Scotland; but perfidiously conveyed
Four monuments of choice antiquity,
From the four cities given them by the Danes:
From Falias, the stone of destiny;
From Gorias, they brought the well-try'd sword
Of Luighaidh; from Finias, a spear;
From Murias, a cauldron.'

They spent seven years in Scotland, and then removed to Ireland, and being resolved to fix them-

selves in so desirable a country, they burned their ships.

The Irish poet says of the first-mentioned inhabitants—

‘ Fifty-six years the Firbolg’s royal line
Were kings, and then the sceptre they resign
To the Tuatha de Danaus.’

Mention is made of one of the last of the Firbolgs, Lughaidh, (surnamed The Long-Handed,) King of Ireland, as having instituted the assembly of Tailtean, and appointed tilts and tournaments, resembling the old Olympic games, which were observed every year upon the first day of August, a day still distinguished by the name of Lughnansa, now called *Lammas*.

From the stone recorded in the foregoing lines, Ireland was called Inisfail.¹ The stone itself received the name of Lia fail, from the city Falias, from whence the Tuatha de Danaus removed it to Ireland. It was also called the fatal stone, or stone of destiny. Hector Boetius, in his history of Scotland, calls it Saxum fatale. It was held in high veneration as an enchanted stone, and is spoken of by many historians.

Its peculiar property was that of making a terrific sound, resembling thunder, so loud as to be heard at a great distance, when any of the royal Scythian race was crowned upon it, but the stone was silent if the elect sovereign was not of that race.

‘ Unless the fixed decrees of fate give way,
The Scots shall govern, and the sceptre sway,
Where’er this stone they find and its dread sound obey.’

¹ ‘ From this strange stone did Inisfail obtain
Its name, a tract surrounded by the main.’

All the different monarchs of Ireland, in succession, were crowned upon this stone, until the year of our Lord 513, in the reign of Mortough, (the son of Earca,) whose brother, Fergus the Great, having subdued the Scottish nation, and obtained the crown, sent to Ireland for the stone of destiny, that on it he might be crowned, and thus secure the succession to the Scythian race. Upon so great a consideration, Mortough, willingly yielding to his brother's wishes, parted with this treasure; and although, as Keating observes, from the birth of the Redeemer,¹ the stone lost its great charm of sending forth solemn sounds, still it was held in high veneration for some innate virtue it was supposed to possess.

You have no doubt seen the old chair in Westminster Abbey, in which is this famous stone. I searched for its history in Rapin's England, and found that in the year 1296, Edward the First, when he so easily obtained the title of Scotland's King, took possession of the 'stone on which the inauguration of their kings was performed. The people of Scotland had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that whilst it should remain in their country, their state should be unshaken; but the moment it should be removed from thence, great revolutions would ensue. For this reason Edward had it conveyed from Scone, that he might make the Scots believe the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come, and put them out of hopes of recovering their liberty.'

'Kenith, King of the Scots, having made a great slaughter of the Picts, near the monastery of Scone,

¹ 'All idols and diabolical charms lost their force and virtue upon the birth of our Saviour.'

placed a stone there, enclosed in a wooden chair, for the inauguration of the kings. It had been brought out of Ireland into *Argile*, and King Edward caused it to be conveyed to Westminster. On it was engraven this distich :—

‘ Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum,
Inveniunt lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.’—CAMB.

Keating remarks that in its present position, under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, the prophecy concerning it seems to be accomplished, for the royal family of the Stuarts succeeded to the throne of England soon after the removal of this stone. This family being lineally descended from the Scythian race, from Maine Leambna, son of Core, king of Munster, son of Luighdheach, son of Oilíoll Floubeg, son of Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster, son of Eogan Mor, son of Oilíoll Ollum, king of Munster, who descended lineally from Haberus Fionn, son of Milesius, king of Spain, every prince of which illustrious family successively received the crown upon this stone.

Fergus the Great, a descendant from Heremose, was the first king of Scotland of the Scythian or Gaelian race. He subdued the kingdom, and was the first absolute monarch of Scotland who acknowledged no foreign yoke. Some of the Picts had the title of kings of Scotland, yet they were no more than tributary princes to the kings of Ireland from the reign of Heremon, who drove them out of Ireland, and compelled them to settle in Scotland.

According to the testimony of the Irish antiquaries, ‘ the Irish kings, of the line of O’Donill, sat upon the summit of a hill, surrounded with the principal nobi-

lity and gentry of their country ; one of the chief of them, advancing towards him, presented him with a straight white wand, and upon the delivery of it he used this form—‘ Receive, O king, the command of thine own country, and distribute justice impartially among thy subjects.’

The ceremony of the rod may appear trifling, but it contained ‘ an excellent moral ; it was straight and white, to recommend uprightness in judgment, and to intimate that a prince should rule with clean hands, unstained with the blood of his people.’

I shall pass over the details of the enchantments and spells by which the Tuatha¹ de Danaus possessed themselves of the noble island. They are as absurd as Keating’s confused account of the first invasion of Ireland before the flood. From mysterious and fabulous legends he must have taken them.

The next invaders and conquerors of Ireland, the Gadelians, seem to have been a branch of the same tribe, sprung from the same Scythian ancestor, Magog. Josephus observes, that the Grecians call the Scythians by the name of Magogi, because they were the descendants of Magog. Historians give them the character of a brave and generous people.

¹ The word Tuatha signifies leader.

Review of Books.

EXTRACTS FROM HOLY WRIT, and various Authors, intended as Helps to Meditation and Prayer ; principally for Soldiers and Seamen. By Captain Sir N. J. Willoughby, C. B. K. C. H.

IT is impossible to read the sweetly simple, 'Address' that prefaces this volume, without being moved to do two things especially desired by the pious veteran who writes it: first responding to the request, 'At whatever time your heart is lifted up to heaven in prayer and praise, forget not to implore a continuance of every necessary mercy, grace, and blessing on' him: and next taking every opportunity of circulating his book among those for whose spiritual welfare he is peculiarly solicitous. Sir Nesbit Willoughby is an officer of distinguished gallantry, who, at an advanced age, was brought to seek the things that belong unto his peace; and having found rest for his own soul in the gospel of Christ, he—but we will give it in his own words. 'My hour-glass,' he says, 'had already run out its greatest por-

tion; and I knew not how soon it might stop altogether. In the retrospect of my past days I found, in reference to the companions of my youth, and comrades of my riper years, that I was almost left alone. I had to look back on whole societies and ships' crews, and on military battalions, which once existed and were known to me, but which had all been swept away; and I felt that in the very nature of things I must soon follow: nay, that the place which saw me to-day might probably see me no more a week hence.....Now, when I look on the list of all those I have through life associated with, I find ninety-nine out of every hundred gone, while I am still left; and shall I go down to the grave after all without endeavouring to record the boundless mercies and unmerited goodness of the Lord to me, one of the most unworthy and sinful of the children of men? Shall I not now, even at the eleventh hour, make what feeble efforts I can, to call on those within my reach to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life? Little indeed is it that I can do, but this does not excuse me from attempting that little ?'

Would to God that all who are so enlightened, so considered the nature of the "gift" committed to them, and so strove to prove themselves "good stewards" thereof, as does this warm-hearted Christian officer! The volume comprises a great variety of extracts, some long, but for the chief part very short, from eminent writers, interspersed with the bright gems of God's own precious book. May His blessing accompany it! Sir Nesbit Willoughby, like his brother in arms and in the faith, Sir Jahleel Brenton, wields the sword of the Spirit in his Mas-

ter's cause no less zealously than erst he plied the carnal weapon in that of his country. The latter may overlook the services of such champions ; the former never will.

JOURNAL OF THE REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, L.L.D. &c. Dublin ; Incumbent of Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire ; and late Missionary to the Jews. In a Series of Letters to Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. Containing an account of his Missionary labours, from the years 1835 to 1838. Burns.

AFTER eighteen years of active missionary work, prosecuted with a zeal, an intrepidity, and a constancy truly wonderful, and embracing within its range such an extent of territory as, if the various routes be traced on a map of the world, must strike the mind with amazement, we do not complain that our dear friend, Joseph Wolff, has abandoned the foreign branch of his work, to enjoy a season of rest at home. We do, however, deeply regret that he should have bound himself by any obligations which, as he conceives, in this country place a bar between him and his clear call of God, as an " apostle of the circumcision." We regret even more an evident leaning to that party in the church of England who are anxiously engaged in drawing once more the veil of Popish darkness before her eyes, and hurrying her back into the pit whence God mercifully raised her up at the ever-blessed Reformation. It is not only that Dr. Wolff casts now and again a sneering remark on what he calls '*the light of ultra-Pro-*

testantism;' and proclaims, in the spirit and with the phraseology of the miserable Froude, 'The talismanic power of the word *Protestantism* has long since passed away from me,' that we are filled with earnest and affectionate anxiety on his behalf, so much as by the occasional indication throughout his pages, that the grievous errors of this pernicious school are imperceptibly taking root in his mind. When we find him expatiating on the inestimable value of tradition, in establishing the authority of God's word, and apparently glorying in the arrogant dogmas of those who are, improperly, called the high-church divines, we cannot but tremble for the consequences of his present location: it is too near Leeds. We knew Joseph Wolff when, full of the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind, he would have shrunk from any approach to the narrow bigotry of the aforesaid high-church party; and when he would not have flung a sarcasm at the committees of our most valuable societies, as being 'composed mostly of linen-drapers, wine-merchants, and booksellers.' We are jealous lest the fine gold become dim; and when we find him indulging in slighting allusions to the female followers of the Lord Jesus, while he inserts at full length a poem of the most unchristian tendency, though written by an English lady, to the praise and glory of the false prophet, ending with this distich—

'Allah alone is God,' he cries,
'Oh, hear *his* prophet, and be wise!'

When we see all this, and compare it with the memorable 'Journals' of sixteen or eighteen years ago, we are justified in that jealousy.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

2 H

There are many interesting passages in this book : the second temple was a great building, but those who remembered the first, wept.

A FORM OF PRAYERS, used by his Majesty King William III. when he received the Holy Sacrament, and on other occasions. With a Preface by the Right Rev. John [Moore], Lord Bishop of Norwich: A New Edition, with an Introduction and Address to Protestants. By a Clergyman. Robertson, Dublin.

THE talismanic power of the word PROTESTANTISM, has not, God be thanked ! passed away from us : nor has the thing thereby specified lost an iota of its sacredness, as being the only code of religion sanctioned by the Holy Spirit in the revealed word of God. We recognize Christianity in no other form than as a living Protest against all that opposes Christ and his gospel : a believing in the heart, and an acknowledging with the mouth, that in Him alone, and in Him all-sufficiently, the sinner has a Saviour ; the believer, righteousness and strength. It is true the particular epithet originated in a holy Protest against the abominations of the papal Antichrist, and as such we are bound dearly to cherish it. This land was never, since the first introduction of Christianity (long previous to the Romish mission of Augustine), professedly infidel : professedly popish it was for centuries ; and the breaking of that accursed yoke from off the neck of England, is an event worthy to be commemorated alike by the national and individual assumption of the emphatic title—PROTESTANT.

Inseparably connected with the remembrance of this blessing, is the grateful recollection of one whom God raised up to seize with a strong grasp that hateful yoke, when England was menaced with its renewed imposition, and to rescue the country. We have been accustomed to regard William III. as a great warrior and a profound statesman; but the general impression made by the records of historians is not so favourable to his personal disposition. The zeal of an Irish Protestant, has, however, prevailed to present us with a delightful memorial of our political deliverer, in the sacred character of a praying king. The little manual of devotion now before us, was composed by William for his private use; and the simple, sober, earnest piety which they breathe, their humble confessions of individual sinfulness, their continued appeal to the blood of the cross, their devout ascriptions of praise to the only Giver of victory and peace, with their fervent intercession for the people over whom God had placed the royal suppliant, must all bring home to our hearts the conviction that the work in which our fathers rejoiced, and which we are struggling hard to preserve inviolate, was begun, continued, and ended in the spirit of faithful prayer.

The introductory address is from the pen of a clergyman whose name we would gladly divulge, if at liberty so to do; for his praise is in all the churches. And the dedication is most appropriately made to that noble Protestant patriot, the Earl of Roden. The book, a very small one, is a *bijou*, beautifully got up: and it certainly ought to decorate the table of every Christian Protestant in these lands.

EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES. Seeley.

A SMALL collection of comfortable passages from holy writ, with an appropriate Preface, and some scriptural hymns, in very large type, intended for the benefit of the aged and the sick. It is well adapted for the purpose; being also of light weight, suited to feeble hands.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

With Four Discourses on different subjects. By A. Bonnet, Author of 'The Family of Bethany,' 'The Exile from Eden.' Translated from the French. By the Rev. W. Hare. Nisbet and Co.

IN this we indeed recognize the author of that lovely work, 'The Family of Bethany.' The same elegance of style, the same depth of spiritual thought, with an increased solemnity of direct application to the heart, conscience, and feelings of the reader, characterize these meditations. The 'Portfolio' department of that valuable paper 'The Record,' has of late drawn largely from M. Bonnet's work; and the volume as a whole will more than fulfil the expectations raised by a perusal of those detached beauties. The closing discourse, on 'The Last Enemy,' is peculiarly striking.

DIVINE MERCY ; *or the Riches of God's Pardoning and Paternal Love.* By John Cox, Author of 'Our Great High Priest,' 'Word of Exhortation,' 'Coming and Kingdom,' &c. &c. Nisbet and Co.

A VERY sweet subject sweetly handled, by one to whom the church of Christ is largely indebted for many valuable treatises. Mr. Cox always enters upon these subjects as one who well knows what it is to feed on Christ in the heart by faith. There is a liveliness, a richness, an unction evidently from above pervading his works, that savours strongly of the ripe old wine, in comparison with which our modern brewings are generally very thin and poor.

THE PROTESTANT'S ARMORY ; *being a collection of extracts from various writers on the church of Rome, chiefly designed to shew its apostate, idolatrous, and anti-christian character.* Compiled by a Lay Member of the church of England. Seeley and Burnside.

THE thought that struck us most forcibly when turning over the leaves of this noble 'Armory,' was one of shame mingled with astonishment, that here, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the people of England should require such aid, not only to combat but actually to *discern* the unveiled form of the gigantic Antichrist in his most rampant position. Yet so it is: and the need being such, God, in his infinite, long-suffering compassion supplies it. This layman

has done more for the church than the great bulk of her ministers ever dream of doing ; and we rejoice to see such a host of high authorities, ancient and modern, brought to bear on the subject. The volume is a most convincing one ; and its intrinsic value at this crisis, unspeakable.

SHORT CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE *composed by the order of Pope Clement VIII. By the R. father Robert Bellarmine, of the company of Jesus, and Cardinal of the holy church. Revised and approved by the congregation of reform.* ROME, 1836, Peter Aurelj ; London : Seeley and Burnside.

HERE we have the full length portrait of the Great Harlot, not sketched by the hand of an enemy, but carefully painted by her own trusty and well-beloved son, the famous Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmine ; now republished with fresh sanction from the Vatican and Propaganda. We are indebted for this translation to the Rev. Robert J. McGhee, who gives on the left hand page the original Italian, just as he received it from the seven-hilled city. It is a small book : the manual of Popery ; the catechism principally taught in the schools of the National Board in Ireland. We recommend our readers to provide themselves with it and the preceding work together. . We can promise them something to start at, and to start from too.

THE Religious Tract Society has been publishing some useful and pleasing books : among them we would specify Wellwood's 'Glimpse of Glory,' a

valuable old treatise: 'Bible Geography:' 'The Penitent's Prayer; or, Brief Remarks on the Fifty-first Psalm,' and John Bunyan on 'The Fear of God.' Nisbet and Co. have 'Communion Meditations,' extracted without abridgment from Mason, by the Rev. T. Missing. Two admirable Sermons to the Male and Female Chartist of Cheltenham, by the Rev. F. Close, are published by Hamilton and Co. The Reformation Society has a pamphlet just out, called 'Statistics of Popery in Great Britain and the Colonies,' with a map; of fearful interest. We have been delighted with three little 'Derby Tracts,' on the sinfulness of attendance at Popish ceremonies: adapted to the humbler classes, but good for edification even in higher quarters than we will name. A solemn and beautiful 'Appeal to Christians upon the duty and necessity of public and private prayer for those engaged in the prosecution of liberal studies,' has been published in Edinburgh, and by Nisbet; it is a tract of a dozen pages, and we must earnestly press upon all our friends the perusal of a plea in which every one of them is, or will be in some manner, personally concerned.

THE PROTESTANT.

‘What a blessed thing is Christian charity,’ said my uncle, as with a sigh he laid down the recent number of a Church of England periodical. ‘How sad are these contentions, springing as they do from the prolific root of pride, personal, spiritual, or ecclesiastical—sometimes all combined in one.’

‘What has disturbed you now, dear uncle?’

‘A very uncalled-for, and equally unwarrantable attack upon a body of Protestants, who have taken the lead among the dissenting denominations in placing themselves beside us in this fearful contest against the growing power of popery.’

‘The Wesleyans?’

‘Yes; there are points both of doctrine and of practice on which you and I differ from the standard left by John Wesley, and confirmed as the scriptural rule by his followers at this day, apart from questions of ecclesiastical polity; but I never could find an excuse for the acrimonious bitterness indulged in by a large portion of even the enlightened members of our establishment against them as a body. This unbrotherly spirit I utterly detest; and since one periodical of the episcopal church has thus sounded the tocsin or fratricidal warfare, it behoves others to enter at least a quiet protest against it.’

‘It appears to me, that a section of our church are just now striving, at a most inopportune juncture, for what they would not at any period obtain—a perfect

uniformity in creed and worship—a general submission of all professing Christians to one established formulary in doctrine and ritual, in short, an unresisted ecclesiastical supremacy.’

‘That is attainable in one way,’ observed my uncle, ‘and it has been in one instance effected. Rome, by locking up the Bible from the laity, and compelling even her ministers to receive none but her own interpretation of it, has managed, by her glosses and perversions, to establish the unity so much admired and coveted by some of our spiritual leaders.’

‘But she has achieved it at the sacrifice of her Christianity.’

‘Very true, my dear; and therefore, while we deplore the carnal origin of those divisions, which respectively glory in the names of mere human teachers, or in the distinguishing badges adopted by them, let us bless God on behalf of those who still hold the head, which is Christ; and wish them grace and peace for the love that they in sincerity bear to Him. This discord in our camp is one of the most disheartening signs of the times. The stiffness with which one party adheres to non-essential particulars, not worth holding at so high a cost, and the captiousness that induces the other party to deem those non-essentials a sufficient excuse for weakening the established church by separating from her communion, are now doing the enemy’s work among us with an effect that we shall too late understand and deplore.’

‘And then, how fearfully active that enemy is, in strengthening his position! I am full of anxiety on the subject of this German prince’s visit to our court.’

‘Indeed, niece, there is but little question raised

as to its object. The important inquiry is, what are the real sentiments of the young Coburg in religion ?

‘ His near relation, who married the Queen of Portugal, is an avowed Romanist, is he not ? ’

‘ Yes ; so was the elder, Prince Augustus, the first husband of that youthful Queen ; and there is every reason to fear that the whole family are attached in heart, bound by secret, if not by open vows, to the supremacy of Rome. As to the fact of outwardly worshipping in a Protestant church, it is the well known prerogative and custom of the arch-apostacy to grant dispensations for holding a state religion of any complexion, when by its assumption the professor can further the views of that wily system more effectually than by appearing among its votaries. It seems scarcely credible to us ; but so swift a witness does God sometimes shew himself against flagrant violations of his law, that in little more than ten years after the impious outrage was perpetrated, of throwing down the barriers which He had built against the inroads of Popery among us, we are menaced with the tremendous judgment of seeing Popery in close connexion with the throne of England.’

‘ Dear uncle, can it be that any clergyman calling himself a pastor, in our Protestant church, will neglect to assemble the flock committed to him on the approaching anniversary of our double deliverance, to join in that most devout, most beautiful service of fervent thanksgiving for the past, and of humble, deprecatory intercession for the present and future, which the law not only sanctions, but enjoins ? ’

‘ There will be many such, I fear. Various motives will withhold men from performing this solemn duty.

Not to mention the sect of semi-popish divines, who are labouring to bring about a recognition of Romish doctrines and a relapse into Romish practices, and who will of course repudiate with horror any hostile expression against her whom they delight to call their "venerated sister,"—not to speak of these nor of those worldly-minded men who regard their own promotion in the church far more than the promotion of God's glory in the land, and therefore avoid giving offence to the ascendant party—there are some, among men professing highly evangelical principles and feelings, who will abstain from the observance; some through false charity, which induces them to call evil good, and to put sweet for bitter; some through rank cowardice, not daring to be found in the van of a church already entering the deep waters of persecution; some through an idle and most unscriptural fancy that religion and politics should be kept as distinctly apart as God's word plainly instructs us closely to unite them; some from a secret apprehension that Protestant principle is at a low ebb among their people, and that, by endeavouring to rouse it, they may lose somewhat of their individual popularity in the place; some, and alas! far too many, because, refusing to search the prophetic word, they permit themselves to be blinded to what is coming upon us, and so bring themselves under the reproof of being numbered with the 'Dumb dogs that will not bark.'

'Then, uncle, the laity belonging to such parishes should take the matter so far into their own hands as to assemble in parties not exceeding nineteen, in private houses, and by that means secure the privilege of uniting with congregations more happily circumstanced in the service of the day. Walls and

roofs are no hindrance to the eye of God: He will look down from the throne of his holiness, and behold every individual so engaged as a member of the one great national congregation, assembled on that day to honour Him, by offering him thanks and praise.'

'You are right: it may prove the last time that ministers will be authorized to observe the day in their houses of worship. If certain events take place, one year may produce a fearful revolution, in curtailing the Protestant liberty still left to us. But how melancholy is the aspect of Holland!'

'The king is about to marry a Papist?'

'Yes, an avowed one: the lady is said to be somewhat disinclined to the suit of her aged admirer, but the Jesuits have persuaded her that the pious deed of bringing back the most obstinate of heretical nations to the bosom of Popery, is worth any sacrifice of personal feeling on her part. The princes of Nassau are deeply grieved at their royal father's dereliction of duty as the head of a Protestant state; but what are princes, what are people, when the envenomed breath of the mother of abominations has once tainted the atmosphere of a throne! This affair in Holland is a striking commentary on what now appears to be going on much nearer our home. Our old ally, the country of our delivering William, has long run in nearly a parallel of destiny with ourselves. Together we have stood: are we now to fall together?'

My uncle was much moved while uttering this: after a short silence, I remarked, 'On how strange a principle are all vacancies in the state, and in influential quarters, now filled up!'

His eye kindled. ‘Strange? nay, the principle is an outrage on all decency. It has of course been customary for the ministry—any ministry—to shew partiality to their own political adherents, so far as it could be done with any regard to public feeling, public justice, public honesty: but when was England condemned to grovel under the heels of such a set of shameless traffickers as that which could not even allow the old sailors of Greenwich Hospital the privilege of owning a commander who had fought his country’s battles, and gathered laurels to enwreath his country’s flag! I tell you, niece, that deed outdoes in barefaced injustice all that preceded it, and almost defies competition in any act that may follow.’

‘It is most disgraceful, most unjust, and calculated to render us doubly contemptible in the sight of the whole world.’

‘Rotten boroughs and schedule A!’ ejaculated my uncle, as he paced the room: ‘why there was not an abuse in the whole system which the redoubtable Reform Bill was projected to do away with; no, not one worthy to be named with this of prostituting our noblest national establishment to the degrading purpose of recompensing a useful parliamentary partizan.’

‘Surely they might at least have placed him one step lower, by giving Sir Jahleel Brenton the chief command, and putting their friend into his vacant place, as Lieutenant Governor.’

‘You are a simpleton: Sir Jahleel is a staunch Conservative, and what is in their eyes more unpardonable still, a sound Protestant: a veteran in the service of his country, distinguished by zeal and

gallantry when afloat, and to this day the notorious enemy of irreligion and of vice in every form. Sir Jahleel Brenton so promoted would be a token for good that I fear my poor country is never, never more to behold.'

'Don't say *never*, uncle.'

'Well, God grant I prove mistaken: but regarding as I do our headlong course to ruin as the rushing of a torrent, the restraining banks of which have been broken down, I cannot see how anything short of miraculous interposition is to stay it. A change of men may indeed produce a change of measures; but in order to undo any part of the evils now daily in progress of perpetration, they must be men of such fixed, unbending, stern principle, so resolved not to turn to the right hand or to the left for any persuasives of expediency, so enlarged beyond the narrowness of self, and elevated above the grovellings of worldly ambition, that in vain shall we look for such characters save among those whom God has enlightened, and taught, and richly gifted, not merely for the political, but for the spiritual rescue of an erring people. It may be that He will be thus gracious unto our land; but I almost cease to hope for any less deliverance than that which His own right hand shall achieve when he takes unto him his great power, and comes to reign.'

'Be it so, uncle; the Lord is at present glorified even in the troubles that are falling upon us. We have sowed the wind; and the whirlwind and the storm that we are about to reap do but fulfil his word. We will adore him in his just judgments, as in his unmerited mercies.'

'I trust we shall be enabled so to do. It is in the

midst of judgment that his mercy is most apparent, in enabling us to understand—to “hear the rod and who hath appointed it.” Alike in our own hearts, and in the Christian world around us, we may clearly trace a need-be for these chastening visitations. In the first, what a mass of unbelief, of pride, of self-righteousness, of rebellion, and discontent in every form lies coiled and cherished by the warmth of our bosoms! In the latter we may discern a growing approximation to that which they profess to have abjured. There is a wide and increasing departure from the sobriety that scripture enjoins, in the appearance and deportment of believers. Luxury, in our houses, our tables, our garb; conformity with worldly opinions, habits and modes of speech; coldness and lack of sympathy towards those who are perishing spiritually for lack of knowledge, or bodily for lack of what we expend in superfluities;—these things and many more are creeping in among God’s children to an extent that we are unwilling to confess or to believe. It is in mercy that he sends any startling message, warning us to “be watchful and strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die.” Wonderful is the contemplation of this perfect love; which, whether it assumes the aspect of the dark cloud, or of the joyous sunbeam, is love still; unmixed, unfailing, everlasting love!’

‘How that thought sweetens every painful contemplation, dear uncle. Viewed in themselves, all surrounding objects may be fraught with gloom and grief: regarded in connection with God’s unchangeable purposes of mercy to his church, the scene changes, and brightness invests the whole.’

‘Yes, as far as we are concerned; but shun the

selfishness that would lead you to overlook in your own privileges the sad fate of others, the dishonour brought on the God of your country by the misdeeds of your people. The prophets of old, while experiencing even miraculous manifestations of the divine favour towards themselves, lamented day and night over the provocations of their nation ; yea, the King of prophets and of kings, as he looked upon his own Jerusalem, wept because she refused to know the things that belonged unto her peace. Next to gross carnal-mindedness, I desire to hate selfish spiritual-mindedness. Our ties, family, social, national, are ordained and woven of the Lord ; and those who lightly regard their binding obligation, despise his ordinance, neglect his commandment, and contemn the example that he vouchsafed to give.'

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1839.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

IV.

LET no one suppose we are going to write fiction, or to conjure up phantoms of a heated imagination, to aid the cause which we avowedly embrace. Names may be altered, characters may be grouped, with some latitude of license; but not an incident shall be coined to serve the purpose, however good, so far as relates to the main subject—that is, to the factories of this our free and happy England. Vivid indeed, and fertile in devices must the fancy be that could invent a horror beyond the bare, every-day reality of the thing! Nay, we will set forth nothing but what has been stated on oath, corroborated on oath, and on oath confirmed beyond the possibility of an evasive question. Neither will we lift the veil that piety and modesty would draw over the hidden atrocities

DECEMBER, 1839.

2 I

of this diabolical child-market. Blasphemy and indecency may, they do abound, turning every mill into a pandemonium; but it is not needful to sully our pages with either. We will exhibit the tree, we will analyze the soil where it grows, the elements that nourish, the hands that culture it, and the fruit which it ultimately produces; but the secret circulation of its poisonous sap we will not so bare as to contaminate the mind of a youthful reader, or to harrow up the soul of any one. Let the pestilence preserve the cloud of darkness in which it walks; we only desire to shew the withered remains of its poor blighted victims.

The groupe that entered Mrs. Wright's dwelling, and whom their mother's instinctive movement had partially screened from view while she uttered her deprecating remark, quickly drew round the table, and commenced an eager attack on the provisions before them. It consisted of three children, a girl and two boys, at whose ages it was impossible to guess with any hope of accuracy. Little difference appeared in their height as they sat, the tallest not exceeding that of Mary Green; but the stoop of his projecting head, the retiring curve of his chest, and the disproportionate length of his arms, betrayed a deficiency or a perversion of natural growth, which was farther confirmed by the very settled expression of a countenance by no means prepossessing. Next to him, in stature and in place, sat a comparatively stout and straight little fellow, but with an aspect so vacant, so stupified, that he seemed to be under the influence of a powerful narcotic. The third was the spectre of a very pretty girl, whose naked arms resembled ivory wands rather than limbs of natural

flesh and blood, while her hair, black as the raven's wing, thin as the gossamer thread, thrown back from her temples, and falling, or rather floating down to her very narrow shoulders, set off the deadly white of her complexion with such effect that she seemed like one in whose veins the current of life had already ceased to circulate. The eyes, generally downcast, were shaded by deep, silken lashes; but when raised, the broad, unflinching stare of the girl was oppressive. Helen, who, sitting opposite, had fixed a look of interest on her, encountered one of these sudden gazes, and shrank before it, with an undefined sensation of alarm.

Meanwhile Mrs. Wright sustained a voluble part, plying her mother with questions, and interrupting her answers with much irrelevant matter. At length the old lady seized an interval to ask, 'Where is Phoebe, your eldest?'

'There,' replied her daughter, pointing to the dark-haired girl, 'that's Phoebe.'

'I—, I believe I have made a mistake; it was Sarah I meant to inquire for.'

'She is not at home, just now,' said Mrs. Wright, colouring a little, 'you will see her by and by;' then added, 'this is Charles, and the little one is John.'

'And the other three?' Mrs. Wright shook her head, and lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes; while Charles, with a shrug, said abruptly, 'All gone, grandmother; dead, all five of them; and a happy deliverance it was.'

'Heaven is better than earth,' ejaculated the mother, raising her eyes.

A glance that passed between Charles and Phoebe at these words, a suppressed grin on the face of the

former, and a sidelong look of scorn from his sister, excited the astonishment of their cousins, and increased Helen's uneasiness. The widow did not perceive it: she was painfully recalling some statements in her daughter's letters, now clearly shewn to have been wilfully false. Wright's entrance proved a seasonable interruption, and his cordial greeting a contrast to the heartless scene.

'My good mother,' he said, affectionately saluting her, 'it is many a long year since we met, and bravely you seem to have weathered it. Young people, you are kindly welcome all. Why, so many rosy cheeks are like a flower show in the town of M.' He passed his eye from them to his own children, and compressing his lips, as if to stifle a sigh, sat down.

By this time, Johnny's evident drowsiness had so increased, that his head fell upon his brother's shoulder, who, with a rough push, sent it back against Phoebe: her shrill scolding exclamation half waked the poor boy, and with an unintelligible mutter he rose to stagger towards a press bed, turned up against the wall. His mother loudly called on him to return; but the father, saying, 'Poor fellow, let him rest awhile,' rose and let down the untidy couch, on which he instantly flung himself.

'Is he ill?' asked James, in a half whisper.

'Not he,' replied Charles; 'tis seldom he keeps awake so long.' He rose as he spoke, or rather stood; for no perceptible difference was made in his height by the change of position, owing to the curvature of his legs. The deformity was striking, and the irregular shuffle with which he crossed the room painful to witness. The widow averted her eyes, and hastily inquired of Wright whether he knew the cotton mill

of the Messrs. Z——. ‘Of course I do, for my children work there, but ——’

‘Never mind his buts, mother,’ interrupted the wife, ‘he is famous for them.’

‘I have a letter of recommendation to that firm,’ resumed Mrs. Green; and to-morrow I wished to deliver it, as Mr. Stratton charged me to avoid delay; yet I should like to make a few inquiries beforehand.’ In fact, the discovery of her other grandchildren being employed in it was the reverse of an inducement to place their cousins there.

‘Take my advice,’ said Wright, ‘if you have a good word spoken for you to any mill-owner, act upon it. You’ll soon learn the value of a friend at the head.’

The widow could not but acquiesce in this; and when the family party broke up, with a prayerless, cold good night, she in their own apartment commended her little flock to the covenanted mercies of God in Christ Jesus, and soon saw the three younger ones in a sound sleep. Helen, however, had never felt more wakeful; anxious thoughts were crowding on her mind. When all was hushed save the brawling voices and rattling wheels that seemed interminably to distract the streets, she gave utterance to her feelings.

‘Granny, this place is very different from the quiet home we have left; and the people we saw on our way are very different, too, from our old neighbours. What a comfort it is to know that the best friend of all is with us here as much as in our own home, though we cannot see Him!’

‘A comfort indeed, dear child: and we shall need it more and more to uphold us now. I fear we have a thorny path before us?’

‘Never mind that, so long as it is the right path; you know who has said, “The way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.”’

‘And how are we to know, Helen, that we are in the right path?’

‘I think, Granny, while we are striving to do our duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us, and are looking to Him for help and strength, and trying to confess the Lord Jesus Christ before men, both with our lips and in our lives, that we may hope we are not out of the good way.’

‘And do you think, Helen, you shall be able to do this, if you get among bad people who try to tempt you to wickedness; and to laugh you out of your religion?’

‘Indeed I don’t know: there is nothing good in me, and I seem to tremble when I look forward. Now, Granny, will you pray with me, that the Lord God may be to us, as He has promised to be to his people, a Father of the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow?’

The prayer was immediately offered, amid many tears and sighs; for both were oppressed with a weight that they knew not how to sustain, except by casting the burden on the Lord.

When they rose, the poor old woman tenderly embraced her orphan charge, and blessed her for leading her to that most comforting refuge. Helen answered,

‘The truth is, dear Granny, I have always thought more than I spoke; but now I see you are likely to have many difficulties and few helps, I desire to be, after my poor fashion, more useful to you; and I want to get over my unwillingness to speak out. Oh,

my mother,' she added, with a fresh burst of tears, 'I fear we are come to a bad place, and these poor little lambs'—— she could not go on.

'Tell me, what have you seen or heard to cause such alarm?'

'Not much; but two or three things passed that distressed me. Phoebe, who is, as you first thought, the eldest, and two years older than me, though she is so little, said that Mary might be passed, with the doctor's help, for thirteen, and Willy for more than nine, and so get higher wages. When I told her it would be an untruth to say they were more than eleven and eight, she and her brother made quite a mock of me, saying nobody minded such nonsense here; and then they told me some cases of such wicked deceit, that it frightened me to hear of them. They laughed the more at me; and said you would soon learn, like others, to make the best bargain you could of the children?'

'What else, Helen?' exclaimed the widow, who saw she hesitated here. 'Tell me all, my child; for it is of great importance I should know it now.'

'I thought so, Granny: or I would never have been a tell-tale, to grieve you, and to expose these poor young people. They informed me that their sister Sarah, whom you were asking for, was made, as they said, too good a bargain of; and that from early over-work in the mill, bad treatment, and other injuries—they did not say what—she is such an object that her mother kept her out of our sight. She is up stairs in a little loft, not likely to live long. All the others died of early consumption.'

The widow was petrified at a tale which, in addition to its other horrors, proved her daughter to have

been guilty of the most systematic falsehood. Helen resumed :

‘From all they said, I feared it was likely you might be deceived into making some agreement that you would afterwards be sorry for: therefore I tell you now. I think Granny, you had better take us to the gentleman you have the letter to rather than a stranger.’ Then, seeing the deep grief and alarm depicted on her friend’s countenance, she added, ‘You know, all Christ’s people must bear a cross; and really we have had none to bear, we have been so happy and prosperous. So it is reasonable to expect it now. Besides, is not it a mercy to be so forewarned?’

Again the poor widow thanked her young counsellor; who, smiling through tears, said, ‘I have often prayed that your kindness to me, a friendless child, might be like bread cast on the waters to be found again after many days: but as yet I have done nothing for you, my own dear Granny.’

They went to rest; and at an hour much earlier than even their usual habits had accustomed them to awake at, they were startled from repose by the ringing of a large bell, followed by the shrill tones of Mrs. Wright in the adjoining room calling on her children to ‘get up and be off.’ It evidently required some rough persuasion to divorce Johnny from his bed; and a blow, followed by an angry cry, was heard. After the lapse of a very few minutes, the door slammed after the departing trio, who were evidently sent forth fasting. As for any morning devotion, it was but too plain that such a thing was wholly incompatible with the habits and feelings of the family. In one point of view, this rather calmed

the widow's rising apprehensions; she knew that wherever the tree is evil the fruit must be so too; and she strove to persuade herself that what this household were in the town of M—— they would have been in her own peaceful village, or in any other place. Resolving, therefore, to be so guarded in her proceedings as to avoid any trap that might be laid, she strove to picture to herself a scene of piety, peace and comfort when her dear children were once finally engaged in the work which she resolved should be rather below than above their years and capabilities. Mr. Stratton's letter was her sheet anchor; for even if he did wish to separate them from the parish it was manifestly his interest to make such absence agreeable to them; and so to prevent their return. Thus she reasoned with herself; and rose with a somewhat lightened spirit.

Not so Helen: she had a presentiment of evil, as it seemed. In reality it was only the effect of her natural sagacity drawing plain conclusions from obvious premises. The boatmen on the canal had dropped hints of which all that she had yet seen were explanatory; the aspect of the town classes where she had passed along, the demeanour of Mrs. Wright, the appearance, manners and communications of her elder children, with what she had overheard of the rousing scene that morning, all combined with her deep mistrust of Mr. Stratton, and the anxious warnings of the good clergyman to prepare her for bitter trials. Yet it was not for herself that Helen trembled; her fervent love for the companions of her childhood—the tenderness with which her bosom yearned towards them on the approach of even the lightest calamity, and the consciousness of

their truly helpless state in the midst of a callous population where they had not one friend—for she could not concede that sacred title to their new-found relations—all led her to an utter oblivion of self in the matter, and added poignancy to her fears for them.

It was Saturday ; and Mrs. Wright, in expatiating on the advantages of beginning work on Monday morning, dropped a few hints that convinced her mother she would feel a satisfaction in seeing them settled in another abode. Desirous of choosing one within an easy distance of the mill where the children would be employed, she could not delay her application ; and eleven o'clock saw her, accompanied by her neat and healthful young party, making the best of their way to the counting house of the Messrs. Z. A person officiating as clerk at a high desk, scarcely deigned any notice of the respectful salutation of the visiter, but continued writing until, a little hurt at his discourtesy, the old lady drew forth her letter, which was endorsed *Private*, requesting to know whether he was the gentleman there addressed. The clerk took it in silence, surveyed, squeezed, and examined it ; then, slowly rising, tapped at a door, and handed the epistle to some one within.

After the lapse of a few minutes, a gentleman of fashionable appearance issued from the inner room ; and after contemplating the group, asked, ' Well, good woman, are you the person mentioned by Mr. Stratton in this letter ? '

' I am, sir ; I am Mary Green, from L. '

' And these are your grandchildren ? '

‘ Three of them, sir : and the other is also under my care.’

‘ Mr. Stratton,’ said Mr. Z. ‘ has requested me to provide work for them : I believe I can do it. Here, Abel, write a note to M., and mind this.’ He pointed out a passage in the letter, at which the clerk gave a knowing smile, and proceeded to pen a few lines, which he folded and sealed.

While this was being done, the widow respectfully informed Mr. Z. that high wages was not so much their object, as work proportioned to their strength, and sufficient intervals for instruction and proper relaxation : but he interrupted her, without taking his eyes from the newspaper which he was reading, ‘ All that, my good woman, you must settle with my agent : I have nothing farther to do in the matter.’ And he returned to his apartment.

The agent was in another building, and busily employed in making out a number of returns. As he snatched the note which she tendered, the widow thought she had never seen a less prepossessing countenance ; but she retracted her hasty judgment, when, on glancing his eye over its contents, Mr. M. closed the large volume before him, and leaning his arms upon it, bent forward with a complacent smile, inviting her to be seated on a neighbouring chair, while the young people were directed to occupy a bench near the wall.

‘ So, Mrs. Green, it appears you have the good luck to come well recommended to our principal, Mr. Z.’

‘ Yes, sir, and he referred me to you.’

‘ A nice party of young hands ; let’s see, what are their ages ? but no, we’ll say nothing of that just yet.

Of course, you will make a long agreement, having such an advantage at entering.'

'No, sir; I wish to make the agreement for a short time, on trial.'

'Trial! Pho—be advised by me; don't drive away good fortune when it comes to your door. Enter them for a couple of years at least.'

'Oh, no,' exclaimed the widow, who was firmly resolved to do nothing rashly, 'I must at present only engage them by the week; but if all turns out as I hope, we can then agree for a longer period.'

'You are quite wrong: however, waiving that point, till we see to others—let me tell you the scale of wages. With the ages you and I have nothing to do—the doctor settles that, and these children are so well-grown that he is not likely to under-rate them. In fact some people are so naughty as to mislead the doctor, by letting him think the youngsters are as old as they look, not what the parish registers make them: and as we can't get at the registers, they have it all their own way, you know.'

'I should be sorry to act such a part, sir.'

'Of course, of course: they are, as I said, naughty people; but they reconcile it to their consciences by arguing that it is the actual strength, not the actual age of a person which fits him for labour; and that if a child at eleven years old has the substance and muscle of thirteen, it is perfectly fair to rate him accordingly, and to let him earn the wages of thirteen, which are far better. So you see the people know how to beguile us.'

'And if they did not,' thought the widow, 'you are ready enough to teach them the way of deceiving.' She then asked where she should find the doctor.

‘I should not wonder if he dropped in about this time,’ replied her new friend. ‘We may wait a few minutes. Meanwhile I’ll tell you something of the work.’ He did so; and a very favourable account it was, particularly the circumstance of a new provision that the children should attend school daily during the week. To all her purposed stipulations he returned so ready and smiling an assent, with regard to the freedom and comfort of her children, that in a mind less willing to judge of others by its own artless honesty some suspicion would have been suggested. The good widow, however, attributed it all to the kind word of Mr. Stratton, considering his letter a sufficient ground for the unusual attention paid to her wishes.

And so it was: for Mr. Stratton had made over this helpless but active and industrious family to those who were, in return, so effectually to lime them, as to preclude the possibility of their becoming burdens on the parish of L., and had, at the same time, instructed his friends by a few pithy hints how to bait the trap that was to enclose the victims within its iron fence.

C. F.

A STRANGE OMISSION.

IN all our compilations of hymns adapted for public or social worship, numerous and various as they are, we meet with selections from that eminent devotional poet, Dr. Watts ; who, taken altogether, must be admitted to stand foremost on our list of national Psalmodists. How familiar to the ear, how accordant with the secret breathings of every Christian's spirit, is his beautiful version of the millennial psalm.

‘ Jesus shall reign where’er the sun
Does his successive journies run.’

What bosom has not throbbed in unison with the pealing notes that waft abroad Watts’ sublime wording of the universal hymn of praise—

‘ Before Jehovah’s awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy.’

Or who, in the hour of affliction, when sorrowing, not indeed as others who have no hope, yet deeply sorrowing still over the endeared memory of some beloved one who sleeps in Jesus, has not acknowledged the soothing power of that lovely strain,

‘ There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.’

Critics and poetasters may say what they will, the church gives practical evidence that Watts was a Christian melodist for all seasons.

Now, how comes it to pass that nearly all our compilers have overlooked or rejected one of the noblest and truest of this great master's harmonious paraphrases of scripture, and one so peculiarly, so pointedly given by our comforting Lord to his protesting church, when entering the precincts of a furnace that has never ceased to burn for her, although for a little space she has been withdrawn from its immediate operation? Let the walls of our temples, and of our dwellings, once more take up the too long forgotten strain; for surely the hour approaches when we shall need it to support us under the passing, and happily the closing tribulation.

The two first stanzas are by Dr. Watts; the third is added by another person:

REV. XVIII. 21.

(TUNE—Martin Luther's 'Old Hundredth.')

'In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon.
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints."

He said, and dreadful as he stood
He sank the mill-stone in the flood.
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus—and no more be found at all."

'The coming hour we long to see
When Rome's poor captives shall go free,
And shouting throngs aloud proclaim
The glories of the Saviour's name.'



TO MY DOG.

*(Occasioned by a paper in the last number of the
Christian Lady's Magazine.)*

My faithful dog ! come let me see
One face, not turned away from me ;
Thy constant love will not forsake
The friend to all thy wants awake ;
Nor thy kind nature strike the blow,
And " mock the tear it forced to flow."

No—for thou meekly wilt sustain,
Unmerited, unlooked-for pain,
Cold scorn and contumely in course
Endure from man's tyrannic force,
Yet seek not to avenge the ill,
But love and serve thy master still.

O bright example, teach me how
To God's decrees my will to bow :
Teach me, oppressed, like thee to bear,
Not transient hurt, but craz'd despair :
Teach me like thee to kiss the stroke
By which my o'erburdened heart is broke !

S.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SABBATH MUSINGS."

'ONE fact,' saith the proverb, 'is worth a hundred arguments:' and inasmuch as we are all more or less creatures of imitation, an example held up to our eyes has often more effect in attracting our notice and influencing our conduct, than the most elaborate essay or dry dissertation on the same subject.

Now I have no taste for composing elaborate essays or dry dissertations, and therefore must have recourse to the simple narration of an occurrence, which may perhaps accomplish my object. It may shew the expediency and possibility of so improving natural talents and rectifying natural defects, as to increase to their utmost usefulness the gifts which God has given us to glorify him.

Horace Fleetmore was one of those whom it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to call at an early age into his service. He was introduced into Christ's flock by that which has heralded the adoption of many a believer—the baptism of bitter tears; those 'waters of the heart,' that soften, when blessed, the stony soil, and prepare it for the sanctifying dews of the Spirit, and the springing up of the good seed.

DECEMBER, 1839.

2 K

At the age of sixteen, the morning of Horace's life was clouded by the sudden death of an only and beloved sister. This unexpected blow gave a new current to his entire existence, and brought home so forcibly to his mind the transitoriness of all earthly things, that he resolved henceforth to make the concerns of eternity the chief object of his being. Nor did this resolution, as, alas! so many do that are formed under the agonies of bereavement, flee away like the early dew and the morning cloud, when time has assuaged the bitterness of those first pangs, and the sun of prosperity again shone out. The resolve to choose the better part remained steadfast and abiding.

A proud and a happy and a solemn day it was, an era in his life, the impression of which was never to be effaced, that in which Horace Fleetmore entered holy orders, and attained the goal of all his wishes, the long-coveted honour of being 'an ambassador for Christ.'

About a year before this event he had been introduced by his Oxford friend, Charles Grey, to the family of the latter, and an attachment had sprung up between him and the sister of his college companion. The young people had not very many opportunities of being together, even after Horace's ordination, their homes being in distant counties, and the young man much engaged: but where there exists congeniality of feeling, and especially on the one point of only real and surpassing importance, religion, intimacy soon ripens. The image of Anna Grey began almost insensibly to mingle in all Fleetmore's projects of future usefulness. His imagination pictured her as the active fellow-helper in his

parochial labours, the gentle dispenser of those 'sweet charities' which are peculiarly a woman's province; and he felt thankful for the Providence that had brought him acquainted with such a one, and preserved him from the anxiety and distraction from his duties, which the search for a wife after he had entered on his ministry might occasion.

As for Anna Grey, her affection for her brother, and deference to his opinion were such, that long before she saw Horace her admiration was excited, and her interest awakened, towards a character which was the constant theme of her dear Charles's praise. The young man was never tired of descanting, with all the glowing enthusiasm of friendship, on the perfections of Horace. 'How you *will* like him, sister!' was the conclusion which invariably wound up every fresh eulogium. They met—and Charles Grey was right.

It was spring, and London was fast filling with the busy multitudes that throng its crowded streets, and thunder over its echoing pavements, and sweep round its noble parks and squares. The eternal din of the great metropolis—that hoarse rumbling roll that all day long resounds,

—'like the loud roar
Of ocean dashing on its shingly shore,'

and ceases not to vex 'the drowsy ear of night,' had fairly set in. Mr. Grey had a house in town, where he always removed with his family for three months in every spring, and during these three months on former occasions there was a suspension of intercourse between the Greys and Horace Fleetmore, who seldom visited the capital.

Now, however, the case was altered. The young clergyman had been offered the cure of a large and well-attended chapel in the west end, which he decided on accepting, until the living destined for him by his uncle, the Bishop of —, should fall vacant. Charles Grey was overjoyed at having his friend so near him, and his sister, in the frequent opportunities which increased intimacy afforded, became more and more convinced that her brother's glowing descriptions were but faint sketches of a character, so rare and excellent in every respect. The more she knew him, the more fervently did she return the affection he expressed for her.

Horace Fleetmore had been upwards of a month in London before the person he was appointed to succeed resigned the duties of his curacy, and he had therefore not yet officiated at the chapel. None of the Grey family had ever heard him either preach or read prayers, and it may be imagined they looked forward with no little interest to the first Sunday on which he was to do so. The religious feelings of Charles Grey were ardent and sincere. He was proud of the talents of his friend, and of the gifts and graces with which the latter was so richly endowed; but it was his zeal for the glory of God far more than the partiality of affection that gave these gifts their paramount value in his eyes. Whatsoever things were lovely and of good report, all that was graceful, and attractive, and fair, Charles Grey earnestly coveted to adorn and beautify the cause he had at heart. Everything that was calculated to make religion winning in its aspect, to recommend it to others, and cause it to be loved and admired, he would have pressed into the service.

No wonder that with these feelings so ardent and strong, he gloried, as he did, in the rare qualities of his friend. The graceful figure of the young man,—the faultless beauty of his classic features, tinged as they were with that saddened and tender expression, the nameless interest which sorrow ever leaves behind it,—the rich deep tones of his musical and most persuasive voice,—the beaming smile and winning earnestness of those dark intelligent eyes—all these external advantages Charles Grey regarded as so many additional means to glorify and adorn the religion of which their owner was the minister. His heart swelled at the thought that all were consecrated to the service of him for whom the fairest and loveliest that earth contains is too poor an offering. He regarded his friend as one of those vessels of gold or silver in a great house, of whom the apostle speaks, (2 Tim. ii. 20, 21,) “a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master’s use, and prepared for every good work:” and he felt a holy jealousy that this fair vessel should lose aught of its attraction, or tarnish in its lustre; but, on the contrary, by maintaining the highest polish of which it was capable, it should be the more meet and worthy of the temple in which it was placed.

As might naturally be supposed, the things of eternity were a frequent topic of conversation in Mr. Grey’s family when the young clergyman was present. Oh! how he would kindle while on this subject! Out of the abundance of his heart did he then indeed speak, as with glowing enthusiasm, every feature brightening with animation, the natural eloquence with which he was so peculiarly gifted gushed unrestrained in warm and beautiful flow. At these mo-

ments, Charles Grey and his sister listened and gazed with delighted admiration; but while her more concentrated and womanly feelings experienced a pleasure that referred alone to the bright and beloved being before her, Charles felt a desire in accordance with the largeness of a man's comprehensive mind, and longed that multitudes could be present to hear the one thing needful advocated with such surpassing ability.

The week that preceded the Sabbath on which Horace was to officiate for the first time at — chapel, appeared interminable to Anna Grey. Charles was scarcely less impatient. At length the day arrived; the hour for divine service approached, and twenty minutes at least before the bell stopped, the Grey family were installed in their pew. When the vestry door opened, and that the handsome figure of Horace Fleetmore, attired in his robes, was seen advancing with graceful dignity up the aisle, the young girl hardly dared to look towards him, lest the proud admiration that throbbed at her heart should betray itself in her countenance. She involuntarily held her breath to catch the first sounds that fell from his lips; while Charles remained with his eyes rivetted on his friend, eagerly awaiting the fulfilment of his high hopes.

The service commenced. Was it possible, or did their senses deceive them? could that really be Horace Fleetmore,—the devout, ardent, enthusiastic Horace,—who was now uttering the heart-stirring words of our beautiful Liturgy in a manner so cold, and lifeless, and constrained, it seemed as though he neither felt or even understood what he was repeating? The service proceeded, and still there was no

change. The same heavy, mechanical, uninterested tone, more like that of a plodding schoolboy going through his task, than the fervent accents of prayer and praise uttered by one who entered into the spirit of what he was engaged in.¹

The rector of the parish being indisposed, the whole duty that morning devolved upon Fleetmore. His sermon was a beautiful composition; clear and forcible in its arguments, full of originality, and containing the purest doctrine combined with the most earnest piety. But it was delivered in the same formal, constrained, and unimpassioned manner as that in which the preceding part of the service had been performed. The monotony was only varied by an occasional striking of the cushion with both hands together, which species of action occurring as it did at regular and stated intervals, had something very ungraceful and even ludicrous in its effect.

M. F. D.

¹ 'Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.' My readers will probably ask the same question. I did when the above was related to me. 'Is it possible—is it likely or natural—that the manner of a really devout and sincere man should be so completely uninfluenced by his feelings?' I can only give them the same reply that was made to myself—'It may be improbable, but it is *true*.'

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

No. I.

THE WITNESSING CHURCHES.

AMONG those great events in the recording of which the page of history becomes an evident comment on the sublime strain of prophecy,—a comment written in characters so plain that he who runs may read, surely we may reckon the long preservation of the witnessing churches, which, “clothed in sackcloth,” through the protracted years of persecution, suffering and privation, have yet continued to exist. In vain did the relentless pursuit of Louis XIV. seek to drive Protestantism from the shores of France: it lingered still, among the fastnesses of the mighty Alps; and the Bible, though buried in the earth from the sight of the persecutor, was still preserved, to be displayed before the eyes of succeeding generations.

There is in Evelyn's *Diary* a remarkable entry; it is dated April 26, 1689, and mentions his dining with the archbishop and the bishop of St. Asaph, at Lambeth, and the discourse which passed between them on this subject. ‘My lord St. Asaph,’ says he, ‘considered the killing of the two witnesses to be the utter destruction of the Cevennes Protestants by the French, and Duke of Savoy, and the other the Waldenses and Pyrenean Christians, who, by all appear-

ance from good history, had kept the primitive faith from the very apostles' time till now. The doubt his Grace suggested was, whether it could be made evident that the present persecution had made so great an havoc of those faithful people as of the other, and whether there were not yet some among them in being who met together, it being stated from the text (Rev. xi.) that they should both be slain together. They both much approved of Mr. Mede's way of interpretation, and that he only failed in resolving too hastily on the king of Sweden's (Gustavus Adolphus) success in Germany. They agreed that it would be good to employ some intelligent French minister to travel as far as the Pyrenees, to understand the present state of the church there, it being a country *where hardly any one travels.* This determination was soon acted upon, for under the date of June 18, 1690, Evelyn mentions another visit, paid to the bishop of St. Asaph, during which the conversation again turned upon the Vaudois in Savoy, and their wonderful deliverance, just as they seemed upon the point of utter extirpation, as it had pleased God to turn the heart of the Duke of Savoy, who had hitherto joined the French in persecuting them, to invite them back from the mountains to which they had fled, to restore them to their countries, dwellings, and the exercise of their religion, and to entreat them to pardon the ill-usage they had received, charging it on the cruelty of the French, who forced him to it. 'These,' continues the Diary, 'being the remainder of those persecuted Christians, which the bishop of St. Asaph had so long affirmed to be the two witnesses spoken of in the Revelation, who should be killed and brought to life again, it was looked on as an

extraordinary thing, that the bishop should persuade two fugitive ministers of the Vaudois to return to their country, and furnish them with twenty pounds towards their journey ; at that very time when nothing but universal destruction was to be expected, assuring them and shewing them from the Apocalypse that their countrymen should be returned safely to their country before they arrived.'

In the journals of an earlier date there are many entries, describing the terrible persecutions endured by the French Protestants, under the date Nov. 3, 1685, Evelyn says, 'The French persecution of the Protestants, raging with the utmost barbarity, exceeded even what the very heathens used. Innumerable persons of the greatest birth and riches leaving all their earthly substance, and hardly escaping with their lives, dispersed through all the countries of Europe. However deeply we may sympathize with the fate of those who thus were driven, —to use the words of one of their own Laments,

' From the bloom of their gardens, the hum of their bees.
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.'

and still more with those who remained to suffer the rage of persecution, it seems too much to say, the French *exceeded* the barbarity of the heathen. After a still further description of the persecution, Evelyn goes on to remark, 'There had now been numbered to pass through Geneva only, (and that by stealth, for all the usual passages were strictly guarded by sea and land,) 40,000 towards Swisserland. In Holland, Denmark, and all about Germany, were dispersed some hundred thousands, besides those in England, where, though multitudes of all degrees

sought for shelter and welcome, as distressed Christians and confessors, they found less encouragement, by a fatality of the times we have fallen into, and the uncharitable indifference of such as should have embraced them; and I pray it be not laid to our charge.'

But all these violent and cruel means resorted to by Louis, to root out and utterly extirpate Protestantism from his dominions, were completely vain; while the witnessing church, preserved by the Lord in the strong citadels of the mountain rocks, yet continued to profess unaltered the faith of the primitive Christians: and although this church refused to call itself Reformed, declaring that it had kept the faith, and needed no reformation, it yet joined itself to the French Protestants, and sent delegates to their synods; and we cannot but look upon it as the strong hold of Protestantism in France. Driven from the towns, the vallies, and the plains, and almost from all the habitable parts of the land, it yet existed in the mountain fastnesses; and though the storm of persecution rolled even to their remotest depths, depriving the mountain flock of their churches, their bibles, their pastors, and every ordinance of their religion, yet still this fair 'olive-tree' (Rev. xi. 4) continued to flourish, nurtured by the Lord, who had planted and preserved it from the earliest ages of His church, protected it during the times of darkness, driven back as a flood the followers of the false prophet,¹ as soon as their victories carried his banner to the foot of those mountains, and kept it under the shadow of his providential

¹ Faber observes, in his Sacred Calendar of Prophecy, that as soon as the Mahommedans approached these countries, they were defeated by Charles Martel.

care to the present hour, where it still exists among the Alpine heights, separate from its sister church of the Waldenses, yet owning with her "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

The dispensations of the Lord towards his church, both in providence and grace, often contain rich lessons of instruction to individual Christians; may such be drawn from the history of the witnessing churches. They are to us, in the first place, a lesson of patience. *Wait*—is the constant exhortation addressed to us in the scripture. Passion and Patience, a beautiful sketch in *Pilgrim's Progress*, well illustrates this subject: Passion is the spirit of worldliness, looking for its enjoyment *now*,—Patience the spirit of Christianity, waiting for its happiness hereafter. "Behold," says the apostle, "we count them happy which endure." And they are happy: the soul which, calm, contented, and resigned, has 'patience,' is not—cannot be ruffled, by the thousand storms which blow so often from the opposing points of human wishes and human events. Affliction all must endure; but when it meets a spirit rebellious against the will of the Lord, its strength seems to deepen as the blast of the tempest rises louder when it strikes against the lofty battlement.

They are to us an example of faith, which lives not for that which is seen, but for that which is not seen, and which trusts the Lord, although its sight cannot penetrate in the least degree through the thick darkness around. "They are no gods, they have not fulfilled our desires!" is the passionate exclamation of the disappointed heathen. 'Oh! what means this? and why should these things be?' is but too often the lamentation of the

Christian. Then, shutting his eyes against the terrors of sense, and the tribulations of time, he endeavours to realize the presence and the love of Christ, and to trust him to the uttermost, while all things seem unintelligible. ‘Remove from us this temporal evil,’ is often the Christian’s prayer. Child of God ! if you are really such—trouble may have been allotted you ; sorrow may have taken hold of you ; correction may have fallen upon you ; but evil—surely it cannot be !

The witnessing churches are also an example to us of self-denial. Taking the promises of God for their rich heritage, they were willing to let go their portion of this world’s inheritance. Exiles from the luxuries, the arts, the refinements of life, they were, even during the years of peace and security which they were permitted to enjoy, disqualified by their religion, from taking any share in the usual objects of human pursuit. The path of a Christian is ever a narrow path, nor should he be tempted to outstep its boundaries, though they be not fenced in with the lines of persecution. The love of praise, the desire of applause, the wish for pre-eminence, the thought of self-aggrandizement, the hunting after riches, the spirit troubled with this world’s gain,—all, all is forbidden. “Thou art my portion, O Lord,” is the Christian’s thought ; “my hope is in thee.”

May He whose love has preserved his people of old, through so many ages of trouble, suffering, and woe, preserve us also through all the trials of this our mortal life, until it shall be given unto us to hear like them “the great voice from heaven,” saying to us, “Come up hither !” and the words of our Lord be accomplished, in which He said, “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.”

B.

LETTER FROM REV. RICHARD BAXTER TO REV. J. THORNTON.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY BEDFORD.

May 17, 1684.

I RECEIVED yours, with the expressions of my Lord of Bedford's kindness, for which I pray you return him my humble thanks. I understand that since then God has taken away his lady. If the everlasting habitations were not better than this wicked miserable world, who could forbear wishing that he had never been born? But with this flesh the faithful lay by their imperfections; and bad as we are, there is so much pleasure in the entire love and society of good men on earth, that a little tells us what it will be to live with perfectly loving saints, in the perfected heavenly church for ever. If we had a world of men on earth as good as some of my acquaintance are in sincere love, humility, and good works, I doubt it would make us loath to die, and ready to say with Peter, "It is good to be here." And if all the whole world were as bad as the malicious serpent's seed, it would tempt us to think that man was never made for any better. But (for all our weakness) the conspicuous difference between the holy and the serpent's seed doth greatly tend to confirm our faith that there is a heaven and a hell, when we see

them both begun on earth. And now the wolfish part doth but tell us how much better company we shall have above. O that we had more of a holy love to God and one another on earth, that it might be a foretaste and notice to us (more than hearsay) what we shall be and have in heaven. What the light and warmth of the sun are to us on earth, that God, by communicated knowledge and love, will be to all that dwell with him. Light, love, and joy, are not mere accidents of heaven, but its very essence. O, that we did more study heaven, as it is *love*! Every saint there will love us better than husband, or wife, or the dearest friend on earth did ever love each other; and the whole society is but one love and joy, by the union of many. And Christ will love us more than they; and then we shall sweetlier understand that word (which I value above any word in the Bible or world,) "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." To dwell in heaven is to dwell in perfect love; and they are the best on earth who are the likeliest to that state.

I pray thank my lord for his great liberality. Pardon this tediousness, and present my service to my lord, and to the lady Russell. I rest your unworthy brother, hasting homeward,

RICHARD BAXTER.

From 'Memoirs of the House of Russell.'



DEBORAH.

SHALL I be considered as trenching upon the province occupied by the fair writer of 'Female Biography of Scripture,' if I venture to make a few remarks on the character of that admirable woman whose name I have placed at the head of this page? I fancy that I shall not: perhaps it is not very probable that the ladies may undertake the subject themselves, and I have therefore chosen it the more willingly, lest so illustrious an ornament to the sex should be forgotten, amid the milder but less brilliant luminaries of the Hebrew church.

I profess myself an ardent admirer of Deborah, and I cannot help wishing that the general character of my countrywomen resembled hers more than it does at present; for I regard her as one of the most eminent as well as highly-favoured among "the holy women of old," of whom the apostle speaks as ensamples to the women of later times. Perhaps some of the ladies will be disposed to differ from me here; for I verily believe that there are those of 'the tender and delicate women' among you who are half ashamed of belonging to the same sex with 'such a masculine character' as they think Deborah to have been.

I fear I shall be considered as utterly beyond endurance, if I proceed to panegyryze "Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite;" yet Deborah declares her to

be "blessed above women—blessed above women in the tent." And that in a song which, as the thanksgiving of a prophetess, is probably as much an inspired composition as any book of the prophets.

Matthew Henry, in his admirable commentary says here, 'Deborah concludes this triumphant song with the praises of Jael, her *sister hero*, whose valiant act had completed and crowned the victory.'

I do not, however, intend to hold up Jael as a pattern to the 'Christian Ladies' who read this Magazine, nor yet Deborah herself, *literally taken*. I do not wish to see them going forth with our armies, advising our Wellingtons, nor nailing to the floor the head of Mehemet Ali nor of the Grand Signor. No: and for this valid reason, that they are not divinely inspired nor divinely commissioned; they are not prophetesses, like Deborah, nor indeed can such peculiar inspirations be expected in these days of "open vision" and gospel light.

If days similar to those of Jael and Deborah could return, I doubt not that the female sex would again furnish its share of inspired seers and commissioned leaders. I was going to say they would *deserve* to do so; and certainly, as far as anything human can be said to *deserve* favour from heaven, that sex would now have the first claim to such distinction; for I presume no one will deny that, although the talents and attainments of women are (from the defects of their education and habits) inferior to those of men, yet their virtue and piety are of a higher aggregate amount. The domestic and quiet life led by women in general, however unfavourable to the growth and display of the more energetic and more intellectual qualities, is far more ad-

vantageous to religion and high morals than the turmoil and temptation amid which men so usually live. Women are, *justly*, and as part of the punishment by subjection inflicted on our first mother, cut off from the employments of public life, generally speaking; and I must crave their pardon for saying that, with their present education and pursuits, it is well that they are so.

I should indeed be sorry to see a female parliament, composed of ladies such as those with whom we generally meet. Timid, wayward, 'genteelly-educated,' frivolous, fancy-work, dancing dames and damsels would make poor legislators truly; our own court has lately shewn us that they make miserable state-counsellors. A parliament composed of Miraims, Deborahs, Jaels, Huldahs, and Judiths, and presided over by a Queen Esther, would be another matter.

But there are many occasions in private life, where women with the spirit of Deborah might produce a different state of things from that which we now see. It is a pity that woman will not learn that although her sex is (and ought to be) subject, it need not be abject,—that though she should be gentle, she need not be frivolous,—though soft, not timorous,—though kind, not weak,—though submissive, not despicable. Man, proud and assuming, has so long taught her that she is, *by nature*, his inferior, that she at length believes it, and contentedly sits down to amuse herself with those trifles and light accomplishments which he leaves for her as beneath his own dignity; or else she toils through the domestic occupations which Providence allots her, as the drudgery fit for an inferior creature, perhaps even as the sole end of her

being. How many females have not a thought nor a wish beyond their own kitchen-establishment, or their own furniture, or the next rout they intend to give; or, it may be, their own musical proficiency, or perhaps that very handsome wool-work carpet now in progress of completion. Such women are no honour to the sex, nor to human nature in general; they deserve only to be classed with the sportsman, who adores his horses, or with the miser, who surveys his gold with the eye and the heart of an idolator.

And yet I cannot find in my heart to blame these women much. They have been brought up with the notion that mental culture is not their province, 'What have women to do with learning?'—that the welfare of their country is nothing to them, 'What have women to do with politics?'—that, in short, the handsome appearance of their houses, or the excellence of their tables, or the improvement of their persons, or the attraction of admiration by the display of fashionable accomplishments, that some one or more of these things, all good enough in their way, is the chief end of a woman's being; and let us do them justice by saying, that they act out the principles they have received with a zeal and perseverance which would do honour to a better cause, and serve to convince an impartial bystander that these slaves of fashion, or of householdry, are by nature capable of better things.

Let us refresh our eyes with a glance at Deborah; we shall see some striking points in her character and history. The first three things recorded of her (Judges iv. 4,) are that she was a prophetess, a wife, and a judge. Judgment given by a woman sounds strange

structing the ignorant, while "the land had rest forty years." Let this teach her sex in general that no extraordinary honour which may fall to their share should place them above their duties, be those duties what they may. If the direction of an army did not unfit Deborah for her ordinary office of judgment, surely no mental superiority, no advancement of fortune should render any woman indifferent to those domestic or relative duties which devolve upon her. Let her fulfil them as her part of the arrangement, made by the Father of all, for the general benefit of His creatures; not despising them on the one hand, yet not, on the other, bounding all her powers and faculties to the narrow circle of household affairs. Let her cultivate her mind, improve her talents, and interest herself for the welfare of those around her, of her country, of the world at large; let her be a rational being, not a slave to trifles,—man's intellectual companion, not his drudge, nor his plaything,—a benefit and ornament to human nature, not its poor, pitiable, weak side.

Above all, let her do these things "as unto the Lord, and not unto men," feeling herself a member of the great Christian family; placed indeed, as a punishment, under the yoke of subjection, but capable of as high attainment, both of soul and spirit, as the rest of the community. Then we shall see her what she ought to be,—an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world.

X. Q. .



INVITATION TO UNITED PRAYER,

FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, ON
WEDNESDAY, 1ST OF JANUARY, 1840, BEING THE
FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,
AGAIN that season approaches in which guided, as I trust, by Him from whom "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," I have for these past three years invited the sincere followers of our blessed Saviour, to unite in a general concert for prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I would, therefore, again renew the invitation FOR A SIMILAR CONCERT TO BE HELD ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR; which will be on WEDNESDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1840.

Whilst each revolving year has presented some special reasons for this devotional union, we are now encouraged to persevere, as the dawn of the New Year appears to approach with some of those delightful streaks which inspire a hope that "the bright and morning star" may be near at hand. For answers have lately been vouchsafed to these former devotional unions which give promise that the day is hastening on when the Lord will fulfil his gracious word—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven,

and pour you out such a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it."

The happy events to which I refer are—First, the delightful intelligence transmitted by the bishop of Calcutta, that the inhabitants of fifty-five villages in Northern India have simultaneously renounced idolatry. No less than a thousand of these converted heathens having been actually baptized; whilst double that number have declared themselves desirous to follow their example. And this as soon as they are properly instructed and prepared for that holy sacrament.

Surely we may say "of these tidings from a far country," "the Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The second event to which I refer, is the remarkable power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the outward means of grace which has lately taken place in different parts of Scotland, and more particularly at Kilsyth. There according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, whose reports have been examined and fully accredited by sober-minded and experienced ministers, it appears, that persons of almost all ages and of different habits and dispositions, some among them open transgressors, have been brought to that godly sorrow for sin, which leads to repentance not to be repented of; and this followed by that lively faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which has manifested itself by a conversation becoming the gospel.

These are cheering facts. They are facts, however, which should only stimulate us to greater earnestness in prayer. For, along with these favorable

signs, the new year approaches too much "as a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains." Let the following appearances, too visible, alas ! to every discerning eye, suffice to show this :—First, the increasing open avowal of infidelity. There was a time, when such sentiments were limited to the writings of self-called philosophers. These days are past : and now we see large bodies of men glorying in their unbelief, publicly assembling together, to worship a god of their own. Not satisfied with making the press teem with their blasphemies, like the frogs in Egypt, entering the royal palace. There, in the presence of our Queen and her assembled nobles, declaring it to be their purpose, vain as the imagination is, to create a new moral world, or a state of society in which all reverence to the Lord Jehovah and to his well-beloved Son, our only Lord and Saviour Jêsus Christ, shall be entirely laid aside. These infidels have spread themselves through many of our largest towns. They have their paid missionaries, their regularly constituted officers, and their periodical blasphemous publications.

Along with these and other advocates of infidelity, although of a different school, we have the adherents of the church of Rome in full activity. Their laymen forming themselves into ' a Catholic Institute ; ' their bishops charging their clergy to exhort their flocks to pray for the conversion of Protestant England ; and both spending large sums in the building of chapels, collèges, nunneries, and other religious houses. No longer disguising their intentions, but boasting of their success, and exerting all their influence to bring the unwary under their dominion.

Whilst the kingdom of our Lord is thus openly assailed, many nominal Protestants are slumbering, and are thus affording opportunity to the enemy, whilst they are sleeping, to sow his tares. So that, although we are assured that He who is "KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS," will finally triumph over every foe, if the Lord does not effectually awaken us from our slumbers, we know not the evils to which his church may be exposed. Whilst these lowering clouds appear, our own national sins, and the present state of Christendom generally, lead the observer of the times to fear that the predicted days of judgment upon the Gentiles may be approaching—that the numerous abominations of Christendom, which might cause the righteous "to sigh and to cry," are but symptomatic: prognostics of that period when "men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy." Or forerunners of that day when, as the Prophet Daniel predicts, "the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." These dark shades overspreading the dawn of the new year should make us consider these streaks of loving-kindness and tender mercy to which I have referred at the commencement of the invitation, as warnings from the Most High, or as calls to "redeem the time;" to avail ourselves of the present moment—to profit by the showers of blessing now bestowed—to entreat the Lord to pour upon all who believe in His name "the Spirit of grace and of supplication." That before these days of vengeance arrive, many may be led, in answer to their earnest cries, to flee from the wrath to come, and take shelter under His

wings; who is a refuge from the storm, and a covert from the tempest; when the blast of the terrible is as a storm against the wall.

These are only a very few of the reasons, for the limits of this address will not admit of enlargement, which should call the Christian church to united prayer.

The motives which were urged in former invitations, to which you are referred, abide with increasing force.

It is enough now to say that the Lord has encouraged us to persevere in prayer, by His gracious answers—That the increasing activity of Papists and of Infidels are powerful calls upon his people to awake from their slumbers, and arouse themselves to their divine Master's service. Whilst the signs of the times bring his words to our remembrance with almost invincible power—"Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments."

The following suggestions are respectfully offered to assist those who are desirous of uniting in this general concert for prayer.

1st. Let Christians follow the example of our blessed Lord, (Mark i. 25.) who rose up a great while before day for secret prayer. Let them thus secure the blessing of him, who says, "Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

2nd. Let them call upon the Lord in their families, for his Spirit to be poured upon themselves and their households, their neighbours, their country, the ministers of the Lord, the churches of Christ, the remnant of scattered Judah and outcast Israel, and upon the Gentile world.

3rd. Let the ministers of the Lord afterwards privately meet with their brethren of their own communion, in earnest prayer for themselves, their flocks, the whole body of Christ, and the world at large; and then specially consult together upon the most effectual means for hastening the coming of the Lord's kingdom, and particularly for the continuance of such a general concert for prayer, that the year may proceed according to this devout commencement.

4th. Where circumstances will admit of a morning service, let the congregation be assembled, and in addition to the appointed prayers and a suitable sermon, let all who are devoutly disposed partake together of the supper of the Lord; or

5th. As may be more convenient, let the whole congregation meet in the evening for public worship, and let an appropriate discourse be preached.

May the Lord accompany these means of grace, or such others as may be adopted, with his abundant blessing. Oh! may it indeed be a season of special refreshment from the presence of the Lord.

Let this be the prayer of all who read this paper, and as the new year is now approaching, it would be a great kindness if those who approve the object, and have influence over the press, would republish and circulate this invitation, which any one, into whose hands it may fall, has full permission to do.

Peace be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Thus prays their affectionate brother and servant in the Lord,

JAMES HALDANE STEWART.

St. Bride's, Liverpool.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE day which commemorates the nativity of our Lord ought to be a day of rejoicing and great gladness to all Christians. This day is set apart to celebrate that event, which the Old Testament prefigured, and all the prophets foretold.

The unblemished sacrifices of lambs and other offerings, typified "the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world" for us men and our salvation.

"Holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," the heavenly babe was born into a world lying in wickedness.

"But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." Gal. iv. 2.

The Almighty God, infinite in power, did not arouse the guilty from the stupor of sin by the flash of the lightning or roll of the thunder. By means of a still small voice he quickens those "who were dead in trespasses and sins." His holy Spirit operates with the Word, which was God, by whom all things at the beginning were made.

This "Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. iv. 12.

This Word, clothed in human form, came down

among us, entered the world in the form of an infant, to work out for us a great salvation; to be our Prophet, Priest, and King. In the character of a prophet, our Immanuel taught his disciples, and warned them of things to come. In the character of a priest, he made an offering for them. As a king, he reigned over them.

Christ rules and reigns in the hearts of his beloved people. He tells them truly, "The kingdom of God is within you." Luke xvii. 21. Where Christ is, his kingdom must be. We who by nature were far from him, are brought nigh.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." 2 Cor. v. 19. God manifest in the flesh is quite beyond our finite comprehension. We must meekly receive, and rejoice in the whole unfathomable truth, summed up by the apostle: "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." 1 Tim. iii. 16.

If he were less than God, or lower than God, we ought not to worship him as God. To bow down to an inferior being is idolatry; but of Jesus it is written, "Unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Isaiah ix. 6.

Nothing can be more sure, more full, and plain than this word of prophecy, spoken seven hundred and forty years before its fulfilment.

Our Lord's own testimony corroborates the prophecy, "I and my Father are one." John x. 30.

“Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, shew us the Father? Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very work's sake.” John xiv. 8—11.

The testimony of St. Paul corroborates it. “Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers; to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.” Acts xx. 28.

Jesus did such works as no other man ever did; and yet the world is like Philip, unbelieving.

“He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.” John i. 10.

As a weak and helpless babe he was born into that world which his own hands created; and even while still a babe he was worshipped as God over all. Take notice, the wise men paid no adoration to the virgin mother, but to the child only; they fell down and worshipped HIM. Matt. ii. 11.

“He is before all things, and by him all things consist.”

“It pleased the Father, that in him should all fulness dwell.” Col. i. 19—22, 23.

“All the fulness of the Godhead bodily.”

“But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.” 1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

“And you that were some time alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through

death, to present you holy and unblameable and un-reprovable in his sight: if ye continue in the faith grounded and settled."

God prepared for himself a body, and became the human sacrifice which was necessary for the expiation of sin.

In the double nature of God and man, Jesus fulfilled his mission upon earth. His miracles evinced the power of God; his sufferings the infirmities of the flesh. "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

Sweet is that scripture to every mourner in Zion, which assures us that in all our afflictions he was afflicted. Isaiah lxiii. 9.

His resurrection from the dead, his ascension in his incorruptible human form, prove that God did indeed dwell among us, and is now, according to his promise, at the right hand of God, interceding for us, pleading his right to us, whom he has purchased with his own blood. 'Very God and very man,' still subsisting without confusion of natures or persons. The divinity and humanity concentrated in the same Almighty eternal Being.

God's only, well-beloved Son, being thus born into a guilty world, devoted to such suffering and such expiation, must fill every reflecting mind with wonder, love, and praise.

The day which commemorates this amazing event should be kept with holy joy. Believing that all is fulfilled for us, and that our salvation is no matter of contingency, being already wrought out and made sure, we may eat our meat with gladness, but not to

excess. If we "walk in the Spirit, we shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." Gal. v. 16.

This day we are reminded of the glad tidings of great joy, of peace, and goodwill to man. Let us not celebrate it in the common way. Instead of loading our own tables and those of our domestics with superfluities, let us spread a table for the poor and needy, and let us tell them of Him who is the bread of life.

It is an unchristian-like practice to celebrate the great nativity by feasting and gluttony. Yet how prevalent! How many in this guilty land render it an occasion of sin! How much money is lavishly squandered in Christmas-boxes to tradesmen, which tempts them to the ale-house and gin-palace, where one excess brings on another, and a whole train of evil consequences ensue!

Were the same means which thus contribute to guilty excesses employed in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, in supplying the wants of the fatherless, and causing the bereaved widow's heart to sing for joy, we should be serving God instead of Satan—we should listen to and obey the voice of God instead of the voice of Satan.

If we were really renewed in the spirit of our mind, consistency would appear in all our practice; but the fear of singularity, the dread of giving offence and being evil spoken of, often causes even God's children to act as if they were not his children. They say they must do even as others, forgetting that they are not to follow the multitude in doing evil, and being unmindful of the admonition, "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what

is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Rom. xii. 1, 2.

Is it right to enter into sinful compliances, in order to please that world which is at enmity with God? If we belong to the family of God, we may not hope to fare better than he did. We are taught not to expect it.

"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you."

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." John xv. 18, 19.

The hatred of the world, and the love of the brethren, are proofs by which we may try ourselves.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

If we feel in our hearts no love for the brethren, how can we be persuaded that we belong to the same family? If we be all one in Christ Jesus, the bond of unity cannot be broken. The love of Christ in us will constrain us to love one another. When this love is the spring and motive of our actions, and the edification of our fellow-creatures is our object, then we may become all things to all men, so as that we may gain some.

God admits not of a mere profession of love; he requires it in deed and in truth.

"Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us."

Hence we are moved to pity and love the brethren, to relieve their wants, and to comfort them in their sorrows with the same comfort wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of the Lord.

If our feeling towards them be different from this, it is because the love of God dwelleth not in us ; and we have reason to doubt whether we belong to the same family, whether we be numbered among the purchased flock. In this case the celebration of the Redeemer's nativity can bring no joy to our frozen hearts.

If we believe not, we are cut off from all the benefits of his coming in the flesh, and from all which he has done and suffered for the sin-stained soul of man.

We may be compared to that lord who did not believe in the power of God to effect the deliverance which he had promised.

“ And that lord answered the man of God, and said, Now, behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be ?

“ And he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof.

“ And so it fell out unto them, for the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died.” 2 Kings vii. 17—20.

Thus it shall be : unbelievers shall see with their eyes the salvation of the just, while they themselves are cast out, and their cry will be that of lamentation and woe, while believers shall rejoice with fullness of joy for evermore.

S. M.

NIGHT.

How soft is the echo
Around the dark caves,
When the night wind is whispering
Through clustering leaves ;
When, within the still dwelling,
No sound can be heard,
Nor voices, nor footsteps,
Deep midnight disturb !

Though silence unbroken,
Her empire may keep,
Yet twine not her sceptre
With the poppies of sleep ;
For to those who are thoughtful
And watchful with me,
'Tis the hour of all others
When the fancy is free.

Then the loved and departed,
Come to me once more,
And the changed, and the absent,
Smile round as of yore ;
And the home of my childhood
Appears to mine eyes,
'Midst its beautiful vallies,
'Neath blue summer skies.

The page of the Future
She'll sometimes unroll,
And in Hope's tones of music
Reads over the scroll :
Whilst cautiously peeping,
Bright pictures I see ;
Oh ! am I not happy,
Sweet fancy, with thee !

Yet these visions delusive,
But tempt me astray ;
And it is but a meteor,
Which lights up the way :
Turn, turn then my spirit,
At the warnings of truth,
And remember thy Maker,
In the days of thy youth !

M. A. S. BARBER.



‘THE errors of Rome—that is, rank idolatry, a subversion of all civil as well as religious liberty, and the utter disgrace of reason and of human nature.’—*Lord Chatham.*

REDUCED POSTAGE.

THE adoption of a plan which will greatly lighten the burden of postage to the public is welcomed by many whose purses or whose consciences have hitherto imposed a degree of restraint on their letter-writing propensities: while others, whose letter-reading and letter-answering propensities are not commensurate with the epistolary activity of their friends, quake at the prospect of an amelioration which may act on their comfort in an inverse ratio. In fact, we cannot refrain from putting in a few deprecatory sentences, on behalf of a certain persecuted body of helpless individuals, who are in danger of being 'kilt with kindness.'

The scribbling world may be divided into two classes. First, we have those who can call their time their own, and who, when the aforesaid propensity comes upon them, have only to adjust a rosewood desk, draw forth a sheet of paper, uncloset a well-stopped inkstand, try the nib of a delicate pen, and breathe the leisurely effusions of arm-chair repose. Perhaps the measured march of intellect declines a halt when the legitimate limits of their paper are reached: if so, they have only to change its position, and the lines are crossed without inconvenience to the fair operator. The letter is perused, folded, sealed, directed, and left for the post: the desk is

closed : and some other amusement invites the attention.

The second class may be embodied in an individual ; and the fair transcript of a diary, extending only to twenty-four hours, will best explain the business.

She received by a late coach a parcel from the printing-office, requiring a supply of matter for the press, by the revision of proof-sheets, and completion of some unfinished pages. The packet must go by early coach next morning, and to prepare it required a very late sitting. She went to her chamber fatigued, excited, feverish, and unable to compose herself to sleep. A long task must be performed on the morrow, or the day's earnings would not cover the day's expenses ; and the depressing effect of coming debt, combined with a conscious inability for accumulation of work, would further paralyze the weary hand, and dim the enfeebled eye. She rose, hardly refreshed, but full of what must be committed to paper, and after the unavoidable interruptions of domestic minutiae that must not be neglected, the desk was laid open, the mass of papers arranged, and with a glance of distress at the advanced hand of the time-piece, she commenced her work.

In an hour's space she had made some progress, and hoped to have a reasonable portion of leisure secured for a little out-door exercise, or social converse, in the after part of the day ; but the post—the dreaded post arrives, and a heap of letters is laid before her. Oh that she could put them by for a few hours ! but no : something may demand an immediate reply, and they were opened. Two did require to be answered by return of post : for one was to

volunteer a visit which she could not receive, the other contained a question relative to business that must not be delayed. A third was filled with affectionate remonstrances on her long silence, and minute inquiries concerning her household ; two more on literary business that was not quite so pressing ; one to solicit her aid in a private collection ; and the last was a welcome cordial—an epistle full of pleasant chat, valuable information, and encouraging remark, ending with the considerate words—‘ Don’t write to me.’

The two first were answered ; the third put by with a feeling of distress that so much kind solicitude must go unrewarded for a while. That containing the contribution card was placed with twenty more to the same effect, with a sigh over her utter inability to go begging : and when all these interruptions were over, the early hour at which family arrangements render it necessary to dine had already arrived, leaving the scribbler only an alternative of sacrificing her healthful walk, or of labouring during the evening, to the exclusion of all domestic and social converse or relaxation.

This is far from being an exaggerated statement : the individual in question rarely receives less than six letters per diem, and is under an absolute necessity to furnish the press with as much as will occupy her at the desk for six hours daily. ‘ Why not employ an amanuensis ? Has she no young friends who will take the pen—no children able to write ? ’ She has both ; but with regard to the first, the presence of a companion wholly destroys that abstraction of the mind from external things which is usually found necessary to literary composition ; and as to the

latter, she would sooner add night to day, and write for twenty-four hours, than be guilty of defrauding a child of the short intervals for healthful activity, between the confinement of school to-day and allotted tasks preparatory for to-morrow's attendance, which are essentially necessary to youth.

This is one of a class who, as we said, inly quake at the approaching reduction. We desire to plead for them—to claim on their behalf some exemption from the general rule of punctuality in answering letters, of exactness in replying to inquiries, of promptitude in undertaking to give advice, to transact business, or to make collections for others. We would humbly submit that the Do-littles being a far more numerous and flourishing family than the Do-muches, should always be first applied to : and lastly, that such as have leisure and inclination for epistolary intercourse should remember how welcome to an over-wearied brother or sister is the sight of a pleasant enlivening letter commencing with—‘ Don’t hurry to read this,’ and ending with—‘ Don’t answer it.’ Continued literary occupation is very fatiguing : it soon wears out the healthiest body and unhinges the best regulated mind ; and when pursued with a determined purpose of promoting the cause of truth, the individual so engaged is sure to be the mark of Satan’s keenest assaults. He would far rather see fifty religious people assembled at a soirée, with a bible in the midst of them, than one of the number closeted alone, working for the press. He often transforms himself into an angel of light, employing Christians to discourage one another from ‘ over-working themselves,’ or to tempt each other into squandering on a private letter the time, the thought,

the ink and paper that he fears might otherwise take the form of a halfpenny tract. A lurking willingness to "receive honour one of another" often ensnares an individual whom God may have made publicly useful, whether by the pulpit, the press, or otherwise, into cultivating correspondence which, if severely tested by the right touchstone, would be found deeply leavened on both sides with a vanity far removed from the spirit of Christ. May He, the Lord, enable us so to watch the motions of our hearts, so to detect the devices of the enemy, that whatsoever we do, we may "do all things to the glory of God."

CHRIST'S religion consists not in feelings, and sentiments, and raptures,—there is nothing mystical in it. It is not a religion of feelings, any more than it is a religion of doctrines, *taken alone*; though the feelings are as essential as the doctrines in their proper place.
Rev. F. Goode.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.**ABIGAIL.****No. V.**

WHEN the first terrible impressions which the view of sickness, decay, and death produce, especially when they succeed each other in rapid succession, had passed from the mind of Abigail, she must have regarded the severance of the tie which bound her to Nabal, rather as a relief than as a bereavement; and though she had even hazarded her own safety to save her husband's life, yet there was much to reconcile her to the stroke when "the Lord smote him;" and if, as there is some reason to hope, her "chaste conversation, coupled with fear," had won him at last to forsake his evil way, and his unrighteous thought, and to "turn unto the Lord that he might have mercy on him, and to his God, that he might abundantly pardon him," there would be nothing of the bitterness of grief in those "natural tears" which fell on the bier of Nabal. Such is the mysterious power which death has, in softening antipathies, and in obliterating what was harsh and repulsive in the character, that it is seldom we can behold without emotion the removal of any of those whose faces were familiar to us in our daily paths, although they may have been

little beloved or honoured while living. This emotion does not, however, (as is the case when the objects of our fond affection and regard are torn from us) produce that palsy of the mind, which deadens for a time all its energies, and makes the discharge of the ordinary duties of life the mere machinery of habit, and no longer the voluntary occupations of the will: on the contrary, we engage as usual in the pursuits of time, and if it be with a more sober feeling, it is with no less relish than before. The sequel of this history proves that it was in such a state of feeling that the message of David found Abigail, when, "after the days of mourning were ended," he solicited her to become his wife. We are not informed at what period it was that David made these overtures of marriage, but among a people so punctilious in all that respected the duration and manner of performing their funeral obsequies, we may be sure that a decent and becoming interval elapsed, between the incident of Nabal's death, and the time when Abigail bade adieu to her native land, accompanied only by five of her faithful attendants, to become the companion of the expatriated David. When tidings were brought to him in Idumea of the unexpected event which had happened in Judah, his first impression appears to have been, a devout recognition of the hand of God in this remarkable visitation (ver. 39,) and a renewed sense of gratitude for having been kept from perpetrating with his own hand that vengeance which belongeth to God only. This unlooked-for intelligence would, however, recall Abigail strongly to his mind, and though under other circumstances she might have passed from his memory like a bright vision "seen no more below," yet, when the

image of her beauty, wisdom, and piety was connected with her state of widowhood; it seems but natural that David should desire to attach to his own fortunes so much of virtue and of goodness.

But what a proposition to make to her who had been living in prosperity! That she should abandon her peaceful home in Judah to accompany a wanderer, who, whether he sought a resting-place in the fastnesses of his native mountains, or craved a precarious shelter from the hospitality of heathen princes around, was everywhere environed with snares and dangers, and driven from one refuge to another according as the caprice of his entertainers, or the vigilant search of Saul, rendered his abode no longer practicable! It must have been no ordinary motive which induced Abigail to embark on a course so full of difficulty and peril, and happily we are not left in doubt as to that which determined her choice, for it is sufficiently implied in the answer she returned to David—"Let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord." In that very expressive imagery, which, in oriental life sets forth so touchingly those deeper feelings of the soul, that for the most part lie hidden beneath the colder language of colder climes, we can still discern the same springs of action everywhere at work in the hearts of the children of God, enabling them to recognize His overruling hand in all that relates to their earthly allotment, and causing them to shrink from no duty to which the leadings of His Providence appear to summon them. We have seen what an important place Abigail occupied in the household of Nabal; the high estimation in which she was held by those who served him; the vast influence which she had

acquired over them, and the wise and prudent manner in which she discharged the duties of her responsible office. She saw that the path which was opening before her was the sphere of usefulness, and one which was well suited to her peculiar talents. Of how much service she had been in the family of the irreligious Nabal, so much the more might she reasonably hope to convey to that of the pious David: and in devoting herself to the furtherance of his interests, she was ranging herself under the banners of a cause, which, however opposed by the mighty and powerful in the land, was avowedly one that the God of Israel had espoused and consecrated, and to the final success of which his word stood pledged. The same generosity of character which led her to give largely of her substance to that cause, while living in the enjoyment of affluence, induced her to renounce a life of ease and luxury, when, by the endurance of personal hardship and exertion, she could still further aid it: and as she called to mind *who* it was for whom she should do this—"the anointed of God," "the sweet singer of Israel," he to whom it was given to complete the conquest of the promised land, "to execute vengeance upon the heathen," "to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron"—as his present low estate and future lofty calling passed before her, her active, energizing mind desired to link herself in with so glorious a destiny, and in her self-devotion she deemed no sacrifices too great, no services too mean, by which she could promote the welfare of David, or of those who espoused his interests. "Let thine handmaid be a servant, to wash the feet of the servants of my lord."

Yes, it is indeed true that the mainspring of action is the same in the hearts of the faithful servants of God in all climes and ages, and under every differing dispensation. One of the first proofs which the renewed heart gives of the establishment of Jehovah's supremacy over its affections, is the desire to do as well as to suffer his will, to make common cause with his people, and to throw in the lot with those who have joined themselves to him "by a covenant with sacrifice." The newly-awakened and ardent mind of the young believer especially, is eager to spend its energies in publishing abroad the glad tidings of salvation, and in strengthening the hands of the consecrated servants of God. Love to the son of David, in its first manifestation, displays itself in nothing more readily than in anxiety to serve in things temporal those warriors who wield the sword of the Spirit at his bidding, and follow him whithersoever he goeth : and animated by this motive, the tender and the delicate will stoop to many a menial task, many a humble occupation, if by so doing they can benefit the least of those who have enrolled themselves under the banner of the cross. The world cannot understand the motive which constrains to such sacrifices of ease, and of much that is highly esteemed among men ; and it finds subject for ridicule in the energy with which these new occupations are followed, and former habits and pursuits relinquished ; while the extravagances of many female professors, in their fond idolatry of pastors and teachers, gives an edge to the weapons of satire, enabling them to inflict a wound upon Christianity, even in the house of its friends. Nevertheless, wherever the soul has put on

the yoke of him "whose service is perfect freedom," there will be an earnest desire to consecrate every faculty of mind and body to that service; and love to the great Captain of Salvation will show itself in acts of kindness and affection to every soldier of the host. The love of country and of kindred, dear as both may be to the soul, what are they to the ties that bind the whole family of the redeemed in one common bond of affection and fraternity? *They* are all brethren and fellow-citizens. The bond that unites them is not one which to-day is riveted around the heart, and to-morrow is snapped asunder for ever. The land of their nativity is not one which is full of the graves of their best-beloved: no marvel then that they can leave country and friends at their great Leader's bidding—that they can adventure danger and dare death itself, to be for ever with the Lord!

Shortly after his marriage with Abigail, David appears to have made another effort to secure for himself an abode in Judah. He returned once more, and entrenched himself among the solitudes of Hachilah. Here, however, the treachery of the Ziphites again betrayed him, and the host of Israel, headed by the royal persecutor, penetrated to the recesses of the mountain, and lay encamped among the now deserted heights. It was while sleeping in negligent security, surrounded by the warriors of his party, that Saul was surprised by David, and that memorable interview took place in which David so successfully pleaded his cause before his sovereign, and testified his innocence by sparing Saul's life the second time. Touched by the forbearance and humility of David, Saul was constrained to bless the

man whom he came to destroy, and returned to Gibeah, without any further effort against him. But past experience had taught the son of Jesse not to depend upon the fitful moods of Saul, who could alternately melt into admiration, as some new trait of bravery or generosity manifested itself, and madden to fury as some well-remembered prediction of David's future greatness stung him to the soul. He therefore withdrew altogether from the dominions of the tyrant, and obtained from a Philistine king the grant of a small city, which had been originally allotted to the tribe of Simeon, whither he removed with Abigail and his followers, as to a place of safety. For a few short months the wife of David might have enjoyed such repose as could be found in the land of idolaters, where the altars of Moloch streamed with the innocent blood of their unholy sacrifices, and where the votaries of Baal and Ash-toreth celebrated their impious rites. "The time that David dwelt in the country of the Philistines," says the sacred historian, "was a full year and four months." Three times at least, within this circling period, had the sons of Israel gone up to worship in the sanctuary. Three times had their willing feet trodden the courts of the house of the Lord, and received the blessing from the God of Jacob. At every returning season, how must the hearts of David and Abigail have pined for the enjoyment of these lost privileges, and envied the meanest among the tribes for whom the blood of atonement was poured forth, and who with a joyful and thankful heart partook of the flesh of his peace-offering, in token of reconciliation with God, and liberty of access to the throne of mercy. Reminiscences such as these must

have added additional pangs to the bitterness of exile; and these were not the only evil results of that unbelieving fear which had induced them to seek safety in a heathen land, rather than trust only to the divine protection, by risking a longer stay in Judah. A formidable confederacy of the Philistine princes was formed against Israel. The King of Gath prepared to join the host, and summoned David to accompany him. "Achish said to David, know thou assuredly that thou shalt go out with me to battle, thou and thy men." David had voluntarily placed himself at the disposal of Achish, and was now compelled either to fail in duty to his friend and benefactor, or to lift a parricidal hand against his country; but the consciousness of this would only serve to embitter to Abigail and himself the hour of his departure on this guilty service. The jealousy of the Philistine lords, saved him, however, from both these embarrassing alternatives, and he was dismissed with honour by Achish. But neither was David nor Abigail left without chastisement. The joy of his deliverance from one calamity, was damped by the terrible spectacle which awaited his return to Ziklag. A blackened waste was all that remained of the city. Where were the little ones, whom the warriors on their departure had left "playing in the streets?" Where were the mothers and the children? Carried away into captivity, for there was no trace of death within the deserted walls. And whither? That they knew not. And when the first burst of natural grief had subsided, the bereaved husbands and fathers, regarding David as the sole cause of this calamity, rose in tumult and "spake of stoning him, because the soul of the people was

grieved every man for his sons, and for his daughters." In this combination of distress and peril, the man of God fled to his usual refuge. Before the living oracles, he sought divine light and guidance, nor was he disappointed in obtaining them. The spoilers were pursued and overtaken, and Abigail and the rest of the captives rescued.

Such were some of the sad experiences of Abigail in that new career, which she had chosen:—exile, and danger, and captivity alternately succeeding each other, and proving to her, that it was no light service, on which she had entered. In the last mention that is made of her in scripture, we find her with David while he was reigning in Hebron, and the mother of a son. Further than this we are not informed concerning her, but the checquered life of him, with whose fortunes she was so closely united, gives ground for the belief that trouble and trial, as it had marked the commencement of her pilgrimage, continued to attend her steps even to the end. The primeval doom which decrees "sorrow" to be the portion of every child of Adam has never yet been reversed. The ransomed from eternal death, are not exempted from the temporal penalties of the first transgression. The believers of old, enriched with a spiritual inheritance, as well as with earthly possessions, accounted their days "few and evil," and confessed themselves "strangers and pilgrims on earth;" and the heirs of a better covenant are called upon to take up their cross and seek "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The pages of truth afford no instances of a servant of Christ "living in pleasure" and inhabiting a paradise of delights on this side eternity. It is with no such fall-

cious hopes that Christianity attempts to proselyte its votaries. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," is the undisguised declaration of its divine Founder; nevertheless, we may but shrink from this initiatory course. "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." Here then is a satisfying portion: here is a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not. Here is the beginning of a blissful immortality,—the assurance of untroubled rest with those who "came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." If the days of time are evil, they also are few. The race will soon be over, the goal won, and then shall we enter upon the blissful 'cycles of eternity.'

LYDIA.



THE life of a worldling may be summed up in one sentence: in youth, the mercurial heart,—in manhood, the mercenary heart,—in old age, the marble heart. Grace often transforms the first, or purifies the second; but how frequently do we find that the third can be shattered only by death himself!—*Rev. T. Dale.*

THE NATIVITY.

What sights are beaming
 On the startled shepherd's eye?
 What light—what light is streaming,
 Earthward from on high?
 What sounds are pealing
 On the stilly midnight's ear?
 Softly, sweetly stealing,
 Nearer and yet more near?
 Slowly swelling—swelling slowly—
 When did earth such music hear,
 Mute at sounds so sweet, so holy,
 They listen mazed with awe and fear.

ANGELS.

Tremble no more,
 Peace we bring and tidings glorious—
 Death's reign is o'er,
 Over death ONE reigns victorious—
 Let songs of praise arise,
 Let the glad anthem loudly swell—
 The Lord, descending from the skies,
 Lowly deigns on earth to dwell.
 Scorning not the virgin's womb,
 Slighting the shame and Satan's hate,
 Fearing not an earthly tomb—
 The Everblest—The Uncreate!

Oh, wondrous love !
In a humble manger laid,
The Lord of Might above
Hath not where to lay his head !
Yon feeble child,
Smiling in his mother's face,
Lowly and mild,
Yet decked with more than earthly grace,
He is the Lamb
Slain for sins of deepest hue ;
Nor horned bull nor ram
Shall altars now bedew :
Free from spot or stain,
Sinless He on earth alone,
From the earth's foundation slain,
For sinful man to atone.
Sound, sound your songs of praise—
Peace, good-will on earth we bring ;
Loud, loud your anthems raise ;
Israel, shout and sing.

Now the heavenly choirs descend,
Now their voices sweetly blend,
And the burden of their strain
Is love and peace, good-will to men :
Listening echoes, learn the sound,
Peace and love are hymned around.

L. H. J. T.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DISPUTE.

I STOOD in the city of the seven hills, 'the eternal city,' as her vain-glorious sons have called her; the ETERNAL RUIN would be a better name. Look where you will, ruin meets your eye. To the east are ruins, to the west are ruins. Modern buildings rise upon the ruins of others more ancient, and many an edifice boasts of piecemeal walls, composed of the masonry of yesterday, engrafted upon the broken brick foundations of old Rome.

The sun went down; his parting beams glowed upon the palaces, the cypress-trees, the idol-temples, old and new; the pallid marble blushed beneath the red light, and the ancient brickwork blazed yet ruddier than before.

I began to meditate and to moralize, but my meditations were not of a sufficiently original order to be worth the detail here for the benefit of my readers. I wandered on, and entered the Coliseum: arch above arch, terrace above terrace, ruin above ruin, met my eye, and the wild weeds triumphantly waved high over all, as if asserting the victory of uncultivated nature over the mightiest works of man. The crimson western glow shone in gorgeously through the tall arches, as I gazed in the direction of the far distant sea; and when I turned to take a survey of this once perfect structure, splendid even in its desolation, there came through the openings on the oppo-

site side the mild glance of the newly-risen moon, gliding up the cool, transparent, silvery sky of the east. It was a scene not to be forgotten.

I gazed and mused, I know not for how long a time, but the shadows among the broken masses of Vespasian's masonry grew darker and broader, the sky became bluer and more blue, and the dim twilight gradually deepened around, while the bright patches of moonshine lay richly gleaming upon the ground.

At length I became conscious that something was moving towards me. I turned and saw an extraordinary figure, of the stateliest port, and of a commanding stature. It seemed a woman, clad in scarlet, or rather in blood-colour; her dress was of the fashion usual among nuns, but she wore on her head, over her hood and veil, a high triple crown. Two enormous keys of gold hung from her girdle, with a huge rosary and cross. She bore a crucifix in one hand, and in the other a sheathless sword, with a red scourge fastened to its hilt. Could I need to be told that I saw embodied before me the Genius of **POPERY**?

My Huguenot blood boiled and curdled by turns within my veins; I thought of her idolatries and impieties; of the blood of the martyrs with which her garments and her knotted scourge were so deeply imbrued; of St. Bartholomew and of Smithfield; of the Cevennes war and of the Dragoonades, and of those banished ones—among whom were my own unfortunate ancestors—driven, by her treachery and cruelty, from the homes of their native France to the shores of free and Protestant England, I slipped silently away into a darkened archway, half filled

with rubbish and wild verdure, and watched with an anxious eye this Genius of modern Rome.

She stood still amid the spacious, towering ruins, just on the spot where historians say the statue of ancient Rome stood imperially amid those of her subjects, provinces and kingdoms; she waved her crucifix around, and said, in a voice that seemed to arise from the depths of the sepulchre—‘IT IS ALL MY OWN!’

In a moment I saw that a second figure was at her side, one of a port and stature even superior to her own. Her graceful flowing vestments were partly white, and partly of a saffron hue, and were covered with figures of serpents, birds, lotus-flowers, the equal-limbed cross, the half-cross, or T, and many other mystic symbols. I knew her at once for the Paganism of classical antiquity. A wreath of vine leaves, corn-flowers and myrtle branches crowned her head, the sacred white fillet bound her brow, she held the caduceus in one hand, and waved with the other the ivy-twined thyrsus of the Bacchante.

Her features were of the Roman style of beauty; but afterwards, as she spoke, her countenance seemed to change, sometimes assuming all the forbidding gloom of the swarthy, square-visaged Egyptian, and anon beaming with all the loveliness of that classical model of beauty, designated by Croly as “the sparkling divinity of a Grecian isle.”

Her eye glanced brightly upon the triple-crowned figure of Popery, and she said—‘I thank thee, O my sister! thou genius of modern Rome! that thou hast preserved my many deities and demi-gods, my mediators and goddesses, my innumerable altars, my perpetual sacrifices, my processions, my images; but

pardon the suggestion that the style and fashion of them is degenerated, and that it had been better hadst thou preserved my classic elegance as well as my ceremonies ; my refinement along with my idolatry.'

Popery turned a fierce glance upon Paganism, shaking the knots of her bloody scourge at her elder sister. Paganism stood undaunted, whereupon Popery put forth her crucifix, and began diligently to exorcise her ; but having neither 'bell, book, nor candle,' the charm was not effectual.

'Ha!' said Paganism with a sneer, 'I had forgotten to thank thee for keeping up mine ancient sorceries.'

Popery grew furious. 'Out, fiend!' she said, 'thou foulest corruption of religion that ever disgraced human nature!'

'Stop,' sister,' replied Paganism coolly ; 'if I be a foul corruption of religion, remember that thou art only a corruption from me.'

'I am the Holy Catholic Church,' said Popery, with a grim frown.

'I am as *holy* as thyself, if that be the point in question,' answered Paganism, 'and in the days of my glory, I was far more catholic than thou ever wert, or shalt be. I ruled Rome, when Rome ruled the world. I ruled, and still do rule those barbarous tribes whom the proud Romans counted not among the world's nations.'

I must here observe that as this singular conversation was held in Latin, this word catholic was used in its proper meaning of *universal* ; and not as it is misused by the liberals of our days to signify any thing that is exclusively popish.

The triple-crowned woman did not make a direct reply to this last untoward observation of Paganism, but answered, with a haughty and impatient gesture, 'How darest thou talk to me of thy holiness, here on the very spot where the blood of innocent gladiators, aye, and of Christian martyrs too, has polluted the blushing earth?'

'And how darest thou talk to *me* of *bleeding martyrs*,' retorted Paganism, 'when thine own garments are dyed with the blood of slaughtered multitudes, as innocent as the victims of my amphitheatré, and a thousand times more numerous.'

Popery again gave the slip to this accusation, and said, 'Holiness! thou sink of corruption! I should indeed shrink from polluting my sainted lips with the black catalogue of thy depravities and abominations.'

'Nay, Mother of abominations! look at home,' replied Paganism, with a scowl, 'rather should I shrink from polluting my refined and elegance-loving eyes with a glance into thy convents and monasteries.'

Popery, as usual, replied indirectly and abusively, 'Spirit of evil! how darest thou to claim affinity with me or my ceremonies?'

'Because I possess the affinity of identity,' replied Paganism, 'tell me, thou thievish impostor! whence came the famous statue of St. Peter, which in this city thou adorest, and hast kissed his toe until the very marble is worn away with thy senseless carresses?'

'It is my own!' cried Popery indignantly.

'Tis mine!' said Paganism, 'it is my glorious Jupiter, adored by the world in my imperial Rome.'

Thou hast stolen and disfigured it, and converted it into one of thy saintly idols.'

'Peace, thou slanderer of the church!' cried Popery in great wrath, 'I have a right to Rome and all that it contains. Did not I find this imperial city degraded into a'——

'Nay,' interrupted Paganism loftily, 'thou didst find it imperial and glorious, thou hast made it feeble and ruinous; thou foundest it under the sway of my world-conquering Cæsars, thou hast brought it under the authority of a decrepit, shaven old priest.'

'Hear me, impudent heretic!' thundered Popery, brandishing her sword, 'I found Rome idolatrous'——

'And thou hast kept her so,' interposed Paganism.

'I have made her Christian,' cried Popery; 'I found her cruel, vile, abominable,—I have made her holy, and peaceable, and charitable.'

'And foolish, and absurd, and ridiculous,' said Paganism, finishing the list of qualities. Popery, choked with rage, could only shake her various implements at Paganism, who, beaming with a smile of the keenest satire, proceeded, 'Thou didst find my Rome the city of the world; thou hast degraded her to be only the city of the Pope. She was the pride of mankind, she is now but the pride of the priesthood! And what a priesthood! Compare my stately priests of Isis, or my flamens of Jupiter, my noble augurs, my magnificent flower-wreathed, white-robed sacrificers, with thy fat friars, thy red-flap-batted cardinals, thy trembling old Pope, thy shaven priests, thy bare-footed, filthy monks and mendicants, habited in rags and girded with ropes, who make a merit of ashes, and sanctity of dirt, and beg their way over the world, as despicable as they are disgusting. Thou improve my Rome!!

Look at my sacrifices, the august procession, the majestic priests, the trains of virgins, the garlands, the lyres, the songs, the golden-horned, flower-decked victims, the stately marble temples, the bowering groves, the beauteous altars—and then look at thine own absurd “bloodless sacrifice” of a piece of paste, thy mumbled prayers, and the antic gestures of thy hypocritical priests! Look at thy relics; there thou hast outdone me with thy scraps of bones, and rags, and rubbish. Did I ever adore a skull of Saturn, a toe of Bacchus, a garment of Juno, or the tip of a horn of Jupiter Ammon? Nay, Popery, nay; thou hast many fooleries which are all thine own; and though thou hast retained my principles, thou hast discarded my adornments,—thou keepest mine idolatries, but thou hast lost my grace and beauty!’

‘Look at my cathedrals!’ cried Popery.

‘Look at my temples!’ retorted Paganism.

Popery was about to reply, when a sudden light amid the ruined amphitheatre interrupted this extraordinary colloquy. At the first moment my eyes were dazzled by its brilliance; but I soon discovered it to encircle the form of an exquisitely beautiful, yet majestic female, who stood in front of the contending rivals, with a stern but most celestial countenance. She was simply habited in a white and flowing robe, with a red cross marked upon her breast; a halo of brilliant rays surrounded her head, and in her hand was a book, whence a beam of light streamed upwards upon her lovely features.

‘Peace, corrupt children of evil!’ she said, ‘be still, and hear the voice of Christianity. Thou, Paganism, art the elder sister, for thou didst stray from the original Divine Revelation to the world of old.

Thou, Popery, art the younger sister; thou hast wandered as far from the Christian Revelation given by the Saviour of mankind; the greater sinner of the two art thou, for thou hast sinned against light and conscience, and in the face of this blessed book.

‘Paganism! thy doom is sealed! Thou didst corrupt this great city, and all the world into idolatry and sin. Thou art fallen already, thy final destruction is at hand!

‘Popery! thy doom is sealed also! I found this great city sunk in sin and idolatry. I purified, I sanctified it and many others for myself; but thou didst creep in unawares, and under false pretences drewest away my people into sin, and enticed them back into idolatry. Thy saints have superseded God; thy mediators have dethroned Jesus; thy lies have obscured His truth. Thy fall is near, thy destruction tarrieth not.’

She ceased, and waved her hand: there was an awful crash, and the darkness of midnight was all around me.

“I awoke, and behold! it was a dream.”

A. F.

THERE needs not a partition-wall between God and man; a sunbeam, alive with atoms, is a sufficient separation, if the man has no inclination to cross it.
—*Rev. T. Dale.*

Review of Books.

THE INQUIRER DIRECTED TO AN EXPERIMENTAL AND PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE ATONEMENT. *By the Rev. Octavius Winslow. Shaw.*

THE view with which the author undertakes a work that he gives hope of carrying out to other most important branches of the Christian faith, is that of deepening the *spirituality* of the church, which he rightly describes as rent by alarming divisions, and wearied by controversy. The latter, indeed, we know to be unavoidable, because when the perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds are levelled at the foundations of our faith, those whose sworn duty it is to contend earnestly for that faith must needs assume a controversial attitude. Mr. Winslow, however, aims at the root of all divisions and debates, by

striving to fix the mind on those grand first principles which men are too ready to lose sight of; and delightfully has he executed the task. The volume is so small as to be soon perused; but it contains enough of the soundest doctrine, couched in the most persuasive and impressive language, to engage the mind and conscience for many a long day. It is a heart-searching treatise; we pray the Great Searcher of all hearts to accompany with his divine influence the striking and solemn appeals with which it abounds.

THE CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY PRAYER-BOOK. *Compiled from the most approved ancient and modern formularies. By John Porter. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Nature and Obligations of Family Religion. By the Rev. Thomas Best, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. James's Church, Sheffield.* Hamilton and Co.

MANY people object to a form of prayer; and yet, strange inconsistency! in social worship every body adopts it, save one. The leader of such devotions may, to be sure, use the gift of extemporaneous supplication; but what *he* utters the rest acquiesce in; and what difference it makes to them whether his expressions be his own, or those of a third party previously committed to paper, we never had the sagacity to discover; unless it be that in the former case individuals and their circumstances may be more fully touched upon; whereas, in the latter the allusions must necessarily be more general. Still,

as to the latter the former may always be added, we protest against the denunciation of written forms on the part of those who contentedly follow such as are oral.

We like this compilation, especially because it takes a wide range, embracing the country, its queen, and her counsellors, with a continual remembrance of them before God. We also like its author's purpose of dedicating all profits to that invaluable institution the Church Pastoral Aid Society, than which we know of none more deserving public support.

DEATH; with other Poems. *By the Rev. R. Montgomery, author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' 'Woman,' &c. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged.* Glasgow : Symmington and Co.

THIS forms the fourth volume of the beautiful little edition which we have already noticed of Mr. Montgomery's poems. No introduction of a work in its sixth edition can be requisite ; but we must say that the poem of 'The Stage Coach,' which closes this volume breathes, to us, the spirit of Cowper and Goldsmith, in the liveliness, the tenderness, the truthfulness of its delineation in a scene of every-day life. It is a perfect gem, in a somewhat difficult path of poetry. Mr. Montgomery is much of an Alchemist—a class of whom we can boast but few.

A COURSE OF SERMONS ON THE PRINCIPAL ERRORS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME;
preached in St. Andrew's Church, Liverpool. By ten Clergymen of the Church of England.

A COURSE OF SERMONS ON ROMANISM,
preached in St. Michael's Church, Liverpool, in 1838—9. By several Clergymen of the Church of England. Hatchards.

LIVERPOOL is the Pleiades of our ecclesiastical sky: not that her 'bright particular stars' are limited to seven, but they are so clustered, though distinct—they sparkle so beautifully in unison, and while *all* "the heavens declare the glory of God," this constellation is so conspicuously engaged in the work, that we hail "the sweet influences of the Pleiades" with a peculiar glow of delight. God be praised for the great grace bestowed on these his dear servants!

In these volumes the great Abomination is so dissected, not with an ordinary knife, but with the quick and powerful two-edged sword of the Spirit, that strong indeed must be the delusion to believe a lie on the mind of any Protestant who rises from their perusal without resolving to become a Protester. As to those clergymen who evade the subject in their ministrations, we can only say, May God pity them, and enlighten their minds!

Each of these volumes concludes with a masterly sermon by the Rev. Hugh McNeile, than whom no living man has better earned the blessing of a Popish anathema.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE PROPHECIES, *with reference to their Interpretation and Fulfilment, and to Personal Edification.* By the Rev. Edw. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts. Sixth Edition, enlarged. Seeley and Burnside.

MOST heartily do we rejoice with the estimable author of this book in the increased interest aroused in the church on the all-important subject of prophecy. It is vain to look for any effort commensurate with the present emergency, among men who close their eyes to this question. Mr. Bickersteth took up the right ground in his former edition, but his views have since been greatly enlarged, and a glorious prospect has opened on every side, while he gazed around. The preface to this sixth edition is important; so are the additions that he has made. We wish the book an unlimited circulation.

EPISCOPACY, ORDINATION, LAY-ELDERSHIP, AND LITURGIES; *considered in five Letters.* By the Rev. Archibald Boyd, A.M., Curate of the Cathedral, Derry. Seeley and Burnside.

IT is very well known that Ulster was colonized to a great extent by James I. with those who, like himself, were Scotsmen and Presbyterians. The church of Scotland has, in that part of Ireland, "divided the land" with her episcopal sister; and although the want of a common enemy to contend with, on a soil whence Popery had in a great measure been driven, tempted the two Protestant sisters occasionally to

gratify their pugnacious propensities at each other's expense, still whenever the foe contrived to take the field, they were found knit in the closest amity, ready to spend and to be spent in the cause of their common faith. Witness the glorious epoch which their children are now about to commemorate—the month of December, 1688—when by Episcopalians and Presbyterians together, the gates of Derry were closed in the face of the Popish foe ; and together they manned the walls, together endured the horrors of a protracted siege, bombardment, pestilence, and famine, until together their ashes reposed in the scene of their noble achievements, and they bequeathed to their posterity the precious jewel of civil and religious freedom, with its great and only palladium, an unfettered Bible.

In our days, Satan knowing that his time is now short, is excessively diligent to stir up strife; and effectually he has prevailed on the very spot where unanimity once so signally defeated him. We know right well that a most restless spirit of hostility against the established church recently manifested itself among some of the Presbyterian leaders there; and while in the south our poor church has been pressed beyond measure, almost to death, by her open foes, northward she has been wounded in the house of her friends. For our own part, we wish all such differences were buried in the deepest bed of the Foyle, and all stirrers-up of fratricidal strife transported to another hemisphere; but since it has pleased certain of the Presbyterian ministry there to fan into a new flame this coal of their own kindling, we cannot marvel that Mr. Boyd, than whom no man is better qualified for the task, should have felt himself again

bound to come forward and rebut the uncalled-for, unjust, unbrotherly attack upon the church to which he belongs.

Of the book itself, we can only say that the tone of severity occasionally apparent is well merited by some of the assailants, who persist in representing the author's purely defensive, and very temperate "Sermons on the Church" as an aggressive work—an attack on Presbyterianism, which it was never intended to be, and into which no human ingenuity can honestly twist it. It is a mere *ruse de guerre* to entitle the answer "Presbyterianism defended." For the manner in which Mr. Boyd has fulfilled his task, we refer our readers to the volume. A more powerfully-written one we never took up. It is the production of a great mind roused into action in defence of a great cause. We deeply lament that ever it should have been called forth, because we covet such a champion for Protestantism in the general, and doubly mourn the devilish craft of the great adversary in diverting both parties from the battle-field of their common faith. We also know that it has occasioned much grief to many among the best ministers and members of the Presbyterian church; but we honour Mr. Boyd for thus maintaining a post to which he was forced; and we pray God to re-unite the divided churches, and to baffle the devices of our ancient foe.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION. Vol. I. Seeleys, Hatchards, &c.

WE rejoice to see a handsome volume already com-

pleted of these short but weighty publications. The Protestant Association has risen wholly out of the recent aggressions of Popery ; it was for a time as unpopular as the pernicious liberalism and sickening lukewarmness of a Laodicean age could make it ; but God pronounced a blessing, and who could reverse it ? We glory in its increasing prosperity, for it is as the healthful pulsation gradually returning in veins where the life-blood had almost ceased to circulate. Twelve months ago, the committee ventured on starting a small periodical, a monthly magazine at the humble price of two-pence, and many were the prognostications that it would not survive its birth. Now, however, we have the gratifying announcement that it is to be doubled in size ; and also that a second travelling agent is requisite to meet the rising call for more associations. This volume is really valuable, and we trust its circulation will be the means of abundant, extensive good.

SONGS OF MY PILGRIMAGE. *By the Rev. John East, M.A. Second Edition.* Bath, Binns. London, Simpkin and Co.

WE must flatly contradict the author. He says, "These songs have no pretensions to poetical merit." We tell him they have much, and to better things than that. In truth, they are very sweet and elegant, no less than spiritual ; and in their pretty binding as nice a Christmas present as we could wish for a friend.

A NEW MAP OF IRELAND, in Six Sheets.
Founded upon the Government Survey, the Copyright of which was purchased from the Crown. Wyld, Charing-cross.

IF we be deemed guilty of an Irish bull, for placing this notice among reviews of books, we plead that Mr. Wyld's publication is far more like a book than any map we have ever seen. It is, indeed, the most beautiful specimen of topography imaginable; and to its fidelity we can, to a great extent, bear personal testimony. The beauteous lakes, with their delicate indentations and fairy isles, the mountain ramparts, and chains, and passes, the bold sweep of broader rivers, and the winding course of lighter streams, the village, the city, and the coast, all are so accurately traced, so beautifully tinted, and so exquisitely finished, that we cannot but congratulate Mr. Wyld on having achieved the rare exploit of rendering 'Justice to Ireland,' in a form alike acceptable to all parties—equally adapted to the castle of Darrynane and to the corporation-hall of Derry. This splendid map does honour to both countries, and we trust that in both it will be rightly appreciated.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW;
with a concise History of the Corruptions, Usurpations, and Anti-social Effects of Romanism. By Sir W. S. R. Cockburn, Bart, A. M. Parker.

A SPIRITED work. Sir W. Cockburn officiated as chairman at a Protestant meeting in Bath, and

thereby drew upon himself the ire of the priesthood of Rome, who have a stronghold in that vicinity. Hence arose the present important volume, establishing, in the first place, the fact so impudently denied by the other party, that the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew was the deliberate, preconcerted act of the papacy; and adding a mass of information on the other heads set forth in the title. To the work is prefixed an engraving of one of the medals struck by the bishop of Rome in laudatory commemoration of the wholesale murder; which medal is in the possession of the author.

THE GREAT EXEMPLAR; *Exhibiting the Character and Example of Christ, for the imitation of Children.* By Miss M. B. Tuckey. Religious Tract and Book Society for Ireland.

A VERY simple and appropriate poetical appeal to the hearts and consciences of children with a suitable introduction. Sure to become a favourite with our little friends, to whom we heartily recommend it.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER'S DAILY REMEMBRANCER. *By Rev. J. Heming.* Robertson, Dublin.

A TEXT for every day, especially adapted for the Christian minister's meditation. Not too large for a

waistcoat pocket, yet in a very readable type, we think this manual will be found exceedingly valuable to those for whose use it is chiefly designed.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT: *comprising an Account of the Proceedings of that Assembly; and illustrating the spirit and tendency of Popery.* Religious Tract Society.

AN abridgement, by its author, of a very useful octavo work, entitled 'The Text-Book of Popery, by J. M. Cramp.' Every body knows that at the council of Trent the doctrines and principles of Popery were for the first time so embodied, that they could be laid hold of, investigated, exposed, and appealed to, in the controversy. Until then they were comparatively intangible. Every Protestant ought to be thoroughly acquainted with these particulars; and the little volume before us furnishes all needful information in a very pleasing form.

The Tract Society's 'Christian Almanack' for 1840, is fully equal to its predecessors in its various departments, philosophical and spiritual. Their Penny and Pocket-Book Almanacks likewise maintain their ground; once occupied by the vilest trash. We recommend it to our Christian ladies to make very ample distributions of these excellent little calendars among their poor neighbours, to avert the temptation of laying out their pence upon the impious demoralizing productions so industriously hawked about.

THE PROTESTANT.

‘ LAY aside your pen, and take your scissars,’ said my uncle, ‘ you can give your readers nothing half so much to the purpose as this magnificent winding up of McGhee’s Sheffield speech :’ and he handed me the report. ‘ Read it, and insert it.’

‘ Cheers and all, uncle ?’

‘ Cheers and all. It is delightful to see what a response the noble fellow drew forth from the Protestantism that he has been so great a means in God’s hand of reviving in English bosoms.’

I read : and here it is.

‘ I shall notice a charge that is brought against us, as a most overwhelming and unanswerable crime, namely, that we are endeavouring indeed to raise up a cry of ‘ No Popery’ in England. What, and do they think we shall shrink from the imputation ? I stand in the presence of my God and my country, and before heaven and earth I glory in the honourable office of lifting up my voice like a trumpet to cry NO POPERY. (Loud cheers.)

‘ What, let me ask, has placed you there, and placed us here, as Freemen and as Christians ? What has bestowed upon the British nation the blessings with which God has crowned the land ? The blessings of

your boasted constitution ; the blessings of civil and religious liberty ? What but the bold fidelity of our Reformers, who under God, in the face of danger and death, lifted up their voices and echoed the cry through the length and breadth of England, NO POPERY ? (Loud cheering.)

‘ But it is unkind—but it is illiberal—but it is uncharitable to our Roman Catholic fellow subjects ! Now let us just ask this simple question—do we really count the conduct of our Reformers to our forefathers—do we count their honest fidelity to them and to God illiberal and uncharitable ? Do we not consider those Reformers the noblest benefactors of ourselves and our ancestors—the best and brightest ornaments of their country ; and for what, but for their resolute discharge of faithful duty to their God, in lifting up their voices to cry NO POPERY. (Loud and repeated cheers.)

‘ And is that which was faithful, and christian, and charitable in them, unfaithful and unchristian in us ? I can lay my hand upon my heart before my God, and say, that, not in a spirit of hostility, but that as I love and value the best and dearest interests, the temporal and eternal welfare of my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, so in direct proportion, I feel called upon to raise and maintain the cry, NO POPERY. (Loud cheers.)

‘ If I could follow my heart wherever it would go, I would visit every spot where my Roman Catholic fellow subjects are deluded and enslaved, and there, as I value their salvation and their freedom, I would cry NO POPERY. (Cheers.)

‘ I would go into the mass-house, where that minister of idolatry, a papal priest, takes a thing like this

in his hand (holding up a wafer), this idol of paste with an image stamped on it—and while he blasphemously mocks the incarnation of the Son of God—mocks that wondrous “mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh,” pretending to embody in this, at his fiat, the “whole body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ,”—I would tell him that this idol is like other idols, the work of men’s hands, “having eyes it sees not, having ears it hears not, neither is there any breath in its mouth—they that make it are like unto it, and so are all they that put their trust in it.” I would tell him this. I would warn him to turn from this accursed idol, to serve the living God, and in the name of that God I would shout out **NO POPERY.** (Loud cheering.)

‘I would go into his dark and damnable confessional—(hear, hear, hear), where my poor Roman Catholic countrymen entrust their wives and daughters to him, under the awful delusion of false religion, and while the tyrant was pressing his obscene, infernal investigation, putting the heart and feeling of the helpless creature on the moral rack, till she sunk enslaved and powerless at his feet, I would drag the victim forth in triumph from his grasp, and ring in the monster’s ear, **NO POPERY.** (Immense cheering.)

‘I would go to the dying bed of my poor Roman Catholic fellow-sinner, and while the light of truth is shut out from his eye, and the light of heaven from his heart—while this blessed book is denied him, or taken from beneath his pillow, as it was in Ireland by a Romish priest, and committed to the flames—while masses, and oils, and refuges of lies like these are set before him, as the hope of his immortal soul.

I would tell him faithfully and affectionately of the glorious finished work of a crucified and risen Saviour. I would tell him of that righteousness that could cover all his nakedness, that precious blood that could cleanse him from all his sin. I would proclaim to him the glad tidings of free and full salvation in the Lord Jesus. I would exhort him to turn from those refuges of lies to the mercy of his Saviour and his God ; and as I loved and valued his soul and his eternal happiness, I would cry, **NO POPERY.** (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.)

‘ But it is not only for the happiness, for the salvation of the Roman Catholics, but for the sake of every blessing we value in our Protestant empire ; as I value the blessings of civil and religious liberty ; as I value the maintenance of the Established Christian Church ; as I value all that is dear to man ; as I value even life itself ; I would make my voice echo, if I could, from every rock upon the shores of the United Empire ; and the words it should resound should be **NO POPERY.** (Loud cheers.)

‘ I would go into the conclave of the Popish bishops, where they concoct their secret statutes and their traitorous and cruel laws, and shout in their ears **NO POPERY.** (Loud cheering.)

‘ I would go into their conferences with their priests, and while I saw them with their Dens’ Theology and Canon Laws in their hands, holding their conclave to concoct their cruelties and crimes, I would lift up my voice, and in the name of the Holy God I would cry out **NO POPERY.** (Loud cheering.)

‘ I would go into the Ribbon Lodge, and tell my poor unhappy countrymen that their popish masters,

instead of leading them as they ought, to truth, and peace, and happiness, in time and in eternity, were leading them to guilt, and misery, and blood, and everlasting perdition ; and I would make the Ribbon Lodge resound with the cry of NO POPERY. (Hear, and loud cheering.)

‘ I would go into the House of Commons. (Loud and continued cheers.) I would look Papal perjury in the face, and while I gave notice of a motion to expel its pollution, (hear, hear,) in the name of England, and of England’s God, I would shout out NO POPERY. (Deafening cheering.)

‘ I would go into the House of Lords. I would take with all deference the report of their own committee in my hand. I would appeal to them whether it did not furnish demonstration of the cause of our misery. I would lay before them the authors and movers of the crimes they had detected ; and even in the midst of that august assembly I would cry NO POPERY. (Loud cheering.)

‘ I would go into the Privy Council ; I would tell the Papal Privy Councillor, that he must be of necessity a traitor, for if he was not a traitor to his master, the Pope, he must be a traitor to the Protestant Queen of England, and I would cry NO POPERY. (Loud and repeated cheers.)

‘ I would go to the very footstool of the throne, (hear, hear, and cheers,) and with a heart as full of loyalty and love to our gracious Sovereign as any subject in her realm ; prompted by these very feelings, I would tell her how her confidence had been basely dishonoured and betrayed by the men that ought to have laid down a thousand lives in her defence. (Hear, hear.) I would remind her gracious

Majesty of the sacred principles of eternal truth, for the defence of which her royal ancestors were placed upon the British throne. I would remind her, that the throne that is founded on eternal truth, alone can look with confidence for its stability to God.

‘ I would remind her of the high and holy covenant that ratified her sacred title to reign over a free and Protestant nation. I would tell her that the best security for the love and loyalty of a people to their Sovereign was based on pure religion, and their faith and fealty to their God. I would tell her that the Protestant religion was, under God, the only solid bulwark of the British throne, and that on the very heart of Britain’s Monarch ought to be engraven the words, NO POPERY. (Loud cheering.)

‘ I would go to the very Vatican, and warn that Man of Sin, the Pope, to renounce the horrid blasphemy. O, think what blasphemy it is; a miserable sinner of the earth daring to call or think himself the Vicar of the Lord of Life and Glory. I would warn him, as a fellow sinner, to “flee from the wrath to come;” tell him, that “all manner of sins and blasphemies should be forgiven unto men;” that there was mercy for his guilty soul in the very Saviour whom he dishonoured, and that if there was hope for his soul, he must cry NO POPERY. (Hear, and cheers.)

‘ In fine, sir, as a Brother, as a Man, as a Christian, above all, as a Minister of Christ, I trust I shall never close my lips upon the subject till they are sealed in death, or till that day shall come when heaven and earth shall take up the song of praise, that Babylon is cast, like a millstone, into the deep, when the Lord of Glory shall appear; when she shall

be consumed with the word of his mouth, and destroyed with the brightness of his coming.'

'God give him grace to redeem his pledge, and to continue faithful even unto death,' I said, when folding the paper.

'Do you remember the exhibition of the Reformation Society's great map, at Exeter Hall, some years since, where M'Ghee pointed out the Popish chapels darkening the land?'

'I do, indeed: and, alas! they have greatly increased since that day.'

'True, they have done so; but oh, how the bright beam of opposing truth has lightened more and more through the length and breadth of our country! The cunning manœuvres of the foe were long unheeded: he worked the mine below, and made on the surface his cautious approach towards our unguarded gates. Now, God be praised! many thousands among us have been awakened to the danger, have sprung to the walls, in one hand the weapon, in the other the trumpet, rebuilding, watching, warding as of old. The purposes of God towards us as a nation we cannot fathom; but undoubtedly he is preparing a people to glorify him in the fires, and in the hour of tribulation to shew forth his praise.'



FEB 23 1937



